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A REVIEW
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

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FRENCH REVOLUTION

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1848:

FROM THE 24TH OF FEBRUARY TO THE ELECTION
OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

Frederick
BY CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

DURING the year 1848 we never quitted Paris for one day. We were familiar with every scene, and assisted at every Fête. We passed days and days in the National Assembly, and watched, without being prejudiced, the great phases of the Revolution. We are averse to all changes which are crude and undigested, being well convinced that nations arrive at true liberty and greatness when reason and reflection are consulted. The French Revolution was never contemplated: it arose from the mere circumstance of an ovation for M. Odillon Barrot, and a cry for reform—against Guizot. The first circumstance occasioned the gathering of the people, and the second and third were clamoured for when the banquet was given up, and Odillon Barrot not to be found.

It will be seen that we look with apprehension to the conclusion of this madness; and M. Guizot, in

his work, "De la Démocratie en France," seems entirely of our opinion. "Although," says Dumas, in reviewing the above work, "the word is not mentioned, yet we feel that there hovered on Guizot's pen, 'DESESPAIR.'"

We believe that there is no word in our work which we cannot *prove*, or satisfy the most incredulous that we have drawn from authentic sources. History is but a compilation of facts, and we have generally consulted the official papers of the Government.

We look with fear to the future. Until the different parties can amalgamate, we see no prospect of a firm, steady, well-supported government in France; but we sincerely hope our gloomy forebodings may not be realized,—and that France will remain at peace with all the world, her finances be recruited, and prosperity restored.

It will be remarked that the title of this work is 'A *Review* of the French Revolution,' &c. This we have chosen, to avoid the gravity of the historian. Our intention was to have concluded the work with the election of the first President of the Republic; but as the Constitution was not complete until the Vice-President was also elected, we carried the work on to the 31st of January, 1849.

THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION
OF
1848

CHAPTER I.

State of Paris on New Year's Day, 1848—Unpopularity of the King and M. Guizot—False Security of Ministers—Disaffection of the National Guard—Paris and the Parisians—Improvements in Paris—M. de Rambuteau—Monetary Crisis—A Prophecy—The Banquet postponed—The 22nd of February—Precautionary Measures—First Collision—Barricades erected—Violence of the Mob—Houses plundered—Defective Military Arrangements—Guizot resigns.

WHEN Madame Adelaide died, we heard a French gentleman remark—"Thank God, death is in the palace!"—On our venturing humbly to ask why he was so pleased at an event which seemed to cast a gloom over France, he answered: "We have had quite enough of Louis Philippe and his family, and — *il faut que nous soyons débarrassés de cette canaille.*"

We thought, we replied, that all Europe bore testi-

mony to his great talent, his disposition to maintain the peace of the world, to uphold the grandeur of France, to forward the arts and sciences—

“ Ah, bah !” he ejaculated, and walked on.

We soon found that this was not a singular view of the question. The king had become unpopular ; every fault committed by others seemed concentrated on him. It was declared he connived at the pecuniary indiscretions of Monsieur Teste, and that he had sheltered the Duc de Praslin : in short, whenever the Funds rose, it was a trick of the king in conjunction with Rothschild, and whenever they fell, the king was realizing.

The poor old king who had been shot at about once a year, and who was reported on all occasions to have manifested the greatest courage and greatest coolness, and who was regarded, even by his enemies, as the most talented sovereign in Europe, was, on the first of January, 1848, *complimented* as usual, and when the Chambers had assembled, *Vive le Roi*, was the general shout. But Guizot—Guizot was awfully unpopular, and had he properly appreciated the pressure from without, he would have resigned ; the monarchy would have been saved, and the unpopular minister of February would have returned to power six months afterwards.

On the 20th of February, a gentleman, holding one of the highest situations under the French Government, was sitting by the fire-side of an English officer, when the following conversation took place.

"The clouds appear gathering, Monsieur de R—, this banquet will be productive of great mischief?"

"The necessary precautions are all taken; I will be answerable for the perfect security and tranquillity of Paris."

"Security and tranquillity controlled by the bayonet are but a sad remedy for a popular disorder. What an opportunity the king has now of making a great *coup d'état*, and becoming a thousand times more popular than ever he has been!"

"How?" asked Monsieur de R—.

"By merely dismissing Guizot, and introducing a new ministry, who should take office under the advice of the king, to extend the electoral franchise."

"It has been extended two or three times, and, to use a term in your language, the more you give the more you may give."

"It is better to give with a willing hand, than to be robbed of all you possess."

"There is little fear of that. The banquet will pass off quietly; indeed, I doubt if Odillon Barrot has the moral courage to carry out his own plan; but I confess to you one thing, I hope this weather will continue." (The weather previous to the banquet had been very rainy, cold, and disagreeable.)

It must be admitted that this last remark savoured somewhat of apprehension, and we believe the remarks of the French gentleman may be taken as the general feeling of the Guizot administration. That ministry imagined themselves firm in their majority; they

believed the electoral reform a mere *cheval de bataille*, the banquet as an insignificant popular demonstration, and that the crown and the country could rely upon the National Guards; but, like Monsieur de R—, they wished the weather to continue bad.

The common observer saw through this error. The National Guards were more disaffected than the inhabitants of the hot-bed of French revolutions, the Faubourg St. Antoine, and as they paraded the streets, (soldiers only as regards their uniform,) they, instead of awing the turbulent by the silence and resolution of their manner, they—*they*, the supposed protectors of Paris, *they*, the brave National Guard! were loudest in their shouts of “*à bas Guizot,—vive la Reforme!*”

We are informed by Monsieur Caussidière, in his work on the French Revolution, that now the higher order of revolutionists met together, and agreed that the opportunity was too good to be lost, and that by creating the confusion, they could benefit by the tumult.

But here we would fain recall the memory of Paris during the time of Lord Granville and Lord Cowley. Those who frequented this gay capital can call to mind the thousands of equipages which drove through the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne. The myriads of well dressed, elegant women who, in the full tide of prosperity, frequented the public walks and gardens of this pleasant metropolis. The galaxy of beauty seen at the theatres, and at the balls and *soirées* of the opulent; whilst the thriving tradesman,

the industrious mechanic, and the sturdy labourer, having earned the full reward of their day's labour, devoted the evenings to amusement, in which as much order and decorum were visible as in the higher circles of society. It was then that the head sparkled with diamonds, that jewels were proudly paraded, and neither riches nor property were considered a theft. A due deference was paid to the aristocracy: it was believed that superior talent, superior wealth, and superior station, entitled the possessor to common respect; and throughout the whole civilized world, no city surpassed Paris in the luxuries and elegancies of life, and for those votaries of pleasure, who spend their time in search of excitement, this metropolis was pre-eminent.

A Frenchman is altogether an indescribable animal; his heart is in his heels. Nature formed him for a caperer; he appears quite incapable of sincerity and will swear fidelity and allegiance to half a hundred kings, without the smallest intention of keeping his promise.

Amongst the young and the giddy, the *Chaumière*, the *Bal Mabille*, *Chateau Rouge*, or even *Valentino*, can lure them from all domestic happiness, and they may be seen flinging about their legs and arms in attitudes which might astonish a backwood savage at a war-dance; indeed, the gentlemen brought from those settlements, and exhibited at *Valentino* a few years ago, had much more respect to decency and elegance in their savage war-whoops, than some of the

most accomplished and refined people (that is, if we believe their own account of themselves) in the whole world.

Still, all was the result of luxury, of riches; every man had something to spend, and the following day, after the night's fatigue of legs and arms, the prospect of recruiting his finances by exertion of another kind, and making the head of some use to his employers and himself, gave a fresh impulse to industry.

Besides this flamingo amusement, which after all did no harm to any but the victim himself, there was another recreation of a more dangerous kind, and this was "political discussions." The French believe themselves to be the cleverest people in the world; their national conceit on this point is extraordinary: there is not one itinerant spouter of the commonest tirade against royalty, who does not consider himself equal to the heavy task of governing his ungovernable countrymen. The debates in the Chambers were discussed again and again by these semi-politicians, and one proof of this came under our own notice of so extravagant a kind, that it conveys at once the character of the people. Some repairs were requisite in a church, and seeing the door open we walked in; here we found about twenty *work-men* standing in a circle, with one in the centre, a political pivot; instead of this ruler giving any orders as to the work to be executed, he was loudly applauding the king for having out-manœuvred the English ambassador in regard to the Spanish marriages, and every one present was as well

aware of the contents of the published dispatches as Lord Palmerston himself. One might safely risk a considerable sum that in many parts of the English metropolis the workmen, never to this day, heard of these marriages. Here, then, is the difference of the two countries. A Frenchman knows every body's business but his own; an Englishman knows his own, and seldom troubles himself about his neighbour's:— in this last description I omit the ladies.

Every Frenchman mingles in politics; the affairs of Queen Pomare are as much canvassed as his own miserable bread and onions, or his domestic difficulties.

When the men amuse themselves with politics and public balls, the wives are not very often more chaste than their husbands. "The streets of Paris," said an old diplomatist, "are paved with deceit and falsehood, and every step a man takes in this city of vice, is on the path-way of dishonesty and deception." With a population of this description, where every man believes himself out of his proper sphere, and where every man declares himself quite competent to take the situation of minister of finance, or of public works, and what is still more deplorable, where every man is more or less a soldier, one cannot wonder that such sudden changes should occur as those we have lately witnessed.

On the 20th February, 1848, in spite of the monetary crisis, Paris was a city of opulence. Foreigners from all nations flocked to this abode of pleasure and of vice, of luxury and of folly: the man whose spirits

required relief, was sent to Paris; the man in sound health betook himself to Paris for enjoyment; the merchant came hither for relief from the cares of life; the newly-married flew to Paris on the wings of love, and the desire of toilette; the soldier strutted in all the gaudy embellishments of uniform; the young hastened to Paris in search of pleasure, and the old as a relief from pain. It was one blaze of dissipation; the wealth of the world found its way to the *magazins* on the Boulevards, and Paris was a centre of general resort, as its language was the means of European communication. It was in those bright days that the *Restaurateur* reaped his golden harvest, and that the sublime art of cookery enticed the most morbid to the feast. The day was spent in one great speculation, and the night in one round of amusement.

From one o'clock to three all Paris gambled. The *Bourse* was the resort of the ruined and the blind followers of fickle fortune. Every man played and played deeply; few thought of the future in the chances of the present. Bankers and bankrupts joined in the game, until, when the crisis came, the two mingled into one, and those who but a few hours before rolled leisurely in their equipages, or lolled on the soft sofas of luxury, found themselves penniless and undone, when the fatal word *Republic* was mentioned and declared.

Such was Paris in January, 1848; one great collection of the idle and the dissolute, the philosopher and the legislator, the banker and the bankrupt. The

chevalier d'industrie exercised his calling with sure profit; every man was prepared to become suddenly rich, and money was easily found either for dissipation or a railroad; in fact, the country, in spite of the deplorable state of the public finances, was rich and flourishing; trade prospered, the rich revelled in enjoyment, and the poor were relieved by the city funds.

Neither must we omit the immense strides in the improvement and the embellishment of the capital. If its inhabitants were the most civilized people of the earth, they were lamentably deficient in comforts, until that extraordinary man, Monsieur de Rambuteau, became Prefect of the Seine: under his fostering care Paris began to know the blessings of comparative cleanliness (for it is yet far—far behind London in this necessary luxury); the streets became well paved, the *trottoirs* grew in size, the miserable, dingy oil lamp swinging from houses on each side, and dangling over the swollen gutter which ran down the centre, was replaced by the bright burning gas. New and most elegant streets were made, and one, now the most remarkable in Paris, bears the name of the prefect to whom that capital is indebted for a thousand comforts and improvements. The Place de la Concorde sprang up from a dirty space to rival, nay to be superior to, any opening in any city in the world. Fountains were built in every direction; water was conducted to the houses, the thoroughfares were widened, the public places of amusement improved. Magnificent structures began to replace old and miserable abodes; streets of former insignificance

rose to rival their prouder neighbours ; the gutters in the centres were removed ; the *Quais* by the river side enlarged and rendered more durable. The population were made comfortable and secure, and the city of Paris afforded no less a sum than one million francs and a half a month to relieve the poor of the metropolis. The *Rue Rambuteau* still, in spite of the Provisional Government, records the name of the kindest, most intelligent and active prefect, that ever occupied the Hôtel de Ville. That superb structure was embellished under the eye of Monsieur de Rambuteau, and those who partook of his hospitality, and enjoyed his friendship, may well bewail the sudden change which obliged the Prefect of the Seine to stand as a common soldier, sentinel at his own door !

In the beginning of February, although the monetary crisis had been much felt, receptions, balls, and all the interchanges of social life, which mark an opulent population, were in full force. Every man seemed either in reality or in fiction, a duke, a count, a baron, or a prince ; and they were jealous of these real or assumed titles. Large arms were emblazoned on the panels of the thousand carriages which not unfrequently reached from the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne, whilst hundreds of suspicious broughams gave a doubtful morality to the society of the most elegant people of Europe. Even the National Guards, that supposed bulwark of royalty, played at soldiers with becoming gravity. France was prosperous and powerful ; the king, firmly seated on his throne ;

his sons in command of the army, the navy, the artillery ; and any man who, on the 1st of February, had predicted the total change of the picture above faithfully painted, would have been considered a fool or a madman.

On the 20th of February, we attended a concert given by a person of great opulence ; here Alboni, Ronconi, and Bettini sang, and here, also, were congregated several ministers of foreign countries. Little did any one imagine how soon the cloud was to burst and ruin society. The conversation which gave rise to some little difference of opinion, originated in a remark that "everything was far from tranquil." A very great authority, from his pre-eminent situation, ridiculed the notion of any serious disturbance, and in this instance he certainly did not exercise the usual diplomatic precaution of saying one thing and looking another ; this time his face was the index of his mind.

The next day we heard a conversation in which it was very loudly predicted that within a week the king would lose his throne, and embark at Havre : turning suddenly to the speaker, we remarked that he was a National Guardsman, and *of course* he would protect the king.

"Indeed, not I," he replied ; "if the *rappel* beats to-morrow, I certainly shall not shoulder my musket."

"And are there many more who think as you do?"

"Yes, and will act as I do ; we may appear with our

arms, but to fire on the people, to preserve the king,—that indeed!—we have had quite enough of him.”

“But who will you have in his stead?”

“I neither know nor care, but this I know, that the sooner *he* goes, the better for us all.”

“You wear spectacles,” was said jestingly; “you are consequently a short-sighted mortal.”

There was a ball for the English charity on the 15th of February at the *Jardin d’Hiver*, and here we met a very celebrated republican. In conversing with him on the signs of the times, he said, with a peculiar emphasis:—“Wait patiently until Thursday next, at 12 o’clock; by that time you will be satisfied how quietly the manifestation and the *Banquet* will have passed over! there will be no longer political parasites shouting *Vive le Roi*.”

It was now most evident that a very serious demonstration was organized.

The *Banquet* was fixed for Tuesday, 22nd February; the night previous we had reconnoitred the ground where these noisy patriots were to assemble: sufficient would have been the punishment had they been allowed to parade the Champs Elysées to the muddy enclosure; and there in all the dignity of dirt, surrounded by their brethren *en blouses*, had they drunk sour wine for electoral reform. The weather and the wine would have saved the crown. Frenchmen, like cats, abominate wet weather; they seem much more afraid of a *coup d’air* than a *coup de sabre*, and we question much if forty of the most furious republicans would

face a shower of rain and hail, in February, even to gain their point.

Early that morning the troops occupied the Champs Elysées, the careful shopkeepers put up their shutters, and the Boulevards presented one living rush of mankind towards the Rue Royale. Here it was supposed that Monsieur Odillon Barrot and the other deputies who had signed their names in adhesion to this banquet would address their misguided votaries, and have animated the doubtful spirits of the mob by some electric discourse.

In vain they waited, in vain a pack of ragamuffin boys shouted the *Marseillaise*, or every now and then the duped democrats screamed for Odillon Barrot: he was not forthcoming, his courage had oozed from his fingers' ends, like Bob Acre's valour, and a modest *affiche* announced that the banquet would not take place.

The good temper manifested by the populace convinced all the cool observers, that a little shouting and noise, if uninterrupted, would finish the day; but this unfortunately was not the case. Some of the mob walked arm-in-arm, making a considerable noise, up the Champs Elysées, whilst others assembled on the Boulevards, in the vicinity of the *Ministère des Affaires Étrangères*. On a balcony exactly opposite the garden we watched events, feeling perfectly confident that if no shot was fired, the crowd would grow hoarse and cold before sunset, and the night would be passed in our usual tranquillity. A strong guard had been placed

round the *ministère*, and the first act of aggression was on the part of the government.

The Boulevards are a public thoroughfare, and thousands of pedestrians were in motion ; some indeed, nay many, stopped to shout. “ *à bas Guizot !* ” and so little did that statesman seem to heed the warning cry, that he came out in his garden in his dressing-gown, looked at the clouds, not as in fear of anything but the weather, got into his carriage, and went to the Chambers. Certainly Monsieur Guizot can never be accused of want of courage, however much his want of prudence may be questioned.

The soldiers were directed to keep the *trottoir* clear which is by the side of the garden wall, the consequence was, that like a rock in a tide-way, the people were forced round the promontory. This made a great accumulation in the streets, to obviate which, and to “ keep moving ” the people, a company of the Municipal Guards *à cheval*, walked leisurely up and down ; this again drove the people on the opposite *trottoir*, and thus occasioned, exactly underneath the balcony, a choice collection of the human species, some wishing to walk on, and some determined to stand still and shout “ *à bas Guizot !* ”

Like the opposition of the sea to the outset of a river, when the latter is arrested and deposits its sand, creating in time an insuperable bar, so these stationary men, by degrees arresting hundreds of others, completely choked the thoroughfare.

A company of infantry came across to clear the

way, the officer was laughed at, and the men mocked ; upon which, and certainly without any orders, the word was given to charge bayonets. The drum beat the charge, and the soldiers advanced ; then, indeed, was confusion worse confounded, and although everything was done with great forbearance on each side, and no accident occurred ; yet no sooner was the path cleared and the soldiers had returned, than the same mob, but more angrily disposed, for a stone or two began to be thrown, returned also, becoming more clamorous in their shouts, and certainly more disposed to mischief.

At that moment we ventured an opinion that a revolution was at hand, although there appeared no mischievous intention ; again and again the same pretence at a charge occurred. The Municipal Guards now began to trot their horses, the mob was more suddenly displaced, until both parties seemed tired of the game of changing places, and the mob and the soldiers withdrew. We returned home by the Champs Elysées, and here saw the first slight collision that occurred.

A lancer, on a very tired horse, was trotting between the trees, making a straight course to his destination ; no sooner was he espied, than a shout was raised, and a collection of low vagabonds went in pursuit of him. The jaded animal felt the spur and quickened its pace, the stones began to fall in showers around them ; in vain the poor horse, seemingly aware of his master's danger, tried its utmost strength, and in vain did the rider, as he saw his desperate pursuers

gain upon the wearied animal, ungenerously use the spur. The mob were close upon him, when on a sudden a detachment of the line, which occupied a guard-house on the other side of the Champs Elysées, appeared advancing at the charge, and saved the lancer's life, although he had received one or two severe wounds from the stones; we never before had felt so much interest in the fate of a stranger. The pursuing ruffians would have torn him to pieces, and we are convinced the poor brute, which tried its utmost to save its rider, could not have continued at a trot two hundred yards further.

The mob thus baffled vented their rage on the soldiers by hurling stones, and although once or twice the latter turned round and pointed their muskets (which was quite sufficient to put these vagabonds to flight, without firing), no actual collision, besides the capture of one man and the throwing of the stones, occurred.

Whilst this scene was enacting, another party had stormed a guard-house in the Avenue Matignon, captured it, and set it on fire; it was blazing as we passed, no one attempted to extinguish it, but many looked on as the work of destruction continued. We passed between these idle and useless spectators and the fire; no one made a remark, they were looking on in solemn silence, apparently undetermined how to act; one or two boys cut down some slender trees and fed the flames, and these little urchins seemed the only actively employed persons in the vicinity.

The city by this time was in considerable confusion—that awful word to French ears—*barricades*—had been used, and the increasing number of Municipal Guards, who were very foolishly kept trotting up and down the streets at a full pace, contributed to dismay the populace, and to tire their horses. In the meanwhile barricades began to be erected. Carts were seized and upset. Omnibusses were added, and the active *gamin de Paris* began his uninterrupted work of picking up the pavement. Two boys, certainly neither of them seventeen years of age, made the barricade at the corner of the Rue Montaigne.

No sooner had the leaders of this revolution and these makers of barricades seriously set to their work, than a troop of the Municipal Guard or the Cuirassiers would come thundering up the Faubourg St. Honoré; as the point to which these revolutionists attached some consequence was the junction of the Rue de la Pepinière and the Rue d'Angoulême, the first leading to a considerable barrack, and the second to the Champs Elysées. On the approach of the soldiers the work was deserted, but the instant they retired towards the Elysée Bourbon, every house seemed to discharge a host of young vagabonds who immediately returned to the barricade. Again and again the military advanced, and in a moment not a soul was to be seen; yet instead of stationing small piquets at the different points, the whole body was kept together, and clattered over the pavement. It served no useful purpose, and very shortly completely tired the heavily appointed horses.

It had now become a very dangerous *émeute* ; the mob, under the pretence of obtaining arms, broke into different houses ; from some they took wine, money, and arms ; from others only arms, and although they broke into our house, we escaped with the honours of war, preserving our arms, wine, money, and munitions. Some of our neighbours were not quite so fortunate ; but the plunder was very trifling, and the excesses were moderate. No sooner was a house robbed—for robbery it was—of its arms, than it had registered on its door the lie and the cowardice ; the words “ *Armes données* ” were on every tradesman’s shutter and almost every *porte-cochère* in Paris.

No one attempted any resistance ; bands of about eight or ten, sometimes more and sometimes less, forced their way by that useless cerberus of Paris houses,—the porter—mounted the stairs, and took just what they chose to take. In a house in the Rue d’Angoulême they required and obtained four hundred francs and forty bottles of wine, and they quietly sat down to regale themselves without a fear of interruption, although, as yet, the police existed, and the military seemed inclined to uphold the proper authorities ; indeed, so well were the military supposed to be posted, that in spite of the barricades, many declared that the morrow would see such an example made of the *émeutiers*, that the affair would be crushed in its infancy.

At dark a certain tranquillity prevailed in some quarters, but at Monceaux the National Guards were

forced into collision with the mob ; a regular firing occurred, and consequently the first killed was in this affray ; and here, so badly provided were the National Guards, either from distrust or negligence, that no man had more than three rounds of ball cartridge. The mob, however, although ultimately repulsed, had manifested their delight in mischief and fire-works, and had burnt the *Octrois* at the Faubourg du Roule and Monceaux.

So badly had precautions been taken, and so very negligently had the troops been stationed, that in reviewing the Champs Elysées early on the morning of the 23rd, the horses and men which had bivouacked the whole night in the open space in front of Franconi's, were more like the rear-guard of the Emperor's army in his retreat from Moscow, than a regiment of troops to begin an attack. The horses were covered with mud, and the riders evidently little inclined to refresh them by cleanliness ; they were yawning and stretching themselves with becoming French discipline. On the opposite side a regiment of the line offered a more imposing appearance, and farther down, towards the Place de la Concorde, a clean set of horses and riders gave a good military *coup d'œil*. It seemed that as they advanced towards royalty, they advanced also in cleanliness and discipline.

This day Guizot resigned, and so little did we apprehend anything like personal danger, that we walked to the house of a foreign minister, where we dined ; and afterwards, as no barricades were erected

then on the Boulevards, we drove to the French opera, which we found closed. The Rue de la Paix was illuminated : thousands and thousands walked quietly up and down, and so close were the mob, that we had great difficulty in crossing the street. But all was exceedingly quiet ; the resignation of Guizot was considered the end of the *émeute* ; no evil disposition was manifested until ten o'clock, when the unfortunate fusillade at the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères changed events.

CHAPTER II.

Pistol-shot at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—Consternation in Paris—The Rappel beaten—The King reviews the National Guard—Inactivity of Sebastiani and Jacqueminot—Marshal Bugeaud named Commander of Paris—Thiers appointed Prime-Minister—The 24th of February—The Breakfast at the Palace—Alarm—Incapacity and Irresolution of Thiers—The King abdicates—Marshal Gérard—Feeble Opposition to the Insurgents—Louis Philippe quits the Tuileries—Last Sitting at the Chamber of Deputies—Appearance of the Duchess of Orleans and the Comte de Paris—Regent and new King acknowledged—Confusion—Firmness of the Duchess—Provisional Government proposed—Speeches of MM. Marie, Crémieux, Odillon Barrot, Ledru Rollin, and Lamartine—Irruption of the Mob into the Chamber—Provisional Government named.

It is now, we believe, perfectly established that it was no accidental shot which occasioned that fusillade at the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. Monsieur Causidière gives us clearly to understand that the chance of a revolution was not to be thrown away, and that it was agreed to seize upon any event to continue the

émeute. Now at nine o'clock on Wednesday, the 23rd of February, the town was illuminated, and it was considered by many that from the fall of Guizot and the certainty of Monsieur Thiers and Odillon Barrot accepting office, electoral reform and an extended franchise would follow as a matter of course. The point then was gained, "*Vive le Roi*" resounded, the political National Guards were contented, and the hurricane was over. There was still excitement enough left to fan up the dying embers, and La Grange, a desperate republican, availed himself of the opportunity as he, in company with about two hundred ragamuffins, walked by the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, to fire a pistol the ball of which struck the horse of the commander of the force, consisting of a detachment of the 14th regiment of the line. This shot was instantly returned by a volley; it is said about fifty-two of the mob were killed or wounded; the rest retreated towards the hot-bed of all *émeutes* in Paris—the Faubourg St. Antoine—shouting: "We are betrayed, *aux armes, aux armes!*"

At daylight of the 24th of February, the *rappel* was beaten all over Paris, and the consternation was excessive; from every window peeped a head, and not very actively did the National Guards assemble. It requires a vast deal of patriotism to turn out of a comfortable bed and home to be shot at on a cold miserable February morning; these heroes of romance, had been long accustomed to a quiet life; now and then a review gave them an opportunity of playing at

soldiers, and they were enchanted; now, barricades were erected, and death was in every street; a determined struggle was imminent; the wife and the children must be kissed, perhaps, for the last time; the shop must be shut, and loyalty severely tested.

The worst of all guards is a National Guard; an armed population is the most fatal barricade against true liberty; they are as often used to suppress, as to support it, and when these feather-bed soldiers become a political body, they are as dangerous to the state as a revolutionary army. Fortunately, as two Frenchmen seldom have any confidence one in the other, the one half are at variance with the other half, and hence the civil discord in the days of June to be mentioned hereafter. The National Guards of Paris declare themselves the living representative will of all France; and as Paris is France, and they might, if united, most certainly rule Paris, there is some truth in the assertion. But what can be more fatal to industry and commerce than taking away the head of a manufactory, or half the servants of a large concern, to stand sentinel at the gates of the Tuileries Gardens, to keep out dogs not *en laisse*, and boys wearing *casquettes*, or carrying bundles. The Government of France will one day find out that a good efficient paid police, such as protects London, and a considerable army, are the best safeguard they can have. Had the Republican Guard, which now exists, existed in February, the barricades could not have been raised as by enchantment; the cavalry and the Municipal Guards would

have come forth untired; and the Revolution of February might have been nipped in its bud, and never grown to its fatal blossom.

The drums kept incessantly beating the *rappel*; "the brave din, the noble clank of arms," began to be heard; the regular troops were at their posts; and every now and then a very eager looking National Guardsman emerged from his house, and stopped at every door to enter into conversation—thus appearing active, but courting delay.

That morning Louis Philippe reviewed, in person, several divisions of the National Guards. The "divinity which hedges in a king," seemed to have dulled its halo, for when his Majesty approached these defenders of their country, their king, and their faith, a cry was raised of "*Vive la Reforme!*" His Majesty with considerable coolness added:—" *Messieurs, vous l'aurez;*" upon which a degree of loyalty seemed suddenly injected into the turbid blood of these half rebellious citizens, and the cry was changed to "*Vive le Roi!*" To have heard it, and to have been unacquainted with these people, it would have sounded like sincerity. The drums beat, the review was over, the last echo of "*Vive le Roi*" was lost for ever, and two hours afterwards his Majesty was a fugitive—an abdicated, a dethroned monarch.

It is credited by all, that the king was grossly deceived—that he was led to believe the *émeute* was silenced (although he must have heard the sharp firing at the Chateau d'Eau), and it is said that he himself

recommended the withdrawal of the troops, so as to calm the excitement. The entrance of Monsieur Emile de Girardin dispelled that hope ; his Majesty was informed of the actual state of affairs ; he offered to mount his horse and face the rebels ; and instead of thus gloriously conquering or falling, he listened to the voice of a doubtful friend and agreed to abdicate.

During this time where was that man, who, when peaceable parades amused the public, proudly rode with his staff, and *looked* a very Hector in the field, where was Monsieur Tiburce Sebastiani ? where was the commander-in-chief of the first division ? Monsieur Sebastiani was at breakfast at the Hôtel de Ville, after which luxurious repast he amused himself reading the papers, and actually so cool and collected was this veteran warrior of reviews, that he quietly consigned himself to a chair, and allowed a barber to exercise his skill on his chin ! Has any body ever heard of this general since ? Did any body get a cheering glance of his warrior eye during the instantaneous conquest ? Did any soldier hear his command to fix his bayonet, or to charge the foe ? Was he near his sovereign ? did he aid him by his counsels, or await his commands ? And where was General Jacqueminot, the commander-in-chief of the National Guards ? It is said that every one looked to the Duke de Nemours, but the Duke de Nemours gave no orders, and, perhaps, had no authority to give any. The reason why he gave no orders, and took no part in the *mêlée* will be seen hereafter.

These questions are answered by Monsieur A. Dumas, who says :—" The first of these, frightened at the weight of his own responsibility, took but half measures, hesitated, and was totally ignorant of the war of barricades, for which no military school has, as yet, given rules and instructions ; that General Jacqueminot, still suffering from illness, and scarcely recovered from a very serious malady, hearing in the National Guard a murmur of opposition, which only awaited the decisive moment to break out, took no measures whatever, and remained satisfied with hearing reports, and silently pondering over them."

At one o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 24th of February, the *tocsin* was sounded, which called, according to Alexandre Dumas, " the people to arms, and God to support the people." The king waited the arrival of Monsieur Molé, and Monsieur Molé did not appear. Guizot was still with the king, still faithful to his master, still resolved to follow his destiny. Sebastiani and Jacqueminot were found unequal to their commands, and General Bugeaud was appointed commander-in-chief of the troops : the king signed, and Guizot countersigned the order. As Monsieur Molé had not appeared, Thiers was sent for : at a quarter past one he was announced, and Monsieur Guizot retired ; they met at the door, and saluted each other with becoming politeness. The order appointing Bugeaud to the command was lying on the table, and Thiers accepted it on condition that no barricade was

to be attacked, and that Odillon Barrot should join him in the ministry.

The king consented, and Monsieur Thiers began his short-lived authority by writing immediately a proclamation, thus :—"Citizens of Paris, an order is given to cease all firing. We are commanded by the king to form a new ministry. The Chambers are to be dissolved. General Lamoricière is appointed to the command of the National Guards of Paris. Messieurs Odillon Barrot, Thiers, Lamoricière, and Duvergier de Hauranne, are the ministers. Liberty, order, union, reform !" This proclamation was sent to the police, with orders to publish it all over the city during the night. Having done this Thiers retired to his bed, perfectly convinced that the names of Odillon Barrot and Thiers would quiet any insurrection. As he withdrew, Guizot re-entered, but this time they did not meet; the king awaited his friend in his cabinet.

During the night barricades had been raised in every quarter, and Monsieur Thiers awoke to the music of a *fusillade*. His proclamation had never been signed, nor had it been sent to the *Moniteur*; it was, consequently, believed a false report, and was torn down as soon as read. To re-assure the populace it was proposed that Odillon Barrot should mount a horse, and as he rode through each street, he should proclaim the truth; but Monsieur Odillon Barrot, although a great lawyer, declared he was no cavalier, and quietly re-

fused the invitation, which, however, he ultimately accepted, having two men to lead the horse, like kings of former days, especially on the stage. Paris is a stage; there everything is acted: there is no sincerity, no reality. Monsieur Guizot now left the Tuileries, not to be heard of again, until his arrival in England.

At seven o'clock the new ministers arrived at the palace; they consisted of Thiers, Crémieux, Lamoricière, Duvergier de Hauranne, Remusat, Beaumont, and Lasteyrie. Their first act was to revoke the order relative to Bugeaud, and to command the troops to cease firing, but to remain in position. The Tuileries at this time were protected by three thousand troops of the line, and six pieces of artillery; the populace had penetrated as far as the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de l'Échelle, and were gradually advancing upon the palace. In other parts, Paris was in the liveliest excitement. The National Guards were under arms, and in the streets, but for any opposition they offered to the insurrection, they might quite as well have remained in bed, as many of them did, and just as effectually have served their sovereign, *and themselves*.

At half-past ten the royal family met as usual at breakfast; short was that repast, and grievously deceived was the king. He is reported to have entered the Salle de Diane with a cheerful countenance, but the noise of musketry must have been heard, as the Duchess of Orleans, previous to this family union, had sent her children from her apartment, which overlooked the Rue de Rivoli, to the queen. Besides all this, every

window in the palace would have given ample view for the confusion which was everywhere.

The repast was begun, but shortly interrupted by the uncereemonious entry of Monsieur de Remusat and Monsieur de Duvergier de Hauranne, who were ushered in unbidden or uninvited by the orderly officer, Monsieur de Laubespín. Kings are not disturbed at their repasts without an urgent necessity, and the pale, nay livid countenances of the above-named ministers heralded their gloomy communications. By way of less alarming the ladies, the ministers desired to speak to the Duke de Montpensier, which might better have been communicated by a letter given by even a servant. In a moment the royal family rose from table, and the king insisted upon knowing the cause of this unusual violation of all etiquette.

"Your Majesty," said Monsieur de Remusat, "appears ignorant of what is passing around you."

"And what may that be?" asked the king.

"Already have the dragoons surrendered their sabres, and the soldiers their arms, within sight of the Tuileries, on the Place de la Concorde, for I saw it myself," said Monsieur de Laubespín.

The King appeared thunderstruck : he had believed in his security, protected by the shield of the opposition into whose treacherous arms he had surrendered himself ; for a moment he hesitated, and then, taking the Duke de Montpensier, he left the Salle de Diane, but not before the queen, whose courage grew with the danger, had implored her husband to mount his

horse, and fight for the crown, or to die in the attempt. The king *did* mount his horse, and reviewed the 3,000 men, as before mentioned, who were placed for his protection, to whom had been added two battalions of the National Guards. He was received with a shout of "*Vive le Roi !*" as short as it was treacherous. The queen overlooked the review from the windows of the palace, with a calm, determined countenance ; neither did the king betray then the least timidity, and from those who were reviewed we have heard, that no fear blanched his cheeks, and no hesitation bespoke alarm.

The review was over, and Monsieur Thiers arrived : his courage had already forsaken him ; here was a minute to make a minister an emperor ; it was now that the true and loyal subject would have offered his body as a rampart of protection to his sovereign ; now was the moment for decision ; a hundred resources might have presented themselves. The king might have imitated Charles X., and retired with his army to Versailles ; he might have thrown himself into Vincennes. The fortifications round Paris might have been garrisoned by the faithful and determined supporters of the crown. Bugeaud was alive, Lamoricière was at hand, it wanted but the advice of the minister, and the crown of France was saved. Monsieur Thiers, shrinking from the responsibility which a Clarendon would have courted, and a Grey demanded, begged that "Monsieur Odillon Barrot might be president of the Council !"

History has already pointed to this sad dereliction

of duty, and after such a lapse of time, all personal rancour must have been extinguished. In the *Presse* of the 26th of January, 1849, nearly a year after the event, we find these words:—"Take part with Monsieur Thiers, who, whenever there is danger, is the first to fly! Take part with Monsieur Thiers who hides himself when a revolution appears! Take part with Monsieur Thiers, who, on the 24th of February, instead of persuading the king to remain, asked permission to cower in his carriage, so completely had fear overcome him! Take part with Monsieur Thiers, who, although named by four departments for the national assembly, during the days of June, instead of gallantly offering his talents at the Tribune, skulked in the *couloirs*!" And again, said the *Presse*:—"Did Monsieur Thiers save the king? No! he saved himself."

A report soon spread, that Odillon Barrot, although his horse was led by two of the National Guards, had failed to pacify the insurgents; it was no service of pleasure, and when he found himself coldly received, he considered the trial sufficient, and retraced his steps. The king took his pen to sign what Monsieur Thiers demanded, which was nothing more or less than to put the burthen he was loath to carry on the shoulders of another just as incapable as himself, and who was absent.

At this trying moment the king had near him one gallant heart, and had General Lamoricière even then received his orders, he would have gallantly done his

duty. The Duke de Montpensier, Monsieur de Remusat, and Monsieur Thiers were also present. Time so exceedingly precious was lost in the absurdity of discussion, until a volley of musketry, which was fired from the Château d'Eau, and close to the Tuileries, awoke all present to the awful danger of the position. It has been asked, where was the Duke de Nemours? The following anecdote has been related to us as authentic, and we hope and trust it is true, for the duke never to our knowledge exhibited fear.

On the morning of the 24th of February, and some time previous to the abdication, the Duke de Nemours, who too well knew the danger of the moment, and the importance of the conflict, approached the king, and in language, rather unaccustomed, spoke of the danger of the position, "that the *émeute* was growing into a revolution, that a conflict was inevitable, that Paris was one general insurrection; Sire," he continued, "I shall mount my horse, and place myself at the head of the troops!" The king, whose countenance grew more animated as his son spoke, suddenly stopped him, and said:—"Sir, you are not yet regent, wait *my* orders." The duke, hurt by the apparent reproof, retired to his apartments, and this may explain his absence, on other occasions, which some have attributed to another and a less pardonable reason.

Monsieur Emile de Girardin now entered the royal presence with all the confidence of true courage: he was slightly agitated, but no man would attribute that

to fear in Monsieur de Girardin ; he has given ample proof that his heart may beat quickly and strongly, but that it will never flutter from fear.

“Sire,” said Monsieur de Girardin, “what are your Majesty’s intentions?”

“To give the presidency to Monsieur Odillon Barrot,” replied the king.”

“*It is too late*,” said Monsieur de Girardin ; “it is not now a change of ministry that will suffice ; it is an abdication !” (The king started.) “Abdicate, Sire, or in one hour there will no longer be king or people.”

Louis Philippe let the pen fall from his hand, which had been dipped in the ink to sign the presidency for Odillon Barrot ; Monsieur de Girardin, with his usual coolness, took it up and replaced it in the king’s hand.

“One minute’s delay, Sire, and all is lost.”

The king looked around him for advice and support :—not a soul—not even Monsieur Thiers—offered a council, or cheered the dying embers of royalty :—but Emile de Girardin had taken the place of minister and king ; and he produced a printed placard, already consummated ; it was from the pen of that clever writer, and was not encumbered with a superfluity of words :—“Abdication of the king ! Regency of the Duchess of Orleans ! Dissolution of the Chambers ! General Amnesty !” He knew that legally the Duke of Nemours was the regent ; but the duke was so unpopular that his name to the regency would have made matters, if possible, worse.

The king hesitated, when his son—can history pen this truth, and the dark hue of the ink transmit it to posterity—yes, his son, the Duc de Montpensier, instead of having gathered courage from his mother, said :—“ *In the name of France, Sire, abdicate !*”

“ Be it so,” said the deserted monarch ; “ be it so ; I abdicate.”

“ Your word,” said Monsieur de Girardin.

“ It is said,” replied the king.

Monsieur Girardin hastened to arrest the civil war on one side, whilst General Lamoricière and the son of Admiral Baudin took other directions. The king wrote :—“ I abdicate in favour of my grandson, the Comte de Paris, and I hope he will be happier than myself.”

At this trying moment, the old and gallant General Gérard came to the aid of his sovereign, and had he been fortunate enough to have arrived some hours previously, he might have saved the throne : he came unbidden ; he thought the crown was in danger, and like a soldier and a subject of the good stamp, he came to his king and his master.

“ Oh! my brave maréchal,” said the king, trembling with emotion, “ none but yourself can save me now.”

“ I have nothing,” replied the brave old man, “ but my life to offer you, and it is instantly at your service.”

“ Go to those people (*ces gens-là*), and tell them that I abdicate.”

“ A horse, your Majesty ;” and Gérard mounted

the one caparisoned for the review, and on which the king rode; instead of an olive branch he carried a cypress. He was saluted by the crowd with "*Vive le Maréchal Gérard!*" and to his confirmation of the abdication he was only greeted with the tumultuous shout of "*Vive le Maréchal Gérard!*" as the mob advanced upon him, and forced him back into the Place du Carousel from which he came. The soldiers who had occupied the open space of the Place du Carousel retreated as the crowd approached, and finally got within the iron railings which enclose the palace, shut the gates, and awaited events.

The haste already manifested towards every wrong step, and the slowness of any advance in the right direction, was still evident; not an effort had been made to check this insurrection; about three hundred men had begun it, and as victory attended their steps, their numbers increased. Where there is no danger, there will always be recruits; on they came unopposed, until the little fortification of the Château d'Eau arrested their progress; and had that spirit of resistance been shown elsewhere, Louis Philippe would now have been upon his throne. It is true Caussidière says, (when speaking of a remark made by Lamoricière, at a dinner given by Crémieux, and which remark was:—that *had he received orders*, he would have arranged the affair without a republic,) that one hundred thousand men were ready and armed to oppose the troops,—yet Monsieur Caussidière labours under the imputation, very common to his countrymen,

of being a little inclined to *broder*, and not a soul who witnessed, as we did, every phase of this revolution, believes one word of the assertion. The whole was the effect of chance ; the most sanguine of the reformers, the most desperate of the insurrectionists, never contemplated this result.

It began as usual at the hot-bed of all revolts, the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the insurrectionists marched down, singing their revolutionary songs and flourishing their flags, unimpeded and unrestrained. At the Hôtel de Ville the brave Municipal Guards stood firm, as they did also on the Place de la Concorde, where they received a volley from the troops, but as for any other opposition, there was positively none, and the list of killed and wounded is the best criterion. This list we shall give hereafter.

It was now that royalty began to doff its robes ; the king laid aside the useless emblem of war, the uniform of a general of the National Guards, and which, if he had known the disloyalty of that body, he would never have worn ; he placed his sword on the table, was dressed as a private gentleman, and seemed at once anxious to escape personal danger, and be relieved from the unthankful task of being a king. Not so the queen : that excellent, benevolent, kind, affectionate wife and mother grew bolder as the danger approached, and showed that the Bourbon blood was not entirely watered by cowardice. With her eye bright with true courage, her head erect, and with a firm and unfaltering voice she approached and said to

Monsieur Thiers :—"This is your work, sir ; it is you who have done all this." It is said that Thiers, *from respect to her Majesty*, remained silent ; the ex-minister of the minute might have found it a difficult task to deny the charge ; for whilst the prime-minister slept, the kingdom was lost !

"Bring the carriages," said the king. The horses which had been put to *had*, with the groom, been shot, and this unwelcome tidings reached the king's ears. "What then," he continued, "we have no carriages !" There were two small carriages, *citadines* in reality, only bearing the higher title of *remises*, which some kind person had hired, and these were standing by a small door communicating with a subterranean passage in the garden of the Tuileries.

"Let us go," said the king ; but previous to his departure, he opened a drawer as looking for something, and then, with a disordered manner, he gave the key to his secretary, and desired him to await his orders.

At this moment another person appeared, who seemed to have come unbidden to the palace, to mock, with his republican presence, the last moments of the king. Monsieur Crémieux said :—"Of course, Sire, the Duchess of Orleans is the regent ?" We draw particular attention to this question, as it will be found a little farther on that Monsieur Crémieux began his speech in the Chamber of Deputies, by declaring that "at such a moment as this, it is impossible that all the world with one accord would proclaim the Duchess

of Orleans regent, and the Comte de Paris king. The population *would not accept such a proclamation!*”

The king replied :—“ There is a law by which the Duc de Nemours is regent ; you may violate the law if *you* like—come, come,” he continued, “ let us depart, let us go :” and taking the queen by the hand, he made his last false step and descended the great staircase of the Tuileries. Passing along the subterraneous passage above alluded to, and arriving at an exit called the Pont-Tournant, here he found himself in the midst of his once faithful subjects, mingled with his (two hours past) faithful troops, all of whom would have shouted “ *Vive le Roi!*” The fallen monarch leaned heavily on the queen, who, with her noble head still erect, seemed proud to face the danger, and ready to share all its consequences.

“ Make way for the unfortunate,” said one. The king was recognised, but there was no compassion for the unfortunate ; some shouted “ *Vive la Reforme!*” some “ *Vive la France!*” and one or two, let us hope with all sincerity—for at such a moment a mockery would have been a crime—“ *Vive le Roi!*” He advanced to the centre of the Place de la Concorde ; on this spot his father had been executed. Is it astonishing that the king faltered ? but he recovered himself sufficiently to say, as he raised his hat from his head : —“ I declare that I abdicate in favour of my grandson, the Comte de Paris.” During this short interval of time, the queen was separated from the king ; some one advanced to offer her assistance ; but she was a

queen to the last, and said in a firm tone :— “ Leave me alone.”

The king and queen now entered these miserable carriages. The Duchess of Nemours and her children were in the second. The Duchess of Montpensier was left behind : such was the unfortunate haste, such the disorder, such the cowardice of the flight ! The carriages drove off ; it is said that two muskets were fired at retreating royalty, but we cannot confirm this report, and we sincerely trust that, like many others, it is destitute of foundation. Some one seeing Monsieur Crémieux on the Place de la Concorde, and no doubt astonished at meeting him, a deputy, in such a concourse of people, asked him what he was doing there ?

“ I have just put royalty into his carriage,” replied this good subject ; it is worth the reader’s while to compare this flippant remark with the accomplished lawyer’s speech given at the end of the chapter.*

* The retreat of the king, so variously related, we believe to have been as follows, although it differs materially from the foregoing, narrated by Monsieur Dumas :—It is well ascertained that he escaped by the subterraneous passage by the river-side, and emerged into the Place de la Concorde by the gate called the “ Pont-tournant.” Close to this outlet had been stationed ever since the morning a small, low carriage painted a dark colour. It is strange that such a precaution should have been taken, whilst so many others were neglected.

The thickening crowd forced its way from the Boulevards, and the Quais towards the Chamber of Deputies. It was evident that here would be the struggle. The government, if government it could be called, had placed troops in this direction, mingled with some detachments of the National Guards ; one company of the second

The flight of the king had been so sudden, that no precautions had been taken for the household. The Duchess of Orleans and her children remained ; but the old and tried friend and companion of the queen, Madame de Dolomieu, was left to make her own way from the scene of disorder. She was found, crying bitterly, as she walked towards St. Cloud, by a gentleman who at once distinguished real sorrow and

legion, commanded by Monsieur G—, an *avoué* of the Tribunal Civil de Paris, occupied the space by the Pont-tournant, with orders to check the progress of the crowd, who, apparently led by the scent of blood, for three bodies were lying inside the garden, slightly covered with sand, (and amongst which was afterwards found that of the unfortunate Monsieur Jollivet, a deputy,) pressed forward in that direction.

One obstacle greatly obstructed the movements of Monsieur G—, and that was the little carriage before mentioned. Fearing the people might upset it to begin a barricade, for the crowd in those days seized all chances, Monsieur G— desired the coachman to retire, when suddenly the king, and those who accompanied him, appeared emerging from the Pont-tournant. The king was calm and collected, but the features of the queen were, on the contrary, impressed with a sort of stupor: her walk, commonly firm, had something hasty and uncertain; she looked behind her frequently, as if fearing pursuit, and at one moment indicated a disposition neither to go forwards nor to retreat. When Monsieur G— gave the order for his company to open their ranks, the queen was remarked to hesitate: she seized the king's arm with a kind of despair, and refused, with the last spark of royal *hauteur*, the assistance respectfully offered by Monsieur G—. The carriage advanced; the royal fugitives took their seats without the slightest obstacle, and drove off escorted by a piquet of the cavalry of the National Guards, commanded by Monsieur de M—, the colonel, and drove towards St. Cloud.

Nearly at the same time, the Duchess of Orleans, surrounded by several officers, mentioned elsewhere, took her sorrowful way to the Chamber of Deputies.

fallen greatness. He immediately offered her shelter, but she only knew that the queen was gone to St. Cloud, and thither she was resolved to go also. A cart with dirty linen happening to pass, she was placed in that, and reached her destination.

The Duchess of Montpensier, who was born and bred amidst *émeutes* in Spain, seemed imbued with the courage of her mother, and very quietly retired to her rooms, to pack up her valuable articles. It appears marvellous that no precautions of any kind had been taken: the flight seemed unpremeditated; it was the thought of a moment, nobody opposed it, no kind voice hinted the possibility of a safe retreat with some of the troops; and when this melancholy *cortège* set out on its desperate retreat, not a soul inquired for Madame de Dolomieu; not one person missed the duchess, and amongst all those who have carefully treasured up last words of royalty, and last acts of courage in princes, we cannot find out what became of the Duke de Montpensier!

We are arrived at the last stage of this eventful monarchy: history records the following, principally gleaned from the *Moniteur* of Friday the 25th, and Saturday the 26th of February.

The Chamber of Deputies met for the last time on the 24th of February. The sitting is thus described:—

Monsieur Sauzet took his seat at half-past twelve o'clock, and after some preliminary regulations, he addressed the assembly. It is well to observe how that great assembly conducted itself in the crisis, and

to remark how fleeting are even the charms of royalty when fear—to use a mild expression—usurps the place of lukewarm loyalty. The president gave the reason why he called the members from the Bureaux, excusing this interruption of their labours in consequence of the grave circumstances which threatened the capital of the country.

Monsieur Charles Lafitte proposed that the Chamber should declare itself “*en permanence*.” To this wise admonition Monsieur Dutier opposed a milk-and-water modification; namely, “that the *séance* should be continued, and that the Chamber would *hereafter* take such determinations as the exigencies of the circumstances might require.”

Monsieur Cambacérès proposed that the Chamber should declare its sittings permanent “*until the crisis was over*.”

The president said there was no question of *permanence* necessary, the *séance* was opened, and so it would remain until he closed it: and here he *suspended* it.

Now it was that an extreme agitation prevailed: the floor of the house was crowded with deputies; a loud conversation ensued; the name of Odillon Barrot was on every lip, until a graver subject occupied attention. It was rumoured that the king had abdicated, and had declared the Duchess of Orleans regent; nearly one hour was lost, whilst the firing of musketry, the roar of voices, and shouts and fierce menaces were heard without.

At half-past one it was announced that the Duchess of Orleans, with the Comte de Paris, was on the road to the Chambers, and scarcely had this intelligence been circulated, when the duchess entered, holding by the hands the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. She was received with loud acclamations, and surrounded by members of all parties, enthusiastically shouting "*Vive la Duchesse d'Orleans! Vive le Comte de Paris! Vive le Roi! Vive la Régente!*" The duchess and her children took their seats at the foot of the tribune. The Duc de Nemours accompanied the Duchess of Orleans, and several officers of the National Guard, in uniform, served as the escort. The sanctity of this precious chamber was here violated, for several persons, not members, had already forced their way into the assembly, and refused to withdraw, although invited to do so by the president. An indescribable anxiety prevailed, and silence, that most requisite of all requisite things, could with great difficulty be obtained. Monsieur Lacrosse demanded that Monsieur Dupin should address the chambers on the subject of the arrival of the duchess and her family. Monsieur Dupin said he had not asked to speak, but numerous voices loudly urged him so to do, and thus he delivered his short, but pithy oration :—

"Gentlemen, you are aware of the situation of the capital and of the numerous public manifestations which have taken place. The result of these manifestations has been the abdication of his Majesty Louis

Philippe in favour of the Comte de Paris, with the regency of the Duchess of Orleans (here the orator was interrupted by loud acclamations and shouts of '*Vive le Roi! Vive le Comte de Paris! Vive la Régente!*'). Gentlemen," he continued, "those shouts, those acclamations, so cheering to the new king and the regent, are not the first which have welcomed their ears. As they *walked* from the Tuileries and passed the Place de la Concorde, escorted by the people and the National Guard, the same sounds saluted them, whilst the regent expressed her determination to administer the public affairs in accordance with the public interest, the national wish, and for the glory and prosperity of France."

Monsieur Dupin having descended from the tribune and taken his place, spoke thus:—"It appears to me that the acclamations we have heard are unequivocal, and should be recorded." Those who were royalists *for the moment*, shouted "*oui, oui*;" but the cloven foot began now to be shown; the extreme left cried "*non, non*, let us await the arrival of Odillon Barrot," whilst others pronounced those fatal words, "a Provisional Government!" This again aroused Monsieur Dupin, who saw at once the danger which hovered over France, and attempted to avert it: "I demand," he said again, "that in the absence of the act of abdication, which will, most probably, shortly be brought to the Chamber by Monsieur Odillon Barrot, that the Chamber insert and record in the *Procès Verbal*, the acclamations which have accompanied here,

and saluted in the midst of us all the Comte de Paris as King of the French, and the Duchess d'Orleans as regent" (*oui, oui! bravo! non!* followed by universal agitation).

The president now attempted to favour the demonstration of loyalty; but he was frequently interrupted by the left, who evidently feared that any such declaration would amount to a real proclamation. No sooner had the president uttered these words:—"Gentlemen, it appears to me that the Chamber, by its *unanimous acclamations*"—than the interruption was decisive. It was now that Monsieur Lamartine appeared in the debate: he spoke from his place and said:—"I demand Monsieur le President to suspend the sittings solely from *motives of respect (!)* which the presence of the august princes in this place of the national representation naturally inspire."

The president availed himself of this opportunity of declaring the Comte de Paris king in these words:—"The Chamber suspends its sittings until the Duchess of Orleans and the *new king* retire." Here the Duke de Nemours and several of the deputies approached the duchess and pressed her to retire, but she was resolute; she knew well the character of the French, as variable as the wind, and equally inconstant; and Monsieur L'Herbette expressed her determination aloud. "Monsieur le President," he said, "the duchess is desirous of remaining here." A loud burst of indescribable noise succeeded the declaration, which induced the president again to interfere. "Everybody

without distinction of persons, must be well aware that in the presence of the duchess and her son, silence and respect are the duty of all."

Monsieur Marie now occupied the tribune, whilst the Duchess of Orleans, standing and surrounded by some of the deputies, remained apparently firm of purpose. General Oudinot spoke :—

"The princes, we are told, walked unattended through the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde, amid the public enthusiasm. If she desires now to retire, let the doors be opened, and our respect shall surround her, as she was surrounded on her entry by the respect of the city of Paris ; let us accompany her wherever she wishes to go. If, on the contrary, she desires to remain here, let her remain, and she will be right in so doing, for she shall be protected by our devotion to her."

The president again *vainly* endeavoured to clear the Chamber of the strangers who had entered, and during this interlude the Duchess of Orleans, preceded by the Duke of Nemours, and followed by her children, mounted the steps of the Chamber by the centre passage which leads to the door under the clock. On her arrival at the last row of the *centre gauche*, she seated herself, surrounded by the same cortège ; the Chambers were loud in their acclamations ; but it was observed that the deputies of the extreme left remained steadily in their places, unawed by the supposed divinity which hedged the king, whilst numerous strangers and National Guards, with their (*useless*) arms, crowded

into the passage. Even the republican Marie seemed shocked at the intrusion, and addressing himself to the National Guards who were armed :—" Go out, gentlemen, and leave the Chamber to its deliberations." Monsieur Marie, who lost the throne by his legal quibbles, was just as unsuccessful as the president. The National Guards and the strangers remained.

At last, the long lost Monsieur Odillon Barrot appeared : he was surrounded instantly, some wished to glean intelligence, others to know his intentions, and again others called out, " let Monsieur Odillon Barrot speak from the tribune ;" but here again the minister of disorder, Monsieur Crémieux, who feared Odillon Barrot's remarks, and whose purpose *might* have been thwarted by the supposed loyalty of this great orator, said :—" Let Monsieur Marie speak ; he is in possession of the tribune, and Monsieur Odillon Barrot can follow ;" whereupon Marie delivered himself of the following jesuitical speech, the last words of which was the end he sighed to obtain, and the sole object he had in view.

" Gentlemen," he began, " in the present situation of Paris, you have not a moment to lose in taking measures which may exercise authority over the population. Since this morning, the *evil (!!)* has made immense progress, and if you delay still longer to take the necessary measures, by entertaining useless deliberations, it is impossible to define to what extent the mischief may be carried. It is, then, requisite to do something. But what is to be done ? The regency

of the Duchess of Orleans has been proclaimed; but you have a law by which the Duke of Nemours is declared regent. You cannot now declare a regency, you must obey the existing law. You must have, to rule the capital as to rule the kingdom, a powerful government. I demand that a Provisional Government be established (bravo, bravo!); when such a government is constituted, it can consult with the Chambers, and it will have authority in the country. Let this step be taken and instantly made known in Paris. It is the only method of tranquillizing the capital. We must not fritter away the time in useless discussion. Here, gentlemen, is my proposition: I demand that a Provisional Government be instantly named."

This speech lost the crown; and it was followed by another turbulent lawyer making the debate more serious, occupying the time, and thus gaining time. It is inconceivable that any but a lawyer could have the bare-faced impudence to make such a speech; far better would it have been had M. Crémieux announced the truth, that he was a republican; that the oath he had taken to Louis Philippe, he was about to violate; and that he would accept the situation of Minister of Justice, which he sighed to obtain.

As this speech is one of those specimen-pieces of oratory in which the mask always conceals the intention until the last word, (and then the flimsy covering is withdrawn, and the devil in all its ugliness is revealed,) we give it entire:—

“ At such a moment as this, it is impossible that all the world with one accord would proclaim the Duchess of Orleans regent, and the Comte de Paris king. The people would not accept such a proclamation. In 1830 we were too hasty, and now, in 1848, we have to begin again. We do not intend, gentlemen, this time to be in a hurry ; we intend to proceed regularly, legally, and strongly. The Provisional Government which you will name will not only maintain order, but will bring to us such laws as will protect the whole population, such as were promised, but never promulgated since 1830. I declare to you I have the most profound respect for the Duchess of Orleans. I conducted but a short time ago,—yes, I had that sorrowful honour,—the royal family to the *carriages*, [M. Crémieux might have said *the citadines*,] which carried them on their journey. I did not fail in this duty, and I shall add, that the entire population spread over the road they took, manifested their sympathy for the unfortunate king and his unfortunate family. But now, gentlemen, the generality of the inhabitants of Paris and the faithful *National Guard* [this is the unkindest cut of all,] have issue known their *lawful* opinion, and the proclamation you would make at this moment is a violation of that law. Let us name a Provisional Government—just—firm—vigorous—friends of the country, to whom it can speak and make it understand that if that country has rights, which we bestow, it has duties that it should fulfil. Believe us, we gain to-day what the revolution of July ought to

have given us. We do not want only the change of *men*. Let us profit by the present events, nor leave our children the task of resuscitating this revolution. I demand the nomination of five members to form a Provisional Government !”

M. Odillon Barrot at last spoke :—

“ Never did we require more coolness, more prudence. Are you not able to be of one mind and save the country from the most terrible of all terrible events, a civil war? Nations never die, but they may become enfeebled by internal dissensions, and never did France require more than now, all her greatness and all her force. Our duty is traced out for us. It is so simple, that the nation must comprehend it. It addresses itself to its courage and its honour. The crown of July rests upon the head of a child and of a woman, [the Duchess of Orleans and the Comte de Paris rose and saluted the assembly,] I make a solemn appeal—” here M. de la Rochejacquelin interrupted M. Odillon Barrot, and said :—“ You know not what you are doing.”

The Duchess of Orleans now rose to speak,* but M. Odillon Barrot continued :—“ It is in the name of

* The speech the duchess intended to make was written by Monsieur Crémieux, and the following is a translation :—“ It is from the National Will that my son and myself wish to receive our powers. We await with confidence,—I the widow of the Duke of Orleans, my son the orphan,—the resolution which may be taken. That which is certain is, that I will bring up my son in the liveliest sentiments for the love and the liberty of the country.” It is quite impossible to comprehend M. Crémieux, but it must be allowed, that had the duchess repeated her lesson, it might have had the best possible effect.

political liberty, in the name of order, in the name of union, in such times of difficulty that I call upon the country to rally around these representatives of the revolution of July, to support its purity and innocence. For myself I will gladly dedicate my existence and the faculties I possess for the success of this cause, which I believe to be the main-spring of liberty to my country." Such is the outline of this orator's speech ; it was, of course, interrupted by the approbation of one party, and the dissent of the other. M. de la Rochejacquelin followed, but he was interrupted by the sudden rush of the armed mob—National Guards, students, workmen, and all sorts and conditions of men, with all descriptions of arms, and carrying flags, and shouting vehemently "Down with the king, down with the king, *vive la Republique!*"

At this sudden irruption, the members of the lower benches retreated to the upper ones, and the duchess and her suite made their exit by the door immediately in front of the tribune—we shall return to this retreat presently. When the tumult had partially subsided, one M. Chevalier escalated the tribune. It was quite in vain that opposition was made to his address, as he was not a member of the House ; one half of the members had deserted the cause, and at the instigation of M. de Mornay, the president put on his hat saying :—" *Il n'y a point de séance en ce moment.*" Whatever was done afterwards was clearly illegal, unconstitutional, and rebellious.

M. Chevalier recommended "that the Duchess of

Orleans and the Comte de Paris should, under the protection of the National Guards, march up the Boulevards, and show themselves to the people." The Duchess of Orleans had left the chamber, but she knew very well how little confidence could be placed in such protection. Confusion was worse confounded, some endeavouring to escape, hundreds forcing their way into this wreck of a legislative assembly; the most vehement cries, shouts, curses, anathemas mingled with the screams of youth, and the sudden exclamations of the timid.

In the midst of this scene of disorder, one Dumoulin, in the dress of a staff-officer of the National Guard, mounted the tribune and planted a tricolor flag thereon, vociferating in a voice of thunder, "The people this day have again gained their independence as in 1830. You know that the throne has been broken to pieces in the Tuileries and hurled from the windows."

Lamartine, Crémieux, and Ledru Rollin simultaneously rushed to the tribune, whilst the insensate mob vociferated, "No more Bourbons, down with all *traitors!* a Provisional Government directly!" Ledru Rollin now came forward:—"In the name of the French people," he began, "whom *you* represent, I demand silence." Some in the mob answered:—"In the name of Ledru Rollin, silence!"

Ledru Rollin continued:—"In the name of the people in arms and masters of Paris, I protest against the government which was named at this tribune (alluding to the regency of the Duchess of Orleans).

In 1842, on the discussion of the Regency Bill, I declared, as I declare now, that such a regency could only be acceptable after an appeal to the country. 'Two days have we been fighting for our rights; if you resist those rights, and if you pretend that a government, declared by mere acclamation, a government burdened with revolutionary hatred exists, *we will still fight in the name of the Constitution of 1791*, which now hovers over the country, and we will force an appeal to the nation before the regency is adopted. Thus no regency is possible. How? you, the majority, without allowing us to deliberate, dare to violate the very law you made against our consent in 1842. In the name of our common rights,—rights respected even in revolutions, for we are strong, only because we are right—I protest, again, in the name of the people against this novel usurpation of our rights and liberties.—'

A voice here interrupted this formerly masked republican, and said:—"You spoke of order, of the flow of blood!"—and Ledru Rollin instantly followed the hint. "Ah!" he continued, "the effusion of blood touches us all, for we have been as near to it as anybody; only let it be proclaimed that such effusion of blood will continue until our rights are maintained, and those who have fought to-day will fight again to-night, until our point is gained, our liberties assured."

It was now M. Berryer was heard to say to Ledru Rollin, "Press the question, finish your speech; a Provisional Government directly!" and Ledru Rollin,

after invoking history, which M. Berryer (the royalist !) assured him everybody remembered, concluded thus : "I demand a Provisional Government ; not one formed by the members of this Chamber, but by the people. A Provisional Government, and an immediate appeal to a convention which may establish the rights of the people."

He was succeeded by Lamartine : the flowery eloquence of the poet must naturally lose by a translation :—"Gentlemen, I have, in common with all assembled, the profound sensation which agitated all present at the most touching, the most affecting sight visible to human nature—that of an august princess defending her infant child, and coming from a deserted palace to throw herself for protection in the midst of the representatives of the nation. But if I partake of such emotions which soften the heart at the sight of the greatest of all human catastrophes, I partake, also, the respect which is due to a glorious people who, after three days' fighting against a perfidious government, are resolved to found an empire of order and an empire of liberty. I shall make no allusion to what has occurred in this tribune. I do not believe that a spontaneous acclamation torn from the spectators by a sudden emotion, can constitute a right or a government for thirty-five millions of population. I know that what one acclamation confirms, another acclamation may sweep away ; and that whatever may be the government which it may be in our wisdom or interest to declare in the crisis in which we are, it behoves the

people of all classes to form a popular, solid, and irresistible government. But how is this to be done? How, amidst the surrounding elements, in this tempest which has swept all before it, and where one wave rises to predominate over the wave which bore us to this assembly—how, I ask, from such elements can such a government be formed? only from the voice of the country, from which source flow order, truth, and liberty—I am well aware of the necessity of such a government; one which will guarantee public order, staunch the blood now flowing, and arrest the progress of civil war.”

Here a man, standing beneath the tribune, sheathed his sword, crying, “Bravo, bravo, bravo!”

M. de Lamartine continued his flowery oratory, until a general cry for a Provisional Government was again raised, and a list was presented to him, who, raising his hand, said:—“Wait a little. The Provisional Government will have for its principal duties, first, to establish a truce, and peace; secondly, to prepare instantly necessary measures for the convocation of the whole country; to consult it, to consult the National Guards, for all who are men have the rights of citizens. One word more”— Here loud rapping was heard at each door; the mob outside strove to enter, the doors soon gave way to repeated strokes from the butt-ends of the muskets, and a heterogeneous mass of patriotic citizens, the lowest of the low, with the National Guard, rushed headlong in, shouting, “Down with the Chambers, down with the deputies!” One man levelled his

musket at the tribune, with the intention of stopping all oratory, but the cry of "It is Lamartine! do not fire, do not fire," arrested the intention of that cowardly assassin in mind.

Until this moment the president remained in his chair; he now rang his bell, and vainly endeavoured to get a patient hearing, but finding that quite impossible, he said, "Since I cannot obtain silence, *je déclare la séance levée*," and he left the chair and the Chamber. From this moment all was illegal—but revolution heeds not the law. The president had retired, the sitting was closed; but the people armed with guns, swords, pikes, &c., mixed with the National Guards and also a certain number of deputies of the Left, remained.

"Another president, another president," vociferated this heterogeneous mob. "Dupont de l'Eure!" and this old man, who must have been familiar with a former revolution, took the chair, supported by M. Carnot, and surrounded by a number of self-elected deputies, now about to legally legislate for all France!

"The names, the names of the Provisional Government," was the cry; here one paper was handed to Lamartine, who having run his eye over it, said:—"I cannot read this, as *my* name is here mentioned." Another list was handed to Crémieux, who said, "I shall not read this, my name is *not* mentioned."

The noise was beyond all description, and the confusion was the height of disorder. In vain Lamartine declared he was about to read the names; for one

man, close to the president, roared out with stentorian lungs, "That Dupont was the president, and that *he* would nominate the government." He also was unsuccessful in obtaining silence, but a fierce-looking personage with a musket succeeded better; in fact, he appeared very disposed to silence, for ever, one of the brawlers. The shouting soon recommenced. "The names, the names," was the cry, and Lamartine at last managed to be heard. He said "the proposition he had made was about to be carried into execution, and a government named." "*Vive la Republique*," shouted some; "*Vive Lamartine*," another; "*à bas tout le monde*," a third; and during this scene of anarchy and disorder, M. Dumoutier, standing on the desk of one of the secretaries to the Chamber, at last obtained a momentary cessation of cries, groans, and murmurs. Thus Dupont (de l'Eure) read—"Arago, Lamartine, Dupont (de l'Eure), Crémieux,"—at this last name even the traitors to their king seemed ashamed, and a violent tumult arose.

Lamartine now spoke:—"Silence, gentlemen. If you wish the Provisional Government you have named to accept their mission, it is at least necessary that a proclamation should be made. Our honourable friend cannot make himself heard in this tremendous noise."

The *Moniteur* here gives the first indication of a republic, by saying, "*Un citoyen* observed, — It is necessary to be known that *the people* will have no more kings. A republic!"

"Let us take it into deliberation," shouted some few ; whilst another would-be ruler said—"Let us take the places of those who have been bought and sold." At this proposition, men, school-boys, National Guards, Polytechnic scholars, who, until now, had stood, made a rush to the benches, and occupied the seats of the deputies, laughing and declaiming from the ministerial seats in noisy mockery of their predecessors.

The debate began by one of the rebels waving a flag and proposing—"No more Bourbons, a Provisional Government, after which, a declaration of the republic:" more matter, easily condensed, is not to be found. The proposition was seconded thus, by a gentleman with a musket: "No more Bourbons, the elder and the younger branch included—The Provisional Government!"

The President now read for acceptance, by the self-elected people, the following names:—

"Lamartine,"—*oui, oui.*

"Ledru Rollin,"—*oui, oui.*

"Arago,"—*oui, oui.*

"Dupont de l'Eure,"—*oui, oui.*

Here some one proposed M. Bureaux de Pusy, but this gentleman refused the honour!

"M. Marie."—*oui, oui;—non, non.*

Several voices shouted for George Lafayette, but the Noes predominated ; whilst many roared "The republic, the republic for ever."

A citizen now succeeded in making himself heard,

and proposed,—“ That the members of the Provisional Government should cry, *Vive la République!* before they were definitively accepted.” Another proposed to carry the government to the Hôtel de Ville, declaring that the general wish was for a wise, moderate government, no blood, and a declaration of the Republic.

M. Bocage—“ To the Hôtel de Ville, with Lamar-tine at our head ;” and instantly the future Secretary of Foreign Affairs left the Chamber for the scene of his future difficulties, followed by all the strange mixture of people who had shouted in approbation.

The great star having retired, Ledru Rollin became in the ascendant : he was quite aware that his voice would have been stilled had the government named been preserved ; he therefore now spoke :—

“ *Citizens*, you are of course aware of the gravity of the act you have committed in naming a Provisional Government ; [here several people, instantly alarmed, cried out—“ We do not want a Provisional Government, we will not have one ;” whilst other hardy traitors overwhelmed the frightened royalists, and declared one to be necessary ;] at any rate, listen to me,” continued the future Minister of the Interior. “ As I read the names, you will either sanction or disapprove by the words, yes, or no ; and in order that we proceed regularly and efficiently, I beg the reporters for the *Moniteur* to make a note of the names and your approval of them, because we cannot present this government to the population of France, without their

names are approved of by you ;” he then read the four names already mentioned, and added those of Garnier Pagès, Marie, and Crémieux ; saying, “ those who are against these names will hold up their hands,” (some shouted “ no, no ;” others shouted “ yes, yes ;” and the farce terminated by the declaration of M. Ledru Rollin, who was neither president nor even in the tribune of the presidency, that the names were accepted. He added, that “ the government just named had immense duties to perform, that consequently he should declare the sitting closed, and should, with the newly-made ministers, join their colleagues at the Hôtel de Ville, in order to take measures to suppress the effusion of blood, and to consecrate the rights of the people.”

A terrific shout was now set up for the Republic, and to the cry of “ Long live the Republic and Ledru Rollin !” the latter prudently retired, whilst some small eggs of treason, newly hatched, occupied the tribune, screaming “ Down with the Civil List, down with all Royalty ;” and pointing to the picture placed behind the chair of the president, which represented Louis Philippe, said—“ Tear that picture to pieces, destroy it :” and in an instant several men mounted the tribune to cut it with their swords. A workman in the centre of the Chamber called out, “ Stand aside, and I will shoot that Louis Philippe,” and he fired two shots instantly at the picture. Another workman instantly rushed to the tribune and obtained silence, as if the genius of mischief was even in this minute to be calmed by the voice of order and prudence.—

“Respect all public monuments, respect all property,” he began, “why would you destroy, why fire at that picture? We have shown how necessary it is to guide the storm, let us show the people that we respect all property, and thus do honour to our victory.”

It is said that these words were uttered with great energy and true eloquence, and were vehemently applauded. Such is the French people! one word, happily expressed, can quell the fiercest riot, and one word uttered with eloquence may tumble a monarch from his throne. The crowd now departed, and the Chamber of Deputies, under that denomination, no longer existed.

It is impossible in reading the foregoing, not to be struck by the extraordinary contradictions between the words of the speakers and their acts. The nation was to decide, and yet the Provisional Government were named—or named themselves—in the presence of about five hundred people at the most, out of thirty-five millions, and took especial good care to call *that* election, “the universal opinion of the country.”

Wherever there is treason, there also is the National Guard; those of that mis-named civic force who are of good intention, are slow to protect; those who are discontented and mischievous, are ever ready to destroy. Paris will never enjoy the quiet and protection which are necessary to such a city, until this half-traitor force is abolished, and a proper police instituted.

CHAPTER III.

The Duchess of Orleans at the Tuileries—Loyalty of the Palace Guard—The Duchess and her two sons at the Chamber of Deputies—Inexplicable stupor of the People—Desertion of the Upper Classes—Comte de Paris acknowledged King—Uproar—The Duchess quits the Chamber—The loyal National Guardsman—The Duchess takes refuge at the Invalides—Is compelled to leave—Flight of the King—Escape from Havre The mob plunder the Tuileries—Masquerade—Quiet state of the City—Private Property respected—Wanton destruction at the Palace. •

WHEN the king made his unfortunately rapid retreat, he left the Duchess of Orleans and her children to represent monarchy, and to still the storm of revolt. The duchess was surrounded by faithful friends, true of heart, and perfectly aware of the danger of the situation. We gladly record the names of Marshal Gourgaud, the Duke d'Elchingen, the Count Willaumez, MM. de Montguyon, Asseline, and Boismilon. In such times of treason, it is very rare to find men in France firm to their oath of allegiance; the French

are so accustomed to frame constitutions and change their allegiance, that an oath or two, more or less, is considered a virtue rather than a crime.

The mob at the Château d'Eau having set fire to that well-defended guard-house, pushed forward into the Place du Carousel, and came in sight of the palace. The Duchess of Orleans and her brave defenders were on the rez-de-chaussée of the palace, in a room which separates the Pavillon Marsau and the gallery of Diana, whence they watched with excessive eagerness the movement of the crowd, which gradually grew denser and denser.

The soldiers, uninformed of the flight of the king, resolved to defend the palace and their sovereign, and when Marshal Gérard retired and the armed mob rushed into the open space, two pieces of artillery were discharged and the whole line of troops opened fire. It had the effect desired ; in a second, apparently, the whole place was vacated, excepting the wounded and the dead ; the mob, brave when unopposed, took to flight directly they were resisted. The Duchess of Orleans, who at this time was ignorant of the king's departure, desired Marshal Gourgaud, who was in uniform, to give orders that the troops should cease firing, saying she had heard the king give such commands. Marshal Gourgaud gave the order; the artillerymen extinguished their matches, the men piled their arms, resistance was over, and the kingdom was lost !

It was now that a *huissier* entered the apartment and announced the flight of the king.

"It is impossible," said the Duchess of Orleans. "The king gone! utterly impossible!"

"It is the truth," replied the *huissier*. "His Majesty has abdicated, the Comte de Paris is king, and your Royal Highness regent."

"And his Majesty could find no other person than yourself to announce this intelligence?" said the duchess; and at the request of her Royal Highness the palace was examined, and reported "deserted."

The duchess now declared that she would, with her children, take her seat under the picture of her husband, and that there she would remain; but she was soon convinced this was no time for inactivity. The crown had fallen from the king's head and rested, for the moment, on the brow of her son; and the duchess, whose courage was undeniable, resolved to make every exertion to maintain it. M. Dupin confirmed the intelligence of the *huissier*, and recommended the duchess instantly to place herself and her children under the protection of the Chamber.

There was no time for much consideration. The Duc de Nemours, who had just arrived, urged also an instantaneous departure. The people finding no resistance from the troops had again fearlessly advanced, and as this last remnant of royalty left the Tuileries by the garden-side, the insurgents broke through the iron railings on the side of the Place du Carusel, and the duchess was not a footstep from the palace before it was invaded by the mob. She led the Comte de Paris by the hand, while the Duc de

Chartres was carried. It is mentioned, on good authority, that so quickly had all these scenes passed, that the servant had not time to tie the Comte de Paris' shoe-strings, and that in crossing over the Pont de la Concorde, he trod upon the loose end and fell down,—a sad omen, too shortly to be fulfilled. They reached the Chambers as we have related in the preceding chapter.

The historian in vain asks, where was M. Thiers, on whose name and reputation the king had falsely counted? where was he, a minister, (although he had placed M. Odillon Barrot in advance,)—where was he, when the Duchess of Orleans, thus entirely unattended by the ministers of the crown, entered the Chambers? and how is it that throughout the long, noisy, turbulent, intriguing debate, recorded nearly word for word from the *Moniteur*, that no one heard the voice of M. Thiers? Had that great and powerful orator proposed the regency, and had he offered MM. Marie and Crémieux places in the administration, the legal quibbles would never have been raised, and the *glorious* Republic might never have existed.

Never had any word such terrific effect as the word *Republic*. From the moment it was mentioned, all courage in this great nation seemed stifled: men spoke with hesitation and with caution; the guillotine was before their eyes, ruin stared them in the face; and yet they bowed their heads, cried "*Vive la République*," and bared their backs to the severe lash about to be inflicted. In after years this will appear incredible.

A nation, famed for its valour—a nation which, under Napoleon, conquered the vast extent between the Pyramids and Moscow, whose very name created fear and alarm throughout Europe, to whom kings bowed and emperors capitulated—that such a nation could be frightened at a word!—that all the provinces should accept what they all feared—that a street *émeute* in Paris, and a declaration made in noisy acclamations by, at the most, five hundred men, should be unresistingly accepted, with the consciousness of ruin, by thirty-five millions of people—this is a cowardice of which the history of the world can give no parallel. Where were all the nobility of this great country? people proud of their rank and privileges—men of fortune, of talent, of supposed courage—where were the mass of independent citizens who existed but by order, and whose growing riches marked the increase of commerce and the tide of prosperity—and where were the National Guards of Paris, a body composed of all the householders and shop-keepers who grew opulent by the influx of strangers and the allurements of the court?

The Republic was accepted as if it were the greatest gift a kind Providence could bestow, and men of the stamp of Marrast, Flocon, and Caussidière, were taken from their poor callings to govern what the French are pleased to call the most accomplished people of the earth. We begin to credit the remark of an old diplomatist, “*ceux que la France protège, le diable emporte.*” Strange it is, and melancholy to relate, that instead

of the upper classes and those in affluence forming instantly a strong body to resist this ruinous innovation, the rich deserted their country, the nobility silently and unresistingly were shorn of their honours, and the ruined tradesman and the intelligent mechanic looked on at their growing ruin, and answered all reproaches with the words— "*Enfin que voulez-vous.*"

We have mentioned that the Duchess of Orleans, when the crowd broke into the Chambers, shouting that they would have neither king nor regency, at first was disposed to remain; but no sooner was that thunderbolt to French ears uttered,—the word REPUBLIC, accompanied by the tumultuous exclamations of these variable people, than the duchess, listening to the voice of prudence, rose to retire. The Chamber was at this moment completely in the possession of the mob, and one villain pointed his musket at the president. Fortunately M. Sauzet saw it, and dropping from his seat, disappeared like a ghost through the trap door of a stage. M. Dumas in his spirited and satirical style remarks :—" Let us make mention of this disappearance, as in all probability it will be the last political act of the honourable president."

It was now not an easy task for the duchess to retire, and a scuffle ensued between some of the intruders, who placed themselves as guards at the door, and the faithful few who remained in attendance on the royal party. In this confusion the duchess was separated from the Comte de Paris, each party taking

a separate course, but following the circular corridors which led to the entrance of the Chambers in the Place Bourbon. The Duc de Nemours found it imprudent to preserve his uniform, and pale and half-naked was seen exchanging his trousers and his coat—those badges of royalty, when youths are made *maréchals*—for the commonest garb which could be procured. Sad change! the gaudy dress, the haughty look, a certain expression of contempt, which was formerly visible on the duke's countenance, were now converted into a disguise for flight, and the strong expression of emotion and fear. The Comte de Paris was seized by one of the National Guards, a man of herculean stature, who pressed the young count so closely to him, that in those moments of anxiety, it was difficult to say whether the intention was to save or destroy him; but Hubert, the king's valet-de-chambre, who had, like the faithful servant he was, followed this sad wreck of royalty, stepped forward and begged that the child might be given to him.

"I have sworn to save him," said the man who carried him, "and I will keep my word at all risks."

The door by which this brave fellow resolved to pass was found closed, nor could it be forced; the window became the only exit. In a moment the bearer of the count mounted on the sill with the intention of jumping from the height, certainly not less than eight feet, but Hubert again interfered, and proposed that the generous saviour should leap first, and then that he should drop the child into his arms.

"You swear," said he to Hubert, "that you will restore me the count?"

"I swear," replied the valet.

In an instant the stout man leaped from the window, the count was dropped into his arms, and Hubert and the rest of the followers availed themselves of this exit, keeping close to the child.

The Duc de Nemours had disappeared in disguise. The Duchess of Orleans had made good her retreat to the house of the president, M. Sauzet; the Duc de Chartres had been picked up as the poor child fell by a *huissier*, and the Comte de Paris was safe;—such was the confusion of this escape, that not one remained with the other. It is said that the Duchess of Orleans, when she was forcibly separated from the Comte de Paris, said to one of the mob:—"Infamous coward! but the blood of my children shall fall upon your children—" and she would have continued thus to have spoken, but the more prudent followers forced her onwards and saved her. Throughout the whole of this scene, trying under any circumstances, but doubly so to a mother, the duchess behaved with such courage, that every witness to the transaction has done ample justice to her firmness and resolution: had others imitated her example, the Duc de Nemours might have preserved his uniform, the Duc de Montpensier might have protected his wife, the king might have retreated as a sovereign, and the crown of France might have been preserved in the Orleans branch of the family.

The Duchess of Orleans was now advised to retire from the vicinity of spouting treason, illegally constituted. A carriage was found—again a *citadine*—the Comte de Paris had joined his mother, and they both sought an asylum at the Hôtel des Invalides. General Petit commanded this worthy imitation of Chelsea, and with the welcome of a soldier he received the duchess.

“Fear not,” he said, “my brave veterans will defend you to the last; they would rather be cut to pieces than that the Duchess of Orleans, having sought their protection, should be in any way harmed.” The general spoke only his belief; there is no nation in the world more generous of its blood on behalf of the ladies than the French.

The duchess now became anxious for the fate of the Duc de Chartres, and insisted upon the brave general’s making some inquiries. The child was seen under the protection of the *huissier*, and the man was known to be a staunch royalist. General Petit set forth on his expedition, leaving the duchess and the Comte de Paris under the safeguard of the veterans, whose courage was as unquestionable as their gallantry. It is said that the young prince was found dressed as a girl, in a small apartment belonging to the *huissier*. This man had a daughter about his age; he sent his own child to a relative, and retained the duke to represent it.

In these hours of tumult a child was easily concealed, and few had much time to consider a likeness; the popular excitement was so great that individuals

escaped, and this is evident from the flight of the ministers, the concealment of the Duchess of Orleans afterwards, and also of one of the ministers, who endeavoured to supply the wants of the king, and to whom Louis Philippe wrote the day after his flight from Paris.

The Comte de Paris and the Duchess of Orleans soon found the Invalides no place of refuge; the infuriated mob pushed forwards in that direction, armed with muskets, sabres, scythes, and every imaginable offensive weapon; the veterans could make no stand against such a torrent, and prudently never offered any resistance. The duchess and her son were again conveyed to another asylum, and when General Petit returned from his honourable and loyal embassy with the child, the mother and the brother had found a safer retreat than even the Invalides, although they never could have a host more resolutely devoted to their service than General Petit. It is said the duchess remained three or four days in Paris after that fatal twenty-fourth of February. The Duchess of Montpensier's escape would make an excellent romance.

It was about three o'clock when the king, escorted by some of the cavalry of the National Guards and dragoons, arrived at St. Cloud, where the escort left him, but not before they had circulated the news of the abdication, and the royal fugitives proceeded to Versailles after the delay of nearly an hour. The queen, the Duchess of Montpensier, and the Duchess of Nemours and her children accompanied

the king, who availed himself of a public conveyance as no horses were to be had. Before he left St. Cloud, he declared aloud, "*that he had been most infamously deceived;*" and there is not the least doubt of the truth of such belief. It is evident he *was* most infamously deceived; nay, it is well authenticated that his valet, Provost, not having the fear of monarchy before his eyes, ventured to suggest to his Majesty that some concession to the popular clamour was absolutely necessary, and having implored the king not to turn a deaf ear to the demand, he was answered:—"It is merely a got up affair of some coffee-house politicians; it is nothing at all, and everything will be quieted in a few hours." It is clear beyond dispute, that the king never was informed of the extent of the insurrection, and when he became aware of it, his courage forsook him, and in the first panic, he fled.

The royal fugitives still continued to fly when they might most leisurely have walked, for in the excitement of Paris, not a person troubled himself about the king; they arrived at Dreux at half-past eleven at night. They had travelled unsuspected, having only two female attendants and one valet-de-pied; the incautiousness of this servant, who mentioned the title of the king, discovered the retreating monarch. At one o'clock in the morning, the Duc de Montpensier arrived, and his intelligence threw a new gloom over the royal family. It was announced that the reign was over, the claims of the Comte de Paris unregarded, and that a *Republic* was declared. That

word was sufficient, a fresh flight was meditated, and at nine o'clock, on the 25th of February, all symbols of royalty were discarded, the liveries were laid aside, and the day following the ex-king arrived at Honfleur.

Although as yet we have only spoken of the royal family, it must not be supposed that the king was deserted by everybody. Those who have the honour of General de Rumigny's* acquaintance, know well enough he would not desert his master in affliction ; to the name of the general must be added those of M. Matthieu Dumas and M. Dupuis de Paulignes,—these were the only remaining crew which still clung to the wreck of royalty. In the meantime Louis Philippe disguised himself as best he could ; his whiskers were shaved off, he wore green spectacles, covered his face as much as possible with a handkerchief, and spoke in English.

The fugitives took refuge in a small house which belonged to a M. de Pertuis, formerly an aide-de-camp to the king ; it contained but four rooms : the lower ones were occupied by the royal family, and the rest of the attendants slept in the straw in the *grenier* or garret. M. de Pertuis himself came to the aid of his master, but the wind was so high, and the coast so dangerous, that all thought of embarkation was abandoned. . Racine, a servant of M. de Pertuis, was despatched to make an arrangement with any master of a vessel to carry an American, with his family, to England, who had left Paris, frightened at the revo-

* General de Rumigny died in May, 1849, having survived his wife, who expired of the cholera, only four days.

lution. This was a reasonable mask, for when the revolution broke out, numerous English families betook themselves to flight, and suffered grievous inconvenience and danger to escape what they believed greater in Paris. The burning of the bridges on the Rouen railway and the destruction on the Northern line stopped that torrent of retreating English.

Racine met the royal party on their road to Trouville, and informed them that he had engaged a vessel to take them to England for five thousand francs, and that a Doctor Biard would receive them, the doctor's house being well situated for an embarkation. The weather still continued boisterous; it blew a very hard gale of wind, and even the sea, which was sought as a refuge, appeared for the moment more dangerous than the Republic. An experienced sailor, named Victor Barbet, was consulted; the sea had no terrors for him, and he declared he would conduct the American and his family in safety to England. When brought into the royal presence, he remarked some mystery, and said:—"I don't want to know your secrets, I will risk my life to place you in England." The king, overcome by the generous offer, discovered himself and embraced the old sailor, who declared it possible to embark if the vessel was in the open roadstead, but if she was shut up in the harbour it would be impossible to get out.

It so happened that Halley's vessel was in the river Tongue, which may be called the harbour of Trouville, whilst Barbet had a vessel in the offing. Hence

it became necessary to annul the first bargain, and Racine was sent to offer two thousand five hundred francs. Halley on being asked to receive that sum, said at once: "I will have the whole amount, it is the king who wishes to escape." Racine returned breathless with haste and alarm, whilst Halley, equally vigilant lest his prey should escape, gave notice of his suspicions to the authorities, who placed a guard along the coast. The king, on being informed of Halley's discovery, returned directly to Honfleur, whilst the commissary came to the house now deserted by all but M. Pertuis, whose self-possession disarmed suspicion; and when the commissary departed, this gentleman took a short road and arrived at his house as soon as the king.

No sooner was he convinced of the safety of his Majesty than M. Pertuis set out to Havre. Here he found the Express steam-boat, which had been sent across to receive any of her Majesty's subjects inclined to run away. As the king could not embark at Havre, the passage-boat between Havre and Honfleur was hired by M. Pertuis for a hundred and twenty francs. The captain of the Express was given to understand that some passengers would arrive when he was clear of the port; the king and the royal family embarked in the small steamer, the Express went out of the harbour, and within sight of the pier the king and the royal family were transferred from one boat to the other, and the royal family were in security.

Throughout this flight the king never contemplated

a return to power ; it was a characteristic feature of this revolution that the heads of royalty bowed down before the "*fait accompli*." The Duchess of Orleans alone showed less resignation or pusillanimity ; to the last moment she retained some faith in the good sense of the people and the fidelity of the army. The king only sought to recover sufficient funds to pay his expenses. It appears that a correspondence was established on this subject between him and one of his former ministers, who remained in Paris, and who immediately placed himself in communication with the Provisional Government, not to reclaim the crown, but to solicit a paltry sum of money, *which was refused!* It was M. de M—t—l—v—t who received the first intimation of the wants of the king, and who made the request to M. de Lamartine ; and here is a little anecdote which we guarantee exact. It will show that M. de Lamartine was cautiously watched in all his movements.*

* On the 25th of February, about noon, a gentleman and a lady arrived at the Hôtel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and demanded to see the minister. The sentinel of the outer gate was one of those curious productions of the Revolution, half-clad, with a bright musket, and forming, to look at him, an excellent representation of the body-guard of the Governor of St. Iago. The gentleman asked if the minister had arrived, to which our newly-made soldier answered thus :—" I beg your pardon, eitoyen and citoyenne, he is not as yet arrived. The citoyen minister played us false, he promised to sleep with us last night, but it appears his other occupations prevented him ; we are waiting for him, and expect him to shake us by the hand. Go into the porter's lodge, citoyenne, and the citoyen minister will soon be here."

This was a polite citoyen soldier, but the conversation was over-

It is impossible to do justice to the devotedness of M. Pertuis, General de Rumigny, and the other gentlemen who attended the king to the last : they did their respective duties like firm friends and generous and devoted subjects. Had others in Paris, who pretended the deepest obligations, raised their voices and their arms in his defence, the ignoble flight here recorded would never have occurred. Certainly the annals of history can scarcely parallel a crown so lost, without even a struggle,—a flight so ignominious and disgraceful,—a nation so disloyal,—a panic so universal,—a king so disguised,—or a people so treacherous.

The Duchess d'Orleans was scarcely clear of the threshold of the Tuileries, before the mob, having forced their unopposed way by the Place du Carousel, broke into the sanctuary of royalty. Some few armed themselves from the piles of muskets now deserted by the soldiers ; but the generality made a rush at the palace, mounted the great staircase, and began

heard by a sinister-looking personage, who seemed to exercise considerable control ; he came forward and desired the lady and gentleman to withdraw. " I have a rendezvous," said the lady, " fixed for this hour with the minister." " Sentinel," said this ruffian, " turn these citoyens out, and if they give any trouble, use the bayonet." The witness to this scene recognised in the lady and gentleman two members of the family of the Intendant General of the Civil List. The sinister gentleman recognised them, also, and gave them this barbarous reception, having some suspicion of the object of their interview : he seemed at once the guardian of the minister, a chief of the Republic, and an enemy to all that had once been great and respected.

the grand scene of destruction which ensued. We, who were eye-witnesses of what we relate, can safely vouch for the truth of all that follows.

Directly the people were in possession of the palace a sudden change came over them: it appeared no longer a dangerous revolution, but a masquerade. Some of the sovereign-people, for they soon usurped that appellation, placed themselves as sentinels, having apparently tasted the contents of the cellars before they mounted guard. "*Entrez, Messieurs,*" said one, "*entrez, vous n'avez pas besoin d'une carte d'admission;*" and crowds, succeeding crowds, invaded the palace. Some sat down to finish the breakfast which the royal family had left; others rushed to the private apartments, from the windows of which came a regular snow-storm of paper. These were shreds of valuable records, destroyed without being read, and thrown not by handfuls but basket-fuls into the inclosed garden which fronts the palace.

Whilst this scene of destruction was going on in the second story of the Tuileries, the cellars invited many spirited republicans to a Bacchanalian revelry. "*Ah que le vin est bon!*" we heard; "*et le champagne!*" shouted another; "*au diable le vin,*" cried a third, already a king in idea, and reeling under the property of royalty, and declaring with a becoming oath, that "the brandy was good, but the *rhum* excellent." The reader need not imagine that each of these self-invited guests required a cork-screw; nor need they believe that the old command of "eat fair but pocket none," was strictly adhered to. We saw many heavily laden

with bottles, forsake the cellar for their homes, no doubt to return and continue this trading voyage.

The god of mischief presided at this unhallowed orgie. The valuable china was broken to atoms, not a plate remained entire; never was destruction more rapid or more certain. All the collection of Sévres, valuable as chef d'œuvres of art, were smashed, and the noise of one tremendous crash only provoked another. In the rooms of state destruction necessarily followed the admission of the sovereign people, who took possession of their palace with rather confused ideas. The bedroom of the queen soon became the resort of one or two of those ladies who are foremost in a masked ball or a Parisian *émeute*; we cannot repeat what passed in that chamber: it appears that the precincts of royalty added a charm to licentiousness.

Whilst the interior of the palace presented this extraordinary scene of ruin and riot, destruction and prostitution, the exterior was not without its masquerades. The scene cannot be more aptly compared than to a tree attacked by wasps. On the summit of the palace, where the flag flies, about a dozen men were screaming and shouting, and going through fantastic attitudes, the results of long apprenticeship in those semaphorical exhibitions so conspicuous in French gesticulation; legs and arms seemed doing the work of the telegraph. Hundreds crawled over the roof, some sliding down, some clambering up.

On a parapet fronting the garden, there walked in most majestic and solemn step a man—a *sovereign*—

dressed up in robes which, from the short distance, appeared to us as really robes of state ; he held in his hand a most uncommon sceptre, a broomstick, and was followed by a regular *gamin de Paris*, who bore his train. The king, in all his mimic pride, walked with great stateliness and steadiness, whilst the train-bearer, at every step, raised the train, and made a semblance of performing a very familiar act, known most to cheats, swindlers, and cowards ; certainly, if it is as Hudibras says, "just on the spot where honor's placed," his Majesty must have felt the plebeian foot most uncomfortably : it was a sad satire on royalty, and performed in a palace. Those who witnessed this curious scene, which certainly lasted half an hour, were convulsed with laughter.

Another facetious fellow possessed himself of the Prince de Joinville's hookah, and although the day was not well warmed, threw himself in a reclining position in the gardens, whilst a little boy kept bowing and pretending to light the pipe, which had evidently fallen into strange hands. The gardens rang with shouts of laughter, and but for the hundreds who crawled over the palace, the destruction visible from the windows, the loud smash, and the hum of a thousand voices, with the occasional discharge of fire-arms, no one would think that a king had been dethroned, and a nation ruined. It was much more like a masquerade scene. It must not be thought from the foregoing that *all* were bent on mischief ; many gave up all revolutionary feelings for amuse-

ments, while others endeavoured to stop the strong tide of destruction. A crucifix was borne in true religious pomp from the palace to the church of St. Roch, the crowd uncovering their heads and bowing as it passed along. Others seized a bonnet, believed to belong to the queen, and carrying it through the streets, danced like our chimney-sweepers on the first of May : others again, bundled the throne disrespectfully from the windows, and followed by an immense crowd took it to the Place de la Bastille, where it was burnt.

There was not the least appearance of any violence ; all authority was at an end, the sovereign people became the sovereign judges, and it is highly to the credit of the Parisians, that during their reign fewer crimes were committed in Paris, than ever were known under the Prefect of Police. Thousands of muskets were discharged in the air, and after the first hour from the attack on the Tuileries, only timid old ladies and the pigeons which frequented the palace gardens appeared frightened. We met many ladies in the palace and in the streets and gardens ; their curiosity overcame their fears. Nor was the masquerading scene alone devoted to the palace and its vicinity. On the Boulevards the French liveliness of character was also seen. A boy had dressed himself in the royal liveries, and the coat, which had belonged to a tall servant, trailed along the ground : in spite of the crowds of people, this urchin continued his course, saying with a most piteous voice :— “ My master has gone away, and left me behind ; can any one tell me where

is my master?" Every person who saw the youngster forgot the scene of the day, and joined in the hearty laugh he occasioned.

During the whole of this time the National Guards were under arms. They crowded about the Rue Castiglione, Place Vendôme, and the neighbourhood of the palace. They were all aware of the ruin which would overtake them, but there they stood as striking a picture of the inutility of this apparently imposing force as could be imagined. Some of this body had occasioned the ruin: the mimic soldiers in the ranks might as well have mimicked discipline and have forborne to cry "*Vive la Réforme!*"

In the meantime nobody appeared to know what was doing, or what was going to be done. The scene going forward (and which we have related) in the Chamber of Deputies was unknown without its walls; reports were circulated, of course,—the Parisian public yield to no nation on the face of the earth in the manufacture of reports; and if they could but export them with the most trifling duty, it would form the best item in their national revenue. But although this scene of good humour was everywhere, and no armed mob stood ready to resist the slightest encroachment, it never occurred to any division of the National Guard to support the Chamber of Deputies, or to endeavour to check the inroad of destruction. So perfectly quiet and safe was any movement in the streets, that we ourselves walked out to dinner, with two spaniel dogs, and returned at ten o'clock at night

without the slightest molestation or alarm. It is true that throughout the night many persons disturbed our slumbers, and that frequently muskets were discharged, to the no small alarm of some individuals, who knew that no government existed, and that the commissaries of police were all absent, or too frightened to preserve the slightest authority. The people were now the sovereign, and to them we must have looked for either alarm or defence; but those who looked calmly on this extraordinary revolution saw, in the very men from whom pillage was apprehended, the best security against it. "*Mort au Voleur*" was written on every corner, and in the garden of the Palais Royal two bodies were exposed, each having on its breast a large card with the word "*Voleur*" written thereon.

The work was accomplished, the *gamins de Paris* had again made a revolution, there was not the slightest fear of a re-action; from all the provinces the news arrived—" *La République a été proclamée partout au milieu des vivats universels.*" Criminals going to execution might as well have shouted—" *Vive les bourreaux* : we can imagine one being just as acceptable as the other. And now the *gamins de Paris* made another change in their Proteus life : Paris, from daylight to dark, became a kind of musical academy; it was not confined to a few, but everybody seemed suddenly inoculated with a desire of excelling in the performance of the *Marseillaise* and the *Girondins*; other songs of course were added, but the *Chant du départ*, the *Marseillaise*, and the *Girondins*, with its eternal "*Mourir*

pour la Patrie," were the stock-pieces of this musical repository. Ten or twenty boys, holding each others' hands, and occupying the breadth of the road, screamed these exciting songs, whilst many people, who casually met them, joined in the chorus. It was never ending, and what was most marvellous, it appeared never to injure their throats. Awake when you would, that song was to be heard; every little urchin who walked along the streets was either whistling or singing it, and such was the eternal repetition, that in spite of our hatred of all revolutions, not founded in justice, or the result of crushing tyranny, that we even have caught ourselves most involuntarily joining in the chorus.

All, however, were not quite so innocently employed. The burning of Neuilly and of Rothschild's house at Surenne, does not reflect much honour on the perpetrators of those crimes; still it must be admitted that with a country in such a state, with a population suffering excessive hardships and privations, the circumstance that no further enormities were committed, reflects the highest honour on the national character.

We have often heard people remark, "Why praise them for being honest, ought not every man to be honest?" It is well to say this, but should we find private property almost universally respected in any other city with a million of inhabitants, without police and without control: for three days and nights this was the case in Paris, and we cannot record one act of theft. Nay, the mob broke into the apartments of the

widow of a general officer in the Palais Royal: this lady, not accustomed to such irruptions, exhibited the fear any one might show without an imputation of cowardice. She told who she was, and showed the furniture of her apartments. "At any rate you have some money," said one, "and we are starving; our wives and children are in distress." The widow gave forty francs—her all—and no sooner had this band left the room with their plunder, than they considered the act unjustifiable, returned, and restored the money. Nor is this a singular case; the desire of possessing money occasioned two or three similar demands, and after having *touched* the coin, the mob returned it to the owner, believing that by retaining it they were guilty of theft.

The pens of all the writers in creation cannot bestow sufficient praise on the Parisians in this respect, their conduct is unrivalled in the world. Compare them with the inhabitants of Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Florence, or Naples; they stand forth a model to mankind. *Il faut être juste.* No other nation ever exhibited this fact: a revolution formed, fanned, and executed by the lowest of the population, fear having so possessed the inhabitants of the city, that a flight gives but a vague idea of the hurried escape—every man prepared for a reign of terror—the slightest rap at the door occasioning its opening instantly,—and the victors over their sovereign and the aristocracy, becoming instantly victors over themselves, and the judges and the executioners of crime! We have rendered, willingly,

this homage to their virtue: we will as fearlessly denounce their cowardice.

Return we to the Tuileries—even here, as at Neuilly, the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans had been respected, and not even the toys of the infant princes were injured; there was a silent reverence the instant her apartments were entered, whilst outside was one reign of destruction and tumult.

The duchess had preserved the hat and whip of her husband under a glass-case, and no one dared profane the relic by a touch; it was looked at with respect and reverence. The books she had been reading still lay open, and even the curious seemed to imagine that she would return, and left, undisturbed, the leaves of the “Consulat” of Thiers. We have recorded her just reproach to that statesman, and it is a strange coincidence that she had been perusing this work but a quarter of an hour previous to her denouncement of its writer.

In the king's apartments a considerable destruction took place, and the sovereign people looked upon many articles of value, which did belong to the king, as their own property, and we cannot say that some spoons and other articles of great value were not purloined. Whilst the carriages were burning outside, and some really exalted patriots were singing the *Marseillaise* within, the quiet pickpocket and scientific extractor conveyed away articles which very soon found an intrinsic value in the crucible. The theatre was nearly torn to pieces. Pictures were cut and fired at; chan-

deliers and articles of costly furniture were demolished, and all we can say is, that if it was a virtue not to plunder, it was evidently patriotism to destroy. Even the dresses of the princesses did not escape, nor did the inexpressibles of either royalty or its servants rest undisturbed in the drawers. It was a scene of confusion, anarchy, and destruction, that passed all belief, and we must take the plunderers as the exceptions, not as the rules. It was a tempting moment for the victorious thief, and we cannot wonder that in his new dress of soldier and conqueror, he did not entirely forget his former dishonest but lucrative employment.

We leave this scene of riot and disorder, aware that no adequate description can be given of it. As we turned away at the moment—so we do now—regretting that the king abandoned his palace without a struggle, leaving his kingdom to as ruthless destruction as his apartment, and wondering that he who wore a crown could, without one effort, become a wanderer and a disguised outcast in his own country.

CHAPTER IV.

The Republic—General Apathy—First Proclamation of the Provisional Government—The Chambers dissolved—State of Paris—Fears of the Inhabitants—Newspapers and Placards—Street Scenes—The City before and after the Revolution—Causes of the Revolution—Lamartine on Republics—Government Proclamations—Walls placarded—Rumours.

ON the morning of Friday the 25th of February, France was to all intents and purposes a Republic. It is true that it had been proclaimed, but under the conditions that it should be accepted by the country. At the moment of its proclamation in the Chamber of Deputies, had there been a secret ballot for the form of government, and had the brave people retained their supposed courage, we are ready to stake our existence that out of the thirty-five millions of inhabitants, not twenty thousand would have voted for the Republic; but the word had been uttered at the desire of a ragged set of raggamuffins, the courageous Lamartine and the proud Ledru Rollin had declared it, the electric shock was communicated, and not

a royalist of yesterday dared utter his sentiments to-day. Every man in the country was paralyzed ; the National Guards gave up their useless arms, every shop was closed, and on every shutter was to be seen "*armes données*." Oh, poor France !—out of the many thousands who daily vaunt your courage,—out of the millions who daily declare you the greatest and most civilized of creation, could not one hand be found, could not one voice be heard to warn you of the destruction come upon you, and arm a few generous people to resist your ruin ? Those fatal words, descriptive of passive resignation common to all France, "*Enfin que voulez-vous*," passed from mouth to mouth with the usual appropriate shrug of the shoulders.

All nations have peculiar expressions, this one is fatal to France. During the hottest of the 24th of February, we found, as we before mentioned, the useless National Guard occupying the streets in their uniform. We endeavoured to rouse them to action, to defend the crown, and to save the inevitable ruin. "If a Republic is declared, the nation is lost. March like the brave soldiers of France, imitate Suwaroff, and if you have no ammunition trust to the bayonet. Remember the former revolution,—the guillotine,—its murders, massacres, and ruin." We spoke to deaf ears : the nominal soldiers looked at each other and said, "Tout cela est bien vrai, mais *enfin que voulez-vous ?*"

"Remember," we continued, "the pillage,—the

violence,—the rape,—the murder which may follow this listless indifference of yours? Who is to defend you if you do not defend yourselves? You are reported two hundred thousand strong,—the army will follow your steps, or lead you to the assault,—already a Provisional Government is proposed in the Chamber of Deputies! now—now is the time, and not a moment is to be lost, march at once and restore order.” “C’est triste tout cela, *mais enfin que voulez-vous?*”

The Provisional Government, illegally constituted, knew well that a sudden burst of authority was requisite to inspire the childish terror which would bow down the heads of the proud. Thus came one of its first thunderbolts.—“*Le Gouvernement Provisoire arrêté :—La Chambre des Députés est dissoute ; il est interdit à la Chambre des Pairs de se réunir!*” It was read by the deputies and by the few peers who remained; it was acknowledged the result of an illegally constituted usurping government, but who would resist? it was a usurpation! “*mais enfin que voulez-vous!*”

Is it not shocking to think that in this great country—for great it may be in spite of the cowardice which it displayed—is it not shocking to think that when the darkness set in, if the daylight was inconvenient, no re-union of the nobility, no remnant of the deputies, met to save their country? No, a general “*sauve qui peut*” succeeded the declaration of the Provisional Government, and those who could not fly changed their abodes. Neither was this puerile fear only visible in the French; we know many English

who believed that they were either condemned as rich (alas ! how soon some of these became poor), or because they had insulted their porters, or been uncivil to their tradesmen. Meurice's Hotel became a refuge for the destitute ; many resorted to disguises, and we saw a duke of great fortune dressed in a blouse, and walking arm-in-arm with about as desperate a ruffian in appearance as even a French revolution could produce. Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality seemed at once translated :—Liberty, the sacred privilege of telling lies ; Fraternity, a kind disposition to relieve your neighbour of some of his superfluous wealth ; and Equality, the state of the nation's and individuals' funds. Not a voice was raised in defence of the monarchy. Every man expected to find the guillotine mounted by the morning of the twenty-sixth of February, and to see carts loaded with the condemned going slowly to execution. Red became the fashionable colour ; women wore red caps and sashes, and red handkerchiefs succeeded the black cravat. Some took refuge behind shop counters ; others dressed themselves as servants ; the paint brush removed all armorial bearings from the carriages. The plate was either buried or sent away ; some melted it down : all the packers of Paris were employed, indeed this was the only trade which flourished, and the nobility sneaked out of the capital.

The Northern railway was not available beyond Pontoise, on the Paris side, as the stations had been burnt, and the rails taken up by the sovereign people

desirous of retaining their friends in the metropolis. On the Rouen railway the bridges were burnt, and the road rendered useless. This made moving hazardous, more especially as some of the new sovereigns, under the fraternal system, occasionally relieved travellers of any superfluous articles which might encumber their vehicles. Everybody set his house in order. Servants were discharged, and those who but a few days previous rolled in carriages and revelled in luxuries, condescended to walk under the protection of a blouse, and to live retired,—all society seemed lost in fraternity and equality. Clubs sprang up to replace the theatres, and if the latter were opened, they were but slenderly attended. Old ladies became very hysterical; careful husbands collected what gold they could, to be ready for a start, and money became the rarest of all useful commodities.

The lively city we described previous to the revolution, had now entirely changed its aspect. A heavy gale of wind continued to blow, and those versed in “wise saws and modern instances,” drew conclusions from former circumstances of this kind. Not a shop was opened; men came and went, and passed here and there in solemn silence. The new sovereigns changed the decent garb many of them used to wear for blouses; *they* were never silent. The eternal *Marseillaise* and the “*Mourir pour la Patrie*,” were to be heard in every step; every man as he walked beat time and marched to them; but it was, after all, the heavy footstep of care, the uncertain tread of dismay.

One or two carriages moved slowly about, the *remises* usurped the places of the *fiacres*, or drove leisurely along soliciting custom.

It was too aristocratic to ride, and many gentlemen considered a great coat a dangerous covering, as it was not fraternal for one man to wear two coats, whilst equality shivered in a blouse. The only persons who thrived were the packers; opposite their establishments the *trottoir* was not available. The once great and happy seemed now particularly small and sorrowful; no one thought of remedying the evil, the only chance was to guide the storm, or entice it, as warmth does a current of air, into a new direction. A thousand tongues bellowed forth a thousand newspapers; every man seemed to have set up for himself in the news line, and those who could not afford the luxury of the lies, for not one, from the *Débats* to the *Lampion*, wrote one word of truth, looked over, or fraternally shared the news with his neighbours. The people collected in various knots, and any person joined in the conversation: if three friends met and talked, the sound drew around them strangers, who quietly and very orderly mingled in the debate.

It was a strange sight! Four days had as completely changed Paris as if a general bankruptcy had arrived: many who, previous to the twenty-fourth of February, could have commanded any sum of money, now found themselves without a farthing, and to borrow was not an easy method of getting supplies.

Some began to apprehend starvation, others a violent

re-action. Others again had not lost the apprehension of a reign of terror, and at night the whole city seemed to have emptied its contents of inhabitants on the Boulevards ; very few felt inclined to sleep, and if the politician did not slumber until he had read the periodical productions of the day, he must have been fortunate to have closed his eyes at four in the morning, to begin his long task again at seven. The firing in the streets was stopped by a gentle remonstrance of the Provisional Government, who began first by issuing their proclamations in the name of the sovereign people, which they very shortly abandoned for "*Au nom du Peuple Français.*"

In the meantime the walls of Paris resembled a thousand specimens of paper-hanging. Every man in the country seemed to have hit upon some grievance to be abated, and some means to avoid ruin. Some of these placards were not very moderate in intention ; others again had a ready made education for everybody ; plenty looked fiercely for a reduction of taxes, and as no shops were opened, and every person thought only of himself, and discharged his various assistance, the tide of human beings seemed to increase at every step.

As the shopkeepers did nothing, an opposition was got up to them by hucksters, who spread out their wares on the pavement. It required great care to pick one's steps through the heterogeneous mass of articles thus exposed for sale. Everything, from a looking-glass to a bandana handkerchief, was exhibited ;

it appeared as if all the pots and pans of Paris had revolted against their imprisonment, and taken possession of the highways. There was no police; it was an evil to be got rid of by rain and cold; and Nature, which seems to have protected the French revolution from its beginning, did her work, and at last washed the pavement of these rags and tatters. There were no *soirées*, no *petits soupers*, no dinners, balls, routs, or masquerades; no carriages enlivened the streets; dirty fellows, linked together, shouting and screaming, relieved the monotony of the scene; whilst intense anxiety occupied every mind. Paris was an inhabited tomb: such was the difference between the capital before and after the revolution.

When a nation revolts, dethrones its monarch, and becomes a Republic, it is natural enough to suppose that such a change is the result of one energetic convulsion by which the slaves emancipate themselves from the shackles of oppression, and walk proudly over the ruins of tyranny.

It became now one of the most difficult tasks to suggest *why* this revolution had taken place at all. Nobody ever dreamt of such a result; a considerable agitation, to turn out some minister who enjoyed the loaves and fishes of office, was natural enough. No Frenchman likes to see his neighbour above him, and every Frenchman believes himself quite capable of being prime-minister.

To make a man unpopular in France, he has only to be successful, when all the vipers of creation encircle

him, to strangle him. Let any man in France succeed by quiet, steady means in obtaining a pre-eminence of wealth, and the day after he would not believe in the history of himself, recorded by his friends.

Who was a wiser monarch than Louis Philippe? who was called the Napoleon of Peace? who was ever surrounded by braver sons, or more virtuous daughters? The Duc de Nemours was to rival Wellington, and the Prince de Joinville was the French Nelson; all Frenchmen spoke in these terms: they might quarrel about the policy of the Spanish marriages, or hint that his Majesty gambled at the *Bourse*, but still he was the greatest, wisest, and best beloved monarch in Europe.

No sooner had he taken his departure in that miserable *citadine*, than every report was circulated to render him the best abused man on the continent. They even said he never paid his fare, and swindled the coachman who saved him! He was declared the most infamous sovereign that ever reigned; he had purloined the treasure of the state and invested it in Foreign funds—his reign had been one long day of treachery and deceit—his sons were all cowards, and his palace a hot-bed of lewdness and debauchery.

At any rate, it would never do to let the public believe that they had made a revolution without a grievance. It was called the *glorious revolution*—the *holy cause*—the *sacred achievement*! and like the lawyer who painted his client's case in such glowing colours, that the client himself expressed his astonishment at

the cruelty he had experienced ; so every man who wrote a line endeavoured to persuade the populace that they had existed under the most tyrannical of all governments ; that there was no law for the poor, no justice but for the rich ; that the nobility were thieves and murderers, the deputies a pack of hirelings, the people slaves ! Solitary unfortunate cases were brought forth as evidence, and the emancipated mob rejoiced at the idea of being the sovereign people.

Here is a portion of Lamartine's famous speech when the mob believed, or feigned to believe, that the Provisional Government were about to deceive them, and maintain the regency :—"No ! not a republic like that of Rome, embracing aristocrats and plebeians, masters and slaves. No ! not a republic like the aristocratic republics of modern times, embracing citizens and proletary, the great and the small before the law, a people and patricians,—but a republic of equality ; where there is neither aristocracy nor oligarchy, neither great nor small, nor patricians, nor plebeians, nor master nor slaves in the eye of the law—where there is but one people, composed of the universality of citizens, and where the rights, and the power, emanate solely from the vote and the rights of each individual of which the nation is composed—making thus one sole collective power, called the government of the republic, and returning in wise laws, popular institutions and consummate advantages to the people from which such power emanated."

An ignorant person reading this flowery hallucina-

tion of the poet's brain, very naturally concluded that he had lived a slave, and regenerated himself into freedom. He continued :—" If we had promised you these benefits three days ago, you would have discredited us, and said—it will require three ages. But that which you believed impossible is accomplished. Behold our work !—behold it now in these tumults—in these arms,—in the bodies of your martyrs,—and you murmur against God, and against us ! " and thus the grievances were established.

It was quite clear from these extracts, that the French had lived under the most rigorous tyranny ; that the rich and the great alone obtained verdicts ; that the law and the judges slumbered when poverty appealed to Justice ; that masters and slaves existed ; in fact, that Lafayette's model government of a republic with a king was a monstrous deception ; that all the *fêtes* of July had only registered more indelibly the servile cowardice of the nation, which had now burst its bonds, and acquired a free and a permanent government.

It was evident that the Provisional Government must set earnestly to work to keep up the deception. Very free people like a peculiar freedom from taxation : to have a government, and not to see every five minutes some change from the old system, would excite suspicion. Railway legislation, as the words were once applied to an English chancellor, soon became manifest. These laws were promulgated by placards, and as every man had become his own

bill sticker, and the walls were so covered, that the government notices stood a good chance of being unobserved, an order was issued that the sovereign people should give forth their luminous ideas on any coloured paper they preferred, but that white paper was reserved for the government. The two which evidently were best received were those which abrogated the sentence of death in political matters, and the arrest for debt. This last was hailed with considerable applause, especially as money was scarce, and debts inevitable. The law which swept away nobility and its titles had a good effect, for previous to the revolution, every French *chevalier d'industrie*, before he started on his piratical errands, always figured as a count, or baron, and sometimes, when the plunder was large, or an English lady to be ensnared, a dukedom was liberally bestowed by the chevalier himself; nay, we are acquainted with several *gentlemen* who, previous to setting out on a matrimonial voyage of discovery were only *Monsieurs*, and very respectable *Monsieurs* too, were suddenly changed when they landed in England into counts and barons.

It will, hereafter, be seen how much of the railway legislation survived the year. The nobility looked unshaken at the placards which levelled them with the *chiffonier*; nor did they, indeed, in the month of November, show many symptoms of disgust when Article 10 of the Constitution was voted thus:—“*Sont abolis à toujours tout titre nobiliaire, toute distinction de naissance, de classe, ou de caste!*”

In the midst of this universal levelling, it is quite refreshing to relate one act of courage. Amongst the thousand placards for the nation's benefit, came forth one, proposing "as all nobility was abolished, and as no caste or distinction remained, that the Legion of Honour should be abolished also." Ha! the blood of all the knights of France fired at the proposition! Men who consented to be ruined without a murmur, would not consent to forego a piece of red ribbon in the button-hole, and which was worn by twenty thousand gallant and worthy citizens,—some for great and worthy deeds of arms; others for having fiddled well, others for being secretaries to railroads, or administrators; many for having been *prefets* or painters. The men who had benefited science, or added to their nation's renown, joined with the inferior knights, and resisted this ruthless attack; and later, when M. Clement Thomas called this red insignia of honour, the "*hochets d'humanité*," many a gallant heart resisted the attempt to deprive him of his ribbon. It was the only placard within our knowledge which was torn from the walls, and the red ribbon rose in value as other articles were depreciated. It was the only act of courage since the twenty-fourth of February.

In the meantime, some would-be Ministers of Finance put forth many modes of replenishing the exchequer: some proposed that the rich should be *forced* (here was liberty!) to pay a milliard; others that the good old revolution should be followed, and that assignats should be legal tenders; others directed

the attention of the public to education ; and it would be about as impossible a task to number the hairs of a man's head, as to record the multitudinous propositions which were plastered on every eligible spot in the metropolis. In the Faubourg St. Antoine, papers of a different kind appeared, recommending the stern republicans to preserve their arms and keep their powder dry ; but in the more gentlemanly quarter, moral legislature prevailed.

To look for news in the French papers was now a waste of time. Every falsehood which ingenuity could invent was published :—Belgium was declared in full revolt, and Leopold gone to England. This was believed by many, as the vicinity of the two countries became a kind of electric telegraph ; but the following was a more splendid invention :—“ England is in a state of revolution. A republic has been declared in London. The queen has left the Isle of Wight, and *has landed* at Havre ; we trust every true republican will show due respect to a woman, and a fallen sovereign.”

This was balm to the souls of the afflicted ; it was the wish of many that such a calamity might befall our happy island ; and even those who knew that Englishmen were not very likely to look quietly on whilst ruin and desolation were at hand, actually took a savage pleasure in retailing the palpable falsehood. On one placard we saw that the queen was to be housed at the Hôtel de Ville.

As fast as it was supposed that couriers could come

and go was news created. Every monarch, from the Czar to the King of Naples, was dethroned. The European world was one great republic. Liberty, equality, and fraternity were the pass-words to peace and prosperity. The suns of royalty had set for ever; tyranny was trodden under foot; and by way of totally forgetting that the free French ever submitted to the galling yoke of tyranny, it was proposed to burn the palaces, in order to efface the existence of a record where a king once lived.

The Provisional Government on the 25th of February, in order to stop these bonfires, put forth with their usual veracity, a placard in which they "begged leave to recall to the brave republicans that such edifices belonged to the nation, and that in accordance with a resolution taken by the Provisional Government, the palaces *were all to be sold*, and the money given to soothe the affliction of the relatives of the victims who had fallen in the glorious revolution, and also to relieve the necessities of those who had lost in commerce, or from the want of work:" and then followed the usual clap-trap which enchants a Frenchman. "The Provisional Government invites all good citizens to remember that these edifices are placed under the protection of the people."

It served its end. Neuilly *was* burnt, and the Tuileries was turned into a hospital. Then came a huge white paper law, and time will show the result of this legislation. "Royalty under every form is abolished. No Bonapartism—no Regency—The Re-

public is declared ; the people are united, &c." Then came one altering the flag, by making the fly part white, the colour being blue, red, and white ; but this looked so uncommonly like a flag at a fair, that it was soon changed ; and in the same legislative act the Provisional Government adopted all the children whose parents fell in this glorious revolution ; and at the end of seventy-two hours, that indefatigable Provisional Government had passed twenty-seven laws, and the inventive genius of the newsmen had killed the king of a fit of apoplexy, and had upset every throne in Europe ; but had forgotten to tell us that the bridges of Asnières, Rueil, Châlon, and Besons, had been burnt by the sovereign people.

CHAPTER V.

Fête of Proclaiming the Republic—Urbanity and good Order of the People—Speeches at the Column of July—Number of killed and wounded in February—Stagnation of Trade—The Luxembourg Commission—Louis Blanc and Albert—Changes in Street Nomenclature—Imprisonment for Debt abolished—Barbés appointed Governor of the Luxembourg.

AN awful lesson has been given by the French revolution. The discontented of other countries, by tracing its results, may be convinced of the inefficacy of sudden changes. France was now in the hands of strange governors! Who had ever heard of Flocon, Albert, and others of this stamp? The art of governing like that of cooking requires a long education.

The Provisional Government were quite aware that the children required amusement, and consequently on the 27th of February, a grand comedy was enacted, called the "Proclamation of the Republic at the foot of the Column of July." The principal actor in this farce was Dupont (de l'Eure); Arago and Crémieux taking the minor parts.

It is one blessing in France, and which seems to increase annually, that a *fête* for whatever event is sure to be an accepted invitation for this easily amused people. Everybody attends, and thus they get rid of their sorrows, and shut their eyes to the folly which is around them.

On this day all those who fought turned out with their arms, and all those who had not fought (the National Guards, for example) joined in this leviathan demonstration; the one actuated by a reasonable desire to maintain the fear which they had instilled, and the other party to show a great willingness to fraternize and to avoid a *rencontre*.

The glorious people wore principally blouses, carried every species of arms, from a crow-bar to a musket, and looked savagely suspicious. The more respectable warriors had muskets, which formerly belonged either to the army or the National Guards; whilst the last mis-named force came forth in particularly clean dresses, by no means blackened by gun-powder.

The whole body fraternized, the real republicans taking good care to intermix with the National Guards, and both parties singing of course that spirit-moving song, "*Mourir pour la Patrie*." From the Bastille to the Madeleine was one mass of people: at intervals there were regimental bands, almost always blowing the same tune, and every youngster of Paris seemed to have inflated his lungs with an extra proportion of air to join in the chorus, and to shout "*Vive la République*."

The French are not sparing of their criticism of other countries: they call themselves the centre of civilization, the sanctuary of the arts and sciences, the nest of poetry, and the consummation of chivalry; yet they drive about a fat ox, have a pack of half-naked women and savages hopping about the animal, and retain in this wonderful refuge for the destitute all the folly of a nation of heathen times. As for their chivalry, the twenty-fourth of February is quite sufficient proof of *that*.

The French must not be astonished if they themselves are severely criticised, since day after day they "play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven," as makes quieter nations doubt much if France, instead of being the birth-place of the arts, is not one large national *Charenton*.

We were present at this *fête*, and here we would do justice to the civility and protection a woman always receives; indeed, in this strange abode, a woman is a much better safeguard than a musket, and we would much sooner be under the shield of a woman than behind a barricade. "*Place aux dames*" is no fiction, excepting always at a supper table, where the smell of truffles lures the invited; then it appears from the rush, is "every man for himself."

We were, on this great and solemn occasion, protected by two ladies, one of whom sat on the seat with the *citoyen cocher*, and the other stood up in the small carriage called a *mi-lor*, which is nothing but a cabriolet on four wheels.

The coachman was a republican of the day, a man not easily diverted from his course ; hundreds of times as we slowly crept through the ranks, was he told to turn round and take a particular street ; he had a ready answer, "The ladies were anxious to see the ceremony : there were barricades in such and such streets. He drove no aristocrats, not he, but these were foreigners of the right sort, and go on he would," and he did.

During the long, tiresome walk of the horse, not one word which could be construed into levity or insult was uttered ; but several compliments, by no means disagreeable for any lady to hear, were frequently paid. Some *gamins* got up behind, and hung on by the roof of the carriage, they only excited merriment ; and one red republican stood on the step, and gave every information which we required, without for a moment overstepping the bounds of the most orderly behaviour.

M. Dumas remarks on the occasion of the *fête*, which, after all, was nothing but a considerable mass of soldiers and people huddled together—a few bands blowing the same tune—and a few men making the same ridiculous speeches—that "every face bore the impress of real joy and confidence : not a light, frivolous joy, but a serene, a heart-felt joy." We can only remark that the French people seem very happy under national affliction. In the meantime the usual farce of making speeches was going on : Arago assured the open-mouthed republicans that when Dupont

addressed them, "eighty years of pure and patriotic existence spoke"—upon which, of course, the usual uproar of "*Vive Dupont*" resounded. Crémieux, who was now in the ascendant, spoke of the brave men who gained the revolution of July (which this revolution overturned), and after some few warm expressions, General Courtais, who was commander of the National Guards, began to get rid of the ceremony by marching off his men; the bands played the same tunes, the people sang the same words, the *gamins* shouted "*Vive la République*," and all the world were contented. M. Dumas says, that "the people who three days before were animated with all the heat of conquest,—opposed to each other,—now united, expressing universal concord and love, and felt assured that at any rate *this time* their confidence and their hopes would be realized."

As the Column of July seems the universal sepulchre of any body who has the ill luck to be shot for a French revolution, and as this had been of so decided a character, the rising generation may hereafter ask how many hundreds of thousands of the brave and resolute destroyers of royalty and upholders of true liberty perished in this wonderful event, and sleep the sleep of death under the revolutionary column. Alas! the exact number of the killed was never accurately recorded, but in rummaging all the hospitals of Paris we have, counting men, women, and children, the gross amount thus:—"In all 428 *wounded*, of which 350 were civilians, and 78 soldiers."

It is a very rare circumstance to find the killed more numerous than the wounded, but if we were to credit the generality of the French, who feel rather ashamed that such a revolution should have occurred without greater resistance, we should hear of thousands and thousands killed ; but as nobody ever saw the funerals, and when the great stalking car, which never got beyond the Madeleine, gave up its bodies of heroes, only twenty-five could be counted, it is fair to presume that if we allow an equal portion of dead to the wounded, we shall, we are confident, very far exceed the actual amount. Let us be generous, 428 dead, and 428 wounded, out of a population of one million ! And this is the result of the contest ! and out of this number only 78 soldiers ! Henceforth let no man believe in the oath of allegiance to a sovereign ! A kingdom lost—a dynasty destroyed—a nation ruined—and all the resistance and aggression summed up in 428 dead, and 428 wounded ! And we are gravely told that France is a great nation—a wise and a brave people,—and yet they shout *Vive le Roi* in the morning, and *Vive la République* after dinner.

The heroes of the day were in reality the sovereign people ; no one thought of resistance. The ship was wrecked, and the crew had deserted it. The National Guards being disarmed, the new sovereign feared no re-action ; the streets soon began to assume their usual appearance ; the trees, cut down for barricades, were given to the bakers for their ovens ; the pavements were replaced, but all the charms of civilized life were

banished, a heavy calamity seemed settled upon Paris, which even the everlasting *Chant du départ* could not relieve.

But although the sovereign people had now become the masters, they found that they had lost their employments. All shops, magazines, *ateliers*, &c., were closed, every penny became of value; the idle and the dissolute had hitherto behaved admirably. Great in their conquest, they were honest in their victory: no plunder or pillage, no rape, fire, murder, or assassination had taken place; but it is decreed that "man shall live by the sweat of his brow," and the Provisional Government soon saw that occupation must be found, or that confidence could not be restored.

Two thousand workmen had paid a visit to the Government, and the Government, after deciding "That the question of work was of supreme importance," decreed, "That a permanent commission should be instituted, of which Louis Blanc should be president, and Albert (always styled a workman), the vice-president." The seat of the commission was fixed at the Luxembourg.

This was the tub thrown out to the whale; it was to work out one of Louis Blanc's wild ideas, and to satisfy the sovereign people that their welfare was his object.

In a few years it will be difficult to understand the history of Paris. For a republic to keep the slightest reminiscence of royalty seemed absurd, and consequently ingenuity was set to work to alter the names

of the streets, colleges, &c., and here it must be remarked that the then most popular man in France, Lamartine, was more scurvily used than could have been contemplated. The Rue Coquenard, a most insignificant street, was changed to the Rue Lamartine; the Rue Royale, Rue Joinville, &c., gave way to the Rue de la Revolution, and the Rue du Circle; whilst M. Carnot, the self-elected Minister of Public Justice, obliterated, as far as he could, the record of ages. The College of Louis le Grand was called *Lycée Descartes*; the College of Henry Quatre, *Lycée Corneille*; the College of St. Louis, *Lycée Monge*; the College Bourbon, *Lycée Bonaparte*. The Académie Royale was transformed into the Théâtre de la Nation; and the Théâtre Français into the Théâtre de la République, where Mdle. Rachel, the pet of royalty, was to be seen waving a tricoloured flag, and reciting the *Marseillaise*. A man required a mental remembrancer to ask his way about Paris. It was one universal change, and in the midst of all, on the 29th of February, came out a decree, stating that as equality is one of the great principles of the French republic, every body should be equal, and all styles and titles should be abolished.

It will be curious to observe after the lapse of one year's excitement, how many of the decrees of the Provisional Government remain: they were issued with a vengeance, the most popular of all being the abolition of imprisonment for debt. It was quite useless to ask a man and a free republican to pay his debts; nobody paid! And here we would remark on

the unjust inequality of the law of France. This decree was soon reversed by the National Assembly, and the law was modified. How? why thus. A Frenchman can only be placed in goal for three years, but a foreigner,—the poor foreigner, who is not destined to share in this liberty, equality, and fraternity—may rot in a prison for *ten* years. The very people who are implored to return to this prostituted country—the very people who it is acknowledged pour in their wealth and support this frivolous nation,—are not even allowed to participate in the fraternity and equality of misfortune. Our ambassador may be charged to communicate some trifling event to the Provisional Government, or now to the President, but this unequal and iniquitous law is passed without a remonstrance. We have known this harsh law held out to an Englishman to force him to pay what he was not legally bound to pay; the very fear of ten year's imprisonment drove him from the unjust country.

Everything kept equal pace. Barbés, a man who had committed a murder, and who had endeavoured to assassinate the king, was named governor of the Luxembourg, and thus verified the parody on Cobbet's style of writing, that "when the political pot boils, the scum rises." The ministers of Louis Philippe were to be prosecuted legally! and M. Barbés, rose to power and to patronage. France was equally fortunate in the nomination of her ministers to foreign courts. There never was a degradation more merited or more complete.

CHAPTER VI.

The Republic, a mystification—Armand Carrel and Emile de Girardin—First symptoms of a Re-action in the National Guard—Funeral Ceremonies on the Fourth of March—State of Trade—Failure of the Banks—Difficulties of the Provisional Government—Characters and Influence of its Members.

THE French never do things by halves, especially in revolutions. They had now proclaimed the republic, although in the Chamber of Deputies they had promised not to do so, until the voice of France was consulted. It was, as the Viscount d'Arlincourt said in his excellent work *Dieu le Veut*, "a ridiculous mystification." The people had thus early been tricked out of their sovereignty. They now went invoking the spirit of Armand Carrel. M. Marrast played a chief part in that ceremony, and in his speech was rampant about the precious liberty gained by republics.

It is useful to watch the words and the deeds of these folks. Marrast declared at the tomb, that *his* work was "to preach union and concord, and to show the world that France was composed of an undivided

people ! strong in their rights, and resolved to uphold the rights of all those who fought for liberty, either in *Switzerland, Italy, Spain, or Poland.*" Upon this patriotic declaration all the Poles tossed up their hats and shouted "*Vive la République,*"—a state we are extremely happy to say, we do not think they are likely to attain.

When Armand Carrel lived, he was not a very popular character. M. de Girardin had the misfortune to shoot him in a duel ; now the victim was to be deified, and even his bones and his statue were to have been carried to the Pantheon, but the Provisional Government had so much to do that they had not time to arrange the affair, which M. Marrast said was "a duty deferred."

M. Emile de Girardin expressed his sorrow at having killed his man, all of the enthusiastic as usual cried "*Vive la République,*" and the orator finished a very feeling address by saying that the Provisional Government, which had already covered itself with glory by the abolition of capital punishments, might complete the great work by for ever abolishing duels. After this, everybody kissed M. Girardin, and he kissed everybody ; M. Marrast and M. Girardin shook hands, "emotion was on every countenance," tears bedewed some republican cheeks, and the farce was played. When some wag asked, "Why Cobbet brought Tom Paine's bones to England?" he was answered, "*to make a broil.*" We suspect that this deification of the defunct republican had much the same object.

The remaining gentlemen of Paris now began to see that to maintain order they must show themselves, and consequently the ranks of the National Guards gradually increased in number. The parade was a motley group ; some came to the ground with double-barrelled fowling-pieces, some with a brown barrel and a polished bayonet ; a vast number dressed in blouses, and the whole affair looked pre-eminently absurd. But there was a good feeling now beginning to manifest itself ; it was true the mischief was created, but it became evident that by a steady manifestation of determination, a repetition of '93 would be avoided, property protected, and tranquillity restored. The sea rolls heavily after a gale of wind, and it is long before the perfect calm is established. The gale was the hope of the red republican, the calm the prospect of the royalist, who shouted "*Vive la République.*" By crying "*Vive la Charte,*" Charles X. was displaced ; with "*Vive la Réforme,*" Louis Philippe became an exile ; and to the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur,*" the republic will be interred. Constitutions are playthings in France, where nothing is permanent, for there is no foundation on the solid rock of religion and of truth : the former is ridiculed, the latter despised.

It was now requisite to get up another exhibition, for republicans must be amused, and consequently on the 2nd of March a grand programme was published, giving directions as to the funeral procession in honour of the brave citizens who died in obtaining liberty ! The ceremony took place on Sunday the fourth.

We extract from our Diary of that day: "Out to see the grand show of the interment of the dead who were killed in the revolution. The church of the Madeleine, that marvel of modern structures, was hung with black. The words *Aux citoyens morts pour la Liberté*, stood conspicuously legible in white letters. Liberty is a fine word, but it is rarely understood and appreciated. We must be just, or of what use is our diary. Never was there seen so orderly a mob. Mob it is unjust to call it; it was a collection of at least one hundred thousand persons, and nothing occurred which could have scared a child. All the National Guards were out, the dead were conveyed in six hearses, three in each! The Provisional Government attended; immense masses joined in the spirit-stirring song of the *Marseillaise*. Band after band played this exciting air. A car bore the representation of the genius of the republic, (to be sure it looked like an ornamental twelfth cake); from the Madeleine to the Bastille was one thick mass of human beings, and not one petty larceny was committed, not one man arrested, not one shout of defiance hurled. If this great assemblage of persons was awed by religious feeling, or by fear, it amounts to the same thing. Honesty had actually triumphed without the fear of the law for an assistant, and although thousands and thousands of rogues and vagabonds were present at this great Parisian show, they suspended their usual avocations and kept their hands in their own pockets."

On the second of March, we gave ourselves some

trouble to ascertain the state of trade in Paris. In one of the largest shops in the Rue de la Paix, where the empty chairs were placed in double line, we saw the proprietor asleep on his counter. In the Passage du Panorama, one of the greatest thoroughfares in Paris, and where the shops generally realize a great profit, we ascertained the sum taken in all of them for two days; that sum was 317 francs, not quite equal to ten sous, or five-pence for each shop, and yet almost every one of these men attended the funeral ceremony and vigorously shouted "*Vive la République.*" Such were the fruits of a glorious revolution—the city a bankrupt—commerce crushed—confidence lost. This is no over-drawn picture, for on the sixth of March the banks began to fail, and one followed the other with fearful rapidity, the panic was universal, the prospects of the future most gloomy and awful.

Although nothing had occurred since the 24th of February to make apprehension worse, yet no one could disguise from himself the difficulties of the government; it was requisite to appear to yield to the popular wish, whenever that wish was proclaimed by a demonstration. The Hôtel de Ville was surrounded daily by a dense mass of people, and from morning to night a continual stream of petitioners circulated through the crowd. Either Lamartine or Ledru Rollin was obliged to be continually answering addresses, and every now and then the Provisional Government appeared at the windows to answer a kind of summons "*to show themselves.*"

Although much—very much had been done, a great deal remained unachieved ; amongst others, the ejection from the Tuileries of a handful of men who, in spite of all threats and all entreaties, still kept possession of the palace, and declared they would not vacate it without they had a sum of money given at once, and a promise of a pension for life. On the 7th of March, however, they were dislodged, and if any pen dared to record the indecencies which occurred in that palace, no female eye would scan the page. The scenes which took place in the bed-room of the queen must be concealed for ever. Suffice it to say that atrocities were committed that the worst pages of Roman history cannot parallel. Republicans are not necessarily virtuous.

When a nation is convulsed—a government overthrown—a king dethroned—all eyes busily search out the rising star. It is in these convulsions that a master mind appears, and seizes the sceptre. Strange to say this genius did not come forth. Lamartine, a man well known to all lovers of literature, was the hope, the main-stay of all, but he did not arise from the volcano ; he was known long before, and his capabilities accurately ascertained.

The National Assembly was directed to meet on the 20th of April, the elections to take place on the 9th, and naturally the name of every candidate was carefully examined ; no man stood so high as Lamartine. "Happy is the man," says Mirabeau, "who after enjoying popularity dies horizontally in his *own*

bed ;" had Lamartine died now, he would have been deified. The circulars of Ledru Rollin made him detested and despised by all who disclaimed pillage and murder. "Liberty, equality and fraternity," to follow his circulars, would amount to this :—

Liberty ;—the triumph of despotism, and the reign of terror : under this triumph and this reign, shops are shut, not opened.

Equality ;—the right of displacing your neighbour and placing yourself : in familiar language, "get out of the coach and let me ride."

Fraternity ;—the general want so frequently felt by the poor, to pillage the rich, and if requisite, to kill him : and this is a faithful translation of a Republican Catechism, put forth since the 24th of February.

Ledru Rollin's circular to his Commissioners—"your powers are without limit," comprehends the whole translation.

The Minister of Finance, M. Garnier Pagés, seemed inclined to carry out the fraternity part, as Ledru Rollin's circular did the equality. It was proposed to violate all contracts made with companies ; for the government to seize (they being excessively poor) the wealth of the railroads, and to pay the shareholders, with their own money, a proportion only of what was in hand, and to convert the remainder, with all the plant, &c., to the account of the state. Insurance offices were to share the same fate ; all private banks to be abolished, and even the Saving's banks to undergo a gentle plunder.

To most of these wild buccaneering projects it was considered that M. Lamartine was opposed; nor has it escaped observation, that in spite of his new harlequin dress of the republic, and his consenting to the abolition of all ranks and grades in society, he always signed his name *de* Lamartine, the *de* being a mark and symbol of superior birth and grade; he was believed, and is still believed, to be a most honourable upright man, forced, in a moment of convulsion, to put himself forward, but unable to check or totally resist the red republican power of Ledru Rollin.

Unfortunately no master-mind arose; the Provisional Government were a motley crew, not one, if we except Lamartine, being the least above the level of the most ordinary minds.

It is impossible to listen to these aspiring republicans and not be convinced of the fact. The only chance Crémieux ever has of being remembered, is by his letter to Lord Brougham refusing to naturalize him, and by the impression left on any one of the audience who has witnessed the representation of "*La Propriété, c'est le vol.*"

Louis Blanc fell into such complete ridicule, that the less said to resuscitate him the better. His theories and his *ateliers*, nay even his speeches at the Luxembourg, are cumbersome monuments erected over a grave in a desert.*

* M. Louis Blanc has declared the national *ateliers* the creation of M. Marie;—be it so—but Louis Blanc had better read over again (that is, if he has time and patience) his own speeches in the Lux-

Flocon survived to amuse the National Assembly by his pretensions.

Marrast managed better than any, and kept *his* place and his emoluments ; we remember seeing this sturdy republican arrive at the great opera with a clean white waistcoat, a remarkably elegant tie, and bright yellow gloves. The phantom of elegance frightened the whole pit ; they rose, looked astounded at the spectre, gave one short convulsive laugh, ejaculated "*c'est Marrast !*" and sat down. We never saw the human countenance so puzzled to express the feelings of the mind. It was impossible to say if the excessive paleness, or rather yellowness, proceeded from fear, hatred, despair, or disdain ; we were in the next box and required no opera glasses.

Albert flourished as the rotten walking-stick of Louis Blanc.

Marie died gently away like the breeze upon the ocean, scarce leaving a ruffle ; and Arago went to the stars when his family set out for Lyons and Berlin ; he was lost to human sight directly the sun began to shine over the National Assembly. Can any one wonder that poor Republican France, with all its liberty, equality, and fraternity, was obliged to hark back, and find a new government and a new ministry in those who served Louis Philippe and a constitutional sovereign.

embourg. We should be very sorry to wade through them a second time, but we will undertake to say that if M. Marie invented, M. Louis Blanc tried to work out the invention.

CHAPTER VII.

The Clubs—Instituted to watch the Government—Blanqui's Club—Character of Blanqui—The Ladies' Club—The Chiffoniers' Club—Barbés' Club—Secret Organization of the discontented—Contradiction in Words and Acts—Errors of the extreme Republican Party—Lamartine's Nomination—Fickleness of the French Character—M. Guizot's Remarks.

A REVOLUTION has always something beyond common excitement. Fear, however easily communicated by a panic, has a great counteraction, and those who were the most afraid, become sometimes the most courageous. We are acquainted with ladies who, having bedizened themselves in red ribbons in compliment to the guillotine party, and who had actually made arrangements to stand behind counters to sell milk, or work with the needle to avoid the suspicion of being aristocrats,—who, seeing that their lives were spared and no violence offered to their purse or person, became suddenly brave, and could comprehend no excitement like the clubs.

Clubs sprang up instantly, of course; the Provi-

sional Government stood god-father at the baptismal font of these insurrectionary assemblages, and Ledru Rollin told the deputation of these clubs to watch over the actions of the Provisional Government, and to assist them with their deliberations. "*L'insurrection est le plus saint des devoirs*" we are told, and consequently the clubs from their birth followed up the holy device.

Everything now was fairly "*sotto sopra*." Young gentlemen of the Polytechnic School, holy agitators in blouses, and National Guardsmen in uniforms, occupied the king's boxes at the various theatres. Here the *Marseillaise* was sung, and the audience joined in the chorus. People shouted with acclamation "*Vive la peste*" in the midst of the desolation it occasioned. Strange people!—incomprehensible people!—to rejoice at their own ruin, and sing in the loud chorus of anarchy!

The theatres were thinly attended; gradually even these fantastic people began to consider that money must become excessively scarce, and that it was better retained to satisfy the hungry mouths of their children than spent in listening to music, or feasting their eyes on lascivious dances. Had not the Government come to the assistance of the various theatres, these innocent resorts must shortly have been closed, and the wonder-loving people driven to the clubs for more dangerous excitement.

It seemed a matter of the greatest indifference to the chiefs of the clubs what places they selected for

their holy deliberations. One club took the Church of St. Hyacinthe, close to the Assomption, for its resort, and where the altar once stood, was a small table, round which sat the bureau, that is, the president, vice-president, secretary, &c.

Blanqui's club seized the Conservatoire de la Musique, which is in the shape of a small theatre. The stage was occupied by Blanqui and his immediate republicans; the pit was the abode of the subscribers: the boxes were filled by the curious, who sometimes had to wait an hour, forming the *queue* as it is called (or taking their turn by standing in a line). Ladies, who are after all the real sovereigns of France, who were aware of their charms, and who felt secure in the gallantry of the people, avoided this long line of patient attendants, and took the liberty to ask for Blanqui or Lagambre. The sovereign people who guarded the doors always allowed the ladies to pass, and the front row of the boxes was generally well adorned. When the doors were opened, although everybody was admitted by a ticket, the rush was awful. We have seen ambassadors, ministers, *chargés d'affaires*, and consuls, all hustled in the heterogeneous mob, and all carrying little tri-coloured cockades for fear of being mistaken for gentlemen, and subjects of constitutional government; here also assembled most of the resident foreigners in Paris. The theatres were awfully dull; the Boulevards crowded with most suspicious republicans, and therefore the clubs, if people would not stay at home, became the principal resort.

Blanqui had the reputation of being the most exalted of all republicans, an uncompromising agitator, one who had every chance of dying on the floor of the National Assembly; his admirers were the most desperate of insurgents, and amidst the thousand exciting scenes that we have witnessed, we have seldom beheld more to excite than at Blanqui's Club. The president of this club is very far from an interesting-looking gentleman; on the contrary, he is about as common a personage as could be met with in any public place of resort; he was neither clean nor elegant, and always wore dirty gloves, but he spoke well, with great fluency, and some of his remarks told with considerable effect. Blanqui was a candidate for the National Assembly, and from the instant he saw Barbés more successful than himself, he began to entertain ideas not at all consonant with the dignity of that assembly—the result of universal suffrage. Once during a discussion, one of those bursts of indignation and riot, so common in French debates, where everybody will speak and nobody will listen, took place. In vain Blanqui endeavoured to calm the troubled assembly; they shouted, they stamped, they stretched out their arms, they grinned, they yelled. Blanqui stood the very picture of patience, occasionally moving both his hands with a kind of “pray-be-quiet” motion, whilst “*Vive la Guillotine!*” “*Vive l'Enfer!*” and several other equally promising hopes were pronounced. At last even tumult began to tire; the sounds of “*Vive la République démocratique et sociale*” grew fainter, and

the thin voice of the president had a chance of being heard :—" Citizens," he began, " this tumult is excessive ; I regret to say you are nearly as riotous and indecorous as the *National Assembly* ;" in a moment the fury subsided, and a loud burst of laughter succeeded. Blanqui knew well how to keep up an excitement as well as to soothe it ; when the affair at Rouen took place, he took care to have a young woman, and by no means an ugly one either, brought before the club, to which she gave an animated and highly exaggerated account of the cold-blooded murders committed by the National Guards at Rouen. Although nobody in his senses believed one word of this fair liar's speech, she had plenty to listen and applaud, for all France was mad at that time.

Astonishing was the patience with which the club listened to some tedious debaters, and the most whimsical of all things was the examination of a candidate for admission into this honourable society ; if a candidate did not appear in person, he was sure to be rejected, and the most certain manner of getting admitted was to declare a perfect conviction that kings were all tyrants, aristocrats all thieves, and the people the only sovereigns of the earth. In conclusion, such cries as "*Vive le diable*," "*Mort aux riches*," with a gentle allusion to the guillotine, would insure the candidates success by unanimity.

In this club we have listened to discourses from people of the lowest class which astonished us, and always gave the impression that the blouse was a dis-

guise, and the speaker an educated man ; but it is a fact, that generally speaking all Frenchmen are fluent, and express themselves well, not much to the point, but always in good language—correctly and without hesitation.

There were clubs of every description : the Ladies' Club, the Chiffonier's Club ; in the former there was a certain regard paid to dress, and in the latter was written (it is said) "*Les invités sont priés de laisser leurs sabots à la porte, et les Dames de ne pas tremper leurs peignes dans l'huile*"—*si non è vero, è ben trovato*,—we never read the words, but we have heard them frequently repeated.

Barbés' Club was another violent assembly. The president was envious of Blanqui's notoriety, and hence, according to Lamartine's evidence at the trial at Bourges, the failure of the attack on the National Assembly in May. Everybody wished to be first, and consequently no confidence existed. Barbés wanted all the credit,—so did Blanqui, so did Flotte,—and in this general wish to be first, and to succeed without the aid of other parties, all failed. Both Blanqui and Barbés seem to rejoice in incarceration, and we sincerely wish them a close residence at the expense of France for the remainder of their natural lives.

It was very shortly visible to those who looked calmly on events, that these clubs would be more difficult to manage than all the army and navy put together ; they overlooked and scrutinized every act of the Provisional Government, they exaggerated every

event, and the minister who smiled at the birth of these bantlings would gladly have poisoned them all. Secret organization went on ; there were captains of tens, and captains of twenties, and frequently before the deliberations of the clubs took place, these captains were desired to attend at certain hours to receive their orders.

It was quite evident that the republic, as it was, did not at all come up to the expectations of these democratic and social performers. The rich still existed, aristocracy only hid itself in a blouse ; a far more exterminating sword was in preparation. Royalty had been dethroned, but who had benefited ? neither Barbés, Blanqui, Hubert, nor Flotte had become President of the Republic, and consequently the country was badly governed. Secret conspiracies soon began ; it was in vain that the government solicited a patriotic loan, and two or three hundred francs, the result of hard begging, were put into a box covered with flowers, preceded by the sovereign people, and delivered with great pomp and parade at the palace of the Elysée Bourbon.

In vain the papers gave flourishing accounts of the liberality of the people, and the anxiety of France to uphold the republic. The clubs contributed but very little to this national loan, and day after day, and night after night, the deliberations became more serious. What had France gained as yet ? The liberty of the press, and the non-imprisonment for debt : for anything else these club republicans cared very little, excepting always that different classes still existed ;

they called each other citizens, but it is quite obvious that the designation was by no means welcome, and it was very certain, that many men had large fortunes whilst some were starving. This ought not to be; they were all brothers,—and some of them excessively dirty brothers—why should one have more than another? The earth was given by God to man for his nourishment, why then should some men possess acres, and other men nothing? The spontaneous gift of God could not be alienated. Property was a theft, and the clubs were exactly the sort of jurors to place all this on a right and equitable footing. It was marvellous to hear the cheers which welcomed such doctrines and such propositions of wholesale robbery. “*A bas les aristocrats*” was a very popular cry, and as these savage yells were uttered, some of the members of Blanqui’s club in the pit seemed by the eager direction of their eyes to the boxes, to be quite ready to execute judgment.

But there was a strange contradiction between the words and the acts. We always drove to the club in a private carriage, and came away with the members, but never once were we insulted, nor, outside of the clubs, although many saw us take our seats in the carriage, did we ever hear one word of reproach. We had the best shield in France—we were in the company of ladies.

It was not unusual for the members of the club to attend with concealed arms, but in the midst of the most furious uproar we never witnessed any act to

cause fear. The fantastic antics occasioned by excitement were more like the exhibition of legs and arms at the Bal Mabille or the Chaumière: the clubbists looked and grinned like exasperated monkeys, and like certain dogs, they barked very loud but did not bite.

Whilst these clouds were gathering, and whilst every one foresaw that the storm would burst, no one apparently took measures to meet the emergency of the case. The clubs always insisted and carried their point that the troops should be withdrawn from Paris. The Garde Mobile remained, and we remember Blanqui's saying, in an animated discourse when he fulminated his thunders against the National Guards and the army, for the affair at Rouen, that "The army are all butchers who execute the stern command against their inclination; the Garde Mobile will never execute any butchery, they are too near the source from which they emanated,—the people, the only sovereigns; they will embrace us like brothers, and fight with us for the glorious and sacred cause of freedom." M. Blanqui, although at Vincennes in June, was made to comprehend the error of his judgment. Still, although thousands attended these clubs, and passed from one to another, France had very few republicans; those who attended, attended through curiosity, and it was quite clear that a sneer of contempt was on every honest man's countenance. The levelling system was not in accordance with the ideas of any man who had anything to lose, and although all the propositions were adopted with loud exclamations, no

one entertained the least notion of their being carried into execution. The fact is, that these most exalted republicans committed as many errors as the Provisional Government; they never struck whilst the iron was hot. Had Blanqui, Barbès, Flotte, and others followed up the success of the 24th of February, by instilling that terror in the capital which Ledru Rollin sought to do in the provinces, the result would have been very different; and had the Provisional Government called together the National Assembly within a fortnight after the 24th of February, they would have ruled the destinies of France now, for all the stern republicans would have been elected. Barbès would have had a good snug berth under the Provisional Government, and Blanqui, Flotte, Lacambre, Herbert, and others might have gone on diplomatic missions, and represented France just as well and as worthily as some others who gained those places, and, like all other patriots, they would have been soothed into tyranny by the sweets and emoluments of office.

The great error of France was again enacted,—they talked excessively, and did very little; they made a few useless demonstrations, paraded the streets in great numbers, roared “*Vive la République*,” whilst it was gradually undermining itself, and in the evening talked and talked again. But by these dilatory measures they allowed the higher classes to recover from their first panic, and make a great stand at the elections; and most fortunately did it so occur, for so frightened were these classes that not one would have re-

mained to fight the battle of his country, and France would have been involved either in an exterior or interior war.

We have all been taught the necessity of prompt measures to insure success, and the French Revolution of 1848 confirms in every line this great truth. At the beginning the least promptitude would have crushed the *émeute*, and afterwards the least efforts of the red republicans would have placed them in authority. Who can doubt this fact? Had Lamartine in the zenith of his well-earned popularity pushed his success, would he not have been received by all France as the President of the republic? Was there ever a man who rose so suddenly and so deservedly, and who fell so instantly and so suspected?

Every one knew that the honesty, the integrity, the courage, and the eloquence of Lamartine saved Paris from being deluged in blood; on him all eyes were turned, all confidence reposed; he was known to be an upright, honest man, forced from circumstances to usurp a temporary power, and only anxious to control the power of others less scrupulous and less honest; and hard and difficult as was the task, he did it cheerfully and boldly. Before him Ledru Rollin, Albert, Flocon, and Louis Blanc sank into insignificance, and amid the internal dissensions of the Provisional Government, the hints of the necessity of a bankruptcy to *save* the state, Ledru Rollin's suggestion of an increase of one franc instead of forty-five centimes on the mobilier tax, paper currency, and every other re-

publican and unscrupulous proposition, Lamartine stood firm, repressed this exuberant legislation, and calmed by his eloquence this rising ruin,—this levy on the rich,—this unequal taxation. There was no secret hidden from the clubs; Duclerc's ideas of spoliation were as much canvassed in Blanqui's assembly as in private houses; and it must be confessed that in these republican abodes the successor of Garnier Pagès acquired considerable honour, not for his talents, (for they are of a very inferior description,) but for that republican rapacity which extends its claws to grasp the golden prey.

By degrees the clubs became partially deserted: nothing outlives three months in France; she is a fickle female, ever changing, inconstant in her governments as in her affections, and this arises from that envy, hatred, and malice against all who succeed. A Frenchman can pardon anything in his friend, but success; let a man arrive at riches, greatness, and power, and every poodle in Paris will howl at his heels, and snap at his shoes. Her best government is a tyranny,—the best security for Paris is a state of siege. Liberty is the most extreme of all possible possibilities: it is a word frequently used, and never understood. The liberty of the press, for example, is another chimera; the liberty of the person another. The liberty to assemble, doubtful; the liberty of opinion, quite impossible. We are told in every street in Paris, that the French are the most educated, the most inventive of mankind; that genius resides in the Valley of the Seine,—and yet behold its works.

In vain M. Guizot may write about the necessity of order. This is the new word, and will last about three months ; even this great statesman either does not know, or feigns to know, the character of his own countrymen when he says : “ Vérité dans le présent, liberté dans l’avenir ; à ces deux conditions, l’union sérieuse de tous les éléments du parti de l’ordre est possible ; ” it may be possible, but never was there anything more improbable. The legitimist may pretend to be excessively friendly with the Bonapartist, the Philippist with the republican, but you may equally as well endeavour to mix oil with water as to unite these people in sincerity. Every one accepted the republic, almost all believing that for France it was the worst of all governments. If we are right, what a pretty future may be drawn from the words of Guizot :—“ Tous les élémens du parti de l’ordre, Bonapartistes, legitimistes, Orleanistes, conservateurs de toute date et de toute nuance, tous ont besoin, absolument besoin les uns des autres. *Unis, ils auront beaucoup à faire pour vaincre. Desunis ils seront infailliblement vaincus.* ” The odds are enormous against order. Imagine M. Emile de Girardin assisting Cavaignac, and d’Alton Shee caressing M. Baroche, and then fancy might picture out a real friendship between M. Proudhon and Henri Cinq, and a decided affection between Louis Napoleon and Louis Philippe ; even Barbès and Blanqui could not agree, and Flotte and Raspail quarrelled !

CHAPTER VIII.

M. d'Arlicourt's ' Dieu le Veut '—His prosecution and acquittal—Clubs less frequented—Trees of Liberty—Religious Ceremonial — The Curé of the Madeleine — Address of M. Buchez—Outbreak against Foreigners and foreign Servants —A Protestant Blessing — Public Money squandered on Trees of Liberty.

WE have spoken *generally* of the French people. Individually there are among them many of the finest of mankind—men of the highest honour and repute ; brave, chivalrous, generous, real patriots ;—men who really and sincerely say, “*La France avant tout,*” and who would support her with their best blood ; but even these were swept along with the torrent, and could make no resistance to the overwhelming cataract.

The sword was powerless ; not so the pen. M. d'Arlicourt came forward, when the republican fury somewhat abated, and in the boldest manner portrayed the miseries of France. He was prosecuted of course : he defended his opinions in words as warm as those he

had written, and the jury acquitted him ; but we are advancing too quickly.

The clubs became disagreeable as the weather became warmer. Republicans smell very strong, and as all was equality,—whatever might be said of liberty and fraternity,—a dirty fellow would take his seat by the cleanest of the clean, and exude a pernicious perfume. It became, therefore, necessary to have a little out-door recreation, and the trees of liberty began to appear.

Let it not for one moment be believed that the people who tore up these poplars by the roots, and carried them along the streets, followed and preceded by hundreds of the idle, cared one straw about the trees of liberty. No, they thought much more of the water, or rather the means of procuring the water, to sprinkle the roots when the tree was planted.

The planting of the tree of liberty in the Place de Beauveau, was made the pretext for a gentle plunder. We are acquainted with a young countess who at that time was seriously indisposed ; the patriots took the liberty to enter her house. Her servants asked their wish.

“The countess,” said they, “must come and assist at the planting of this tree.”

“She is very ill, confined to her bed, and unable to move.”

“We shall ascertain the truth of that declaration,” which they unceremoniously did by venturing into her bedroom.

"Madame est malade c'est vrai, mais elle peut donner quelque chose pour *arroser l'arbre de la liberté*," and they in the most obliging manner condescended to take forty francs, to buy, we presume, the watering-pot. Neither is this a singular circumstance, we could mention many, many others.

The republicans made this, besides the plunder, a religious ceremony, and the priests of the respective quarters were summoned to attend. It is easy to conceive how insincere must have been the prayer, since the church of France is far from republican; there may be, and there are, some of the French clergy who perhaps are very liberal in their political tenets, but generally speaking, they are far from being upholders of revolt and anarchy. They behaved admirably during the trying time of the revolution, and managed by their piety, firmness, and eloquence, to maintain some power over the minds of these republicans.

"*Dieu est infame*," says M. Proudhon: the words of the clergy had more effect than those of the socialist leader.

Before the tree was upraised and planted, every girl and boy in the neighbourhood tied small pieces of tri-coloured ribbon to its branches; some placed only the pure red ribbon, the symbol of the democratic and social party; others white, the secret emblem of Henri Cinq; others blue only: but when the tree did get upright, it looked like a tall bastard daughter of the Mumbo Jumbo tribe. The Mumbo Jumbo is generally a cotton tree, and a most respectable one it is;

but the poplar, in winter, is a very miserable emblem of anything like stability, and with all these rags and tatters blowing from its branches, it appeared the most ridiculous of all ridiculous trees, more especially as it was generally crowned with a red cap of liberty.

The Curé of the Madeleine was one of those worthy prelates who evidently did not fast much ; without, indeed, as is said in the play, "fasting is a windy recreation," and he was, as the sailors have it after a feast, "blown out." He measured more in the round than half a dozen trees of liberty, and it required more strength to move him, than to carry the gaudy emblems of French liberty. As this poor fat man walked with considerable difficulty, he was lifted into a *fiacre*, and drawn to the corner of the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin, where a tree was to be planted. To get the fat gentleman into the hackney coach was a work of some trouble and personal strength ; he was forced in, and down he sat, puffing and blowing like an infuriated grampus : but now came the difficulty to get him out again, as it was requisite he should walk round the "*poplar deception*," as a witty writer termed those trees. In vain the willing priest endeavoured to squeeze through the door,—he stuck half way, and apparently could neither advance nor retreat, whilst the coach heeled over like a ship in a strong breeze. It became necessary to dislodge this pious person, and some republicans, who certainly had not much respect for the representative of the church, got into the carriage

by the opposite door, and in the midst of roars of laughter, the firing of muskets, and shouts of the boys, out came the curé with considerable force, and nearly upset the whole group, which had placed themselves in the best position to resist the enormous weight. The ceremony proceeded with due gravity,—some of the principal planters supported the priest in his perambulations, and ultimately again crammed him into his *fiacre*, and gave him a considerable cheer at his departure. How he ever got out again is uncertain, but never was there a more pitiable object than this excellent man in his prison, and never was there a greater farce than the whole proceeding.

On the 25th of March, an imposing ceremony took place in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where another of these miserable lanky trees was stuck up in honour of liberty! This, however, was planted on the spot where four sergeants, called, wherefore we know not, "*Les Sergents de la Rochelle*" perished. The curé of Saint Gervais attended, and pronounced a "touching allocution," as M. Dumas is pleased to term it; there was not a little political fire in this address, and as soon as he had done, M. Buchez took the opportunity of declaring that France had gained her liberty and would keep it. He gave a kind of panoramic view of Europe, and announced that all the civilized world was resolved to follow the good example France had set. Palermo had separated from Naples; the king of Bavaria had abdicated; Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Turin, were in a blaze; all the world had groaned under

tyrannies: but now--the chain was broken, and liberty and the tree existed!

The example having been set, every band of idlers amused themselves by planting these ridiculous trophies, and some staunch republicans kept watch over them by night for fear any re-actionary madman should cut them down, which any strong man might have done with a single blow of an axe.

These nuisances were to be seen everywhere. In front of the Madeleine had they planted a real cotton Mumbo Jumbo tree it would have looked insignificant, but the poor miserable skeleton which was stuck up in front of this most magnificent of edifices, rendered the whole affair contemptible. We should have imagined that some of the good sense which we so often hear talked about, would have kept sacred the Place de la Concorde from such violation; but there also a lop-sided tree swings to and fro in the wind, like the yard of a lateen-rigged vessel sailing before the breeze. The fountains looked ashamed of their companion, and the whole effect was destroyed by this profanation. Behind the Madeleine the enthusiastic admirers built a trellice work, and planted some flowers around the tree. The flowers grew, flourished, and blossomed, but the tree very shortly died; it did not even outlive the tyranny of the "state of siege."

At the planting of all these trees we always heard a great deal about the old song--liberty, equality, and fraternity, but no sooner was the ceremony over, than

these fraternal gentlemen insisted that all foreign servants should be sent out of the country, and gentlemen who retained them were threatened with uncomfortable visits. Even the poor Savoyards who clean shoes at the corners, and who run on errands, were declared interlopers and consumers, and we have ourselves had to protect some of these little fellows from most unprovoked attacks.

“Why should these people remain?” was asked; “do they not eat what belongs to us? Before long we shall be in want of food, and we shall have to starve in order that they may live.”

It never occurred to these brothers that they had themselves brought the ruin so near; and that their ridiculous revolutions had plunged the country into this desperate difficulty. The blindest of men is an infuriated patriot!

In the meantime the engine-drivers on the different railroads had notice to quit, or to prepare to defend themselves. English coachmen and servants were glad to escape from the fraternal threat, and as every man reduced his establishment to avoid the dreadful imputation of being a gentleman, a general departure of the foreign servants was the consequence. In vain did some writers declare that the threat was never executed, in vain did they write:—“A report is circulated that all foreign servants and labourers are to be sent out of France. This would be a most culpable act. The Republic declares itself as inaugurating an era of peace and fraternity on the earth,

and beyond our frontiers the world has saluted it with cries of joy."

It is scarcely conceivable that educated men could have written such palpable falsehoods, when they read in the English papers of subscriptions raised for the very persons who were forced to leave fraternal France, and who in some cases arrived in England not only pillaged but maltreated.

It is very certain no foreigner reposed in peace under the pleasing shade of the trees of liberty; they were planted, watered, blessed, and protected; the sap was partially up when the ceremony took place, so that a few sickly leaves appeared in due season, and as Providence most especially favoured this country by a season of general plenty and salubrity, the trees of liberty appeared to revel in the luxury of adoration; the flowers at their roots blossomed, and all appeared as if that blessing of liberty, unknown in France, had taken root with the revolution, and that a new era was about to dawn.

We are told of a Protestant clergyman of great celebrity and consummate eloquence having been forced to attend the planting of one of these misnamed trees; he went very unwillingly, and was called upon to bless the lanky staff. To this he replied:—"That according to his notions of religion, trees were not objects on which to implore a blessing;" but he continued, "I have a higher and a nobler blessing to ask, and that is, that God may bless you all, and instil into your hearts a true and sincere desire

for that liberty, equality, and fraternity of which improperly you boast; that also that great Providence may guard the world in peace and happiness, and so guide and direct you all, that from this revolution may spring a lasting government not to be again overthrown; that France may rise to her former greatness and power, the rich be protected, and the poor nourished and relieved. And now upon you, my brethren, [and here the crowd knelt down] I implore the blessing of God in all sincerity—God prosper you, God bless you, and God pour out that spirit which may make you good citizens and good subjects.” The crowd arose and bowed to him as to a divinity; they came to scoff, and they remained to pray.

The mercurial disposition of these people occasions the various excesses into which they are either led or fall; here the best feeling had been instilled, but no sooner had the clergyman retired than some ribald jest effaced his words, and when the evening set in, we have not the least doubt that every one of them who was not in attendance at the clubs, frequented the street, bellowing out—“*des lampions, des lampions*,” disturbing the quiet citizens, of which *they* did not form a part; and finishing the evening with the everlasting song of the *Marseillaise*.

We remarked that all these planters of trees, who were the lowest of the low, the general idler, and the tattered vagabond, had all plenty of money. Now amidst the many secrets divulged concerning the Provisional Government, and although the accounts,

according to M. Goudchaux, have been examined and found correct, no item appears such as "general expences for amusing the idle by planting trees, called trees of liberty," yet we are pretty certain that money was supplied in that quarter, and that all the plunder for the watering of these stalks, never realized one sixteenth of the sum this starving population squandered in *cabarets*, *fêtes*, and frolics.

CHAPTER IX.

The Sixteenth of March—Demonstration of the National Guard—Resisted by the Mob—Deputation of Workmen—Reception at the Hôtel de Ville—Caussidière named Prefect of Police—Absence of Great Men—The Republican “Happy Family”—Mob enmity against England—Demonstration in favour of Ireland, Germany, and Poland—Disunion in France, the cause of most of its Evils.

On the 16th of March we had a grand display of the National Guard: they met unarmed, and convinced every spectator that if they acted in unison, there never would be a revolution in Paris.

The opposite party immediately declared that this was a re-actionary movement in favour of Henry V., or of the house of Orleans; we conscientiously believe that not more than two hundred out of the one hundred thousand reported to be present, knew what they met for. But the revolutionary party are quite aware that these *veteran* soldiers did not meet without an object, and in a moment they resolved to oppose them.

We were present at the whole affair ; we reviewed the troops on the Boulevards, and afterwards went to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, occupying a front window and commanding a good view of the exciting scene.

Whatever the National Guards intended, it is quite evident the sovereign people meant business, and consequently there was great bustle and animation.

As everybody in those days appeared to have taken out a licence to shoot, and walked about some with double-barrelled guns, and some with military muskets, we were not at all surprised to see a little preparation for action, such as lashing on a bayonet to a fowling-piece, and occasionally the right arm making a certain perpendicular motion indicative of examining the contents of the barrel.

It is true that Ledru Rollin's circular had excited general apprehension and reprobation, but this gentleman, as he afterwards explained, was quite aware that the provinces did not wish to accept the republic, and that therefore it was necessary to instil a little fear by sending proconsuls to change the magistracy, upset the prefects, &c., and to place in their chairs a real good unquestionable red republican. Ledru Rollin was perfectly right in all his ideas ; he knew his countrymen well, the proconsuls appeared, and "*Vive la République*" re-echoed in France.

The demonstration of the National Guards might have been to protest against a repetition of such fraternal authority ; and the Provisional Government seem

to have believed this the object, for on that day they issued a circular, declaring that "no magistrate was to be removed by Ledru Rollin's commissaries, but that a report should be made to the Minister of the Interior, who was to refer the complaint to the Minister of Justice." Others maintain that this demonstration took place in reference to a regulation abolishing some difference of dress in the National Guard, and others again believe that it was got up in favour of order, and was intended to show such an imposing force as would satisfy the most sceptical, that *united* these men could save Paris.

At last, after the most exemplary patience, the National Guards began to march towards the Hôtel de Ville, the news of which soon reached that rendezvous of all rioters. A great stir was manifest; and shortly afterwards some very determined looking republicans advanced to meet the approaching citizens, posting some of their party in the Place du Châtelet, whilst a strong body proceeded to the Pont Neuf.

The National Guards kept moving forward, and the opposite party still increased its numbers. Suddenly General Courtais, who at that time commanded the National Guard of Paris, emerged with his staff from the Hôtel de Ville, and rode towards the foremost body whom he ordered to halt; he addressed several companies, some of whom expressed great discontent, but the burthen of the argument was this:—"that if they advanced a collision was inevitable, the mob were resolved that the National Guards should not proceed,

and he, General Courtais, fearing the consequences, desired them to retire."

Although in a former part of this work we have strongly reprobated the conduct of this civic guard, yet it must not be believed for a moment that we imputed their conduct to cowardice; we distinctly said it was to *disaffection*, and to the want of any authority of any kind. On the 24th of February, we never could find the commander-in-chief of the National Guards, neither were they supplied with ammunition; the consequence was a general inactivity in those who would have acted, and a very reasonable excuse for those who *would not* have acted. There is plenty of the bravest blood amongst those men, but they must be well commanded, or they would most uselessly encumber the streets. If their general forsakes them, they become instantly a confused mass, impeding the regular troops, and frustrating all the movements of the army.

After a parley of some minutes, and after, it is said, some violent reproaches fulminated against the general, a few of the National Guards were allowed, as a deputation from the whole, to advance towards the Hôtel de Ville, whilst the mob in surly silence permitted them to pass unmolested; another serious altercation took place, after which the National Guards retired.

Whatever idea some men formed of this demonstration, it was entirely effaced by that of the following day. The mob had again gained the ascendant; they placed themselves in an offensive position, and de-

ploring, as every one did, the effusion of blood, it was obvious, that the National Guards intended going to the Hôtel de Ville, and that they had been frustrated in their endeavours by the mob. They lost their object, and consequently the other party claimed success.

On the 17th a demonstration of what M. Dumas modestly calls "*une députation d'ouvriers*" took place; it is quite true that some had banners indicating a mass of tinkers, tailors, and shoemakers, but there were plenty of other brothers who seemed to belong to any profession to which they might accidentally be called. In these ranks we observed many priests, who from the faint manner they shouted "*Vive la République*," were evidently forced to "march through Coventry" with their brethren.

This demonstration was declared to be in favour of Ledru Rollin, and met with a very different reception from the National Guards the day before; for on its arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, it was received at the entrance by Messrs. Lamartine, Garnier Pagès, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Crémieux, and Marie. Louis Blanc addressed the multitude, and his speech was most vehemently applauded although not a hundred could hear what was said. Immense cheers were given for Ledru Rollin, and as the thousands retired they continued shouting the name of their favourite, and after the "*Vive la République*," they added "*à bas les Carlistes!*"

We remarked in this demonstration more angry feeling than in any other. Although we never profess

to dress in that degree of fashion which might entitle the loungers to general observation or admiration, and although, if the truth must be told, since the 24th of February, a rather slovenly demeanour was most in accordance with the general fashion of the day, yet were we saluted many times by angry ruffians, who shouted "*à bas les aristocrates ;*" and once or twice the semaphorical display of arms seemed to indicate a certain propensity to carry out the threat of "*à bas les Anglais,*" which followed the chorus of "*Mourir pour la Patrie,*" which of course was bellowed by every brat in the crowd.

The immense numerical force of these working classes, honourable and dishonourable, seemed the most overwhelming proof that the demonstration of the National Guards had in no way damped the ardour of the republicans. This was got up, it was asserted, to support Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Albert, who, justly or unjustly, were supposed the supporters of the red republic. The condemnation of M. Louis Blanc by the high court of Bourges seems to justify the suspicion: at any rate the republican party gained strength by this demonstration, and added a reward to one of the most ardent insurgents, by appointing M. Caussidière as Prefect of Police on the 21st of March. Four months previous to this, M. Caussidière might as well have aspired to the situation of President of the Chamber of Peers, as to that of Prefect of Police.

The republic soon exhibited great signs of weakness

in its men and its government. No phoenix arose from the ashes of royalty : indeed, so few were the men who appeared trustworthy in the eyes of the Provisional Government, that we find one family usurping half of the power. M. Arago, for instance, now held the portfolio of the Ministers of War and Marine, commanding both the army and the navy. M. Etienne Arago was Post-master General, and M. Emanuel Arago was sent to Lyons to organize a second Luxembourg job ;—this was the “ Happy Family ” of the republic !

In the meantime the assertion of Lamartine, “ that when Providence wishes to set the world in a blaze, the thought is engendered in the heart of a Frenchman,” seemed realized. Italy was fairly on fire ; so were Germany, Austria, Prussia, and Naples. Sicily had a Ruggiero Settimo, and even a miserable deputation of Chartists from England had come over to applaud the revolution of February. The French papers occasionally asserted that Queen Victoria had abdicated, and that news seemed the most welcome of all. To have revolutionized England—to have muzzled that tremendous lion, would indeed have been a daylight song for the Gallic cock ! It was marvellous how such reports were credited, and with what delight they were received, and yet at that moment England seemed inclined to strengthen her bonds of amity with her treacherous friend. In vain these complaisant conspirators said—“ France and England united, and we rule the world.” In vain they gave

the fraternal hug ;—they like us not, and like us less now, than ever. The steady greatness of the country, the determination to preserve order, and to suppress, if only by special constables' staffs, all rebellion and revolution, can never be pardoned by the party in France who *act* ; the party who *speak* will give as much praise as words can convey.

We particularly notice this, because in the midst of the apparent enthusiasm of friendship for the once perfidious Albion, we were present at a ragged demonstration which formed in the Place de la Concorde, and over the heads of which floated the flag of Ireland and its harp. Ah ! here, indeed, was something like the beginning of a disorganization of the British empire ! Of all the miserable failures which afterwards happened to that unfortunate country, this was the greatest. We were present at the muster, and we can assert that not one hundred people formed that demonstration, and one half of those were Frenchmen ; but it was the manner in which this mob was received,—the loud acclamations which welcomed the ragged school of republicanism,—which struck us forcibly, and convinced us that whilst the hand of fraternity was extended, the heart of hatred beat quickly. The German demonstration was on a better scale. The Polish was an accumulating tide, and every now and then a very kindly disposed mass of people, with the resolution to revolutionize the world, shouted out in loud chorus, “ *Vive l'enfer, Vive la guillotine,*” and “ *à bas tout le monde.*” These were sweeping reformers

with a vengeance, and had harnessed themselves to the car of disorder, resolved to drag it through all the blood of Europe.

It must be well understood that all these demonstrations were got up by the lowest rabble. France has as many gentlemen, and is as civilized a community as any nation : these men avoided such folly, but they never resisted it ; they shrugged their shoulders, —declared it was a “*fait accompli*,”—that “*il faut attendre*,”—and finished the whole, after deploring the ruin of their country, with the everlasting termination of every remark,—“*Enfin que voulez-vous*.”

There is no unity amongst the higher classes in France ; all are playing their own games. A house divided against itself cannot stand ; it was in this delight of the legitimist at seeing the house divided, and the fear of the Orleanist party less the legitimists should gain the ascendancy, that like the vulgar fable of the two dogs quarrelling for the bone, the republicans walked away with it, and afterwards destroyed it themselves with their usual indiscretion.

CHAPTER X.

Effect of Ledru Rollin's Circular—Numerous resignations of Public Officers—Extensive bribery of Voters—Patriot Purity—Alleged Plot to blow up the Hôtel de Ville—Republican Commissaries—Division among the Provisional Government—Postponement of the Elections—Polish Deputation and Lamartine's Speech—Two classes only, gainers by the Republic.

WE have said that the republicans destroyed their own work, and we repeat it. The circulars of Ledru Rollin scared every man, and the idea of a reign of terror became common enough amongst the timid.

Men holding high situations began to give in their resignations. M. Kératry led the van ; M. Duplessis, Juge d'instruction at Meaux, followed, giving as a reason for his resignation, that he would not have spies placed upon his actions. M. Montjau positively refused to hold office under a dictator. M. d'Assailly declared he believed himself in a dream when he read Ledru Rollin's circular, and although a republican, he could not divest himself of the idea that in a sweet

slumber he had been carried to the government of some Eastern Satrap, and that he saw before him the Felta of a Vizier. Colonels of long standing, prefects of irreproachable character, judges and mayors,—all resigned as they read the despotic circular which emanated from a *soi-disant* republican.

Whilst the country became alarmed, the cause of all this disturbance became the subject of universal reprobation. Amongst other absurdities, the production was attributed to a lady who writes under the masculine denomination of George Sand ; but it was from the dictation of the would-be dictator, and the odium of the document must for ever rest upon the head of the Minister of the Interior.

On the 24th of February there was a sum amounting to eight millions of francs in the treasury. The loaves and fishes were irresistible, and here we see again that the most furious republican *out* of office—the man who in the senate raises his voice against bribery and corruption,—the pure patriot in words, becomes the means of the greatest corruption and profligacy when seated in the comfortable abode of the Minister of the Interior.

The best way to test a patriot is to offer him some temptation. Men who are purer than the rest of the world in their words, are generally the most depraved in their actions. The old saying is realized every day of our lives : “ When a man boasts of his honesty, put your hands in your pockets ; ” it is borne out to the fullest extent by the patriots who upset the monarchy.

For a long time M. Ledru Rollin had electrified the French Chamber of Deputies by his flaming elocution in favour of purity of election. Universal suffrage (that premium upon lying) was the panacea, and no man thundered his anathemas against corruption more loudly, or more vehemently, than Ledru Rollin. Behold now this patriot in office—behold him governing the destinies of France as her Minister of the Interior, and as we gently lift up the curtain, we show how the tongue and the hand can vary.

As it was quite evident that republican France had no republicans, it was requisite to make them either by fear, or bribery; and M. Ledru Rollin having tried the first, now had recourse to the second. It is attested by official documents that this pure republican sent into the provinces no less a sum than 123,000 francs to bribe the voters! aye, it is attested by official documents that this money was sent by the pure, unspotted patriot, the Minister of the Interior, to bribe the voters! and he has survived the shame and the discovery!

It is true, thousands of exaggerated reports were spread about the purity of this minister. It was declared that a celebrated French actress lent her avaricious aid to plunder the property of France; and curious anecdotes concerning certain diamond necklaces, armlets, &c., were on every tongue. The patriot, who it was reported was in excessive difficulties before the revolution, suddenly became emancipated from the touch of the bailiff, and revelled in every

luxury ; orgies were spoken of quite in conformity with the satrap customs, and in fact, by some unaccountable good fortune, it became manifest that there was no need for the law immediately passed against "arrest for debt," so far as the patriot was concerned ; —his debts were paid, he was free as air.

The good fortune of Ledru Rollin led to some suspicion amongst his honourable fraternity, and we find the second model of purity, M. Marrast, coming out strongly in the patriot line. Heaven only knows how many—many lines of the *National* M. Marrast had written against everything like bribery, corruption, or dishonesty. No man was quicker than this fortunate gentleman and citizen in detecting corruption in others. We beg leave to introduce M. Marrast to the world as the Prefect of the Seine, under the first Government of the glorious and holy republic !

There is a law in France that no man can receive a salary for more than one situation ; it is a law against "*cumulation*" as it is termed. Now the least we could expect to find, would be, that so able a writer, and so pure a patriot, as Citoyen Marrast would naturally conform to this law ; and if he must plunder the state, he would do it by that quiet abstraction which could be put down to "bribing voters," or "making republicans." The golden apple was too tempting to be resisted, and hence we find by *official documents* that M. Citoyen Marrast not only received a salary as Prefect of the Seine, as a member of the Provisional Government, but also as holding two other situations.

And what is the excuse for this violation of the law,—this plunder of the innocent republic? This :—“That it became necessary for Citoyen Marrast to get money by any means, *in order to pay spies to watch the movements of Ledru Rollin!*” Nay, Citoyen Marrast declares that owing to the vigilance of those spies paid to watch his particular friend, he discovered and averted “a plot to blow up the Hôtel de Ville!”

We naturally pause at these assertions; can it be true, that the exemplary patriot Ledru Rollin contemplated the numerous murders which must have occurred had the Hôtel de Ville, at that time garrisoned it may be said by at least one thousand persons, and surrounded by three thousand more, been suddenly blown up? Is it possible, we ask, that such an infernal thought, in comparison to which Fieschi's infernal machine was but a pop-gun, could ever have been engendered in the breast of a pure republican? and if there is no truth in this official assertion of M. Marrast, why is it not contradicted? But be it true, or be it false, it is evident that the Provisional Government of France was, three days after its assumption to power, divided against itself; that the more moderate, such as Lamartine, Dupont de l'Eucre, and Garnier Pagès trembled for every act which the Minister of the Interior might perform; and that no one could say what excesses so pure a republican might not venture to attempt.

But whilst this little plunder and slight violation of the law were going forward at the Hôtel de Ville and

at the residence of the Minister of the Interior, a similar scene was enacted on a larger scale in the provinces. Everybody seems to have made himself a commissary ; in some departments three gentlemen all claimed to be the officially appointed commissaires, *and received pay as préfets!* In some department the Inspectors General were hunted by bailiffs, and the whole record of the Provisional Government bears out the former assertion, "that patriots out of office with iron bars between them and the mint, and patriots in office, with the bars removed, are very different people." Nay, so very far was bribery carried, that a few superior artists, who from the revolution became impoverished, and were obliged to enter the national *ateliers*, were solicited to become—not the gentle advocates of republican doctrines,—but actually the bullies to force the waverers to vote and act as was desired. These gentlemen refused to a man, and even the golden lure, resisted with so much difficulty, was in this case spurned and despised.

For our own part we do not hesitate to say, we have an unmitigated horror of patriots, and of all people who pretend to be either more patriotic or pious than their neighbours. A good opportunity of plunder, or a gentle inducement to a pleasurable sin, is sure to detect the wolf in the lamb's comfortable clothing ; but it was never more distinctly discovered than in the affairs of the Provisional Government.

Nothing can more faithfully delineate the split in the cabinet than this circumstance, that while M. de

Lamartine's circular to the diplomatic corps was read and admired by every one, when non-intervention and war were equally reprobated, M. Caussidière, the Prefect of Police, was busily engaged getting together some fire-eating republicans, and arranged for (but forgot to pay) the transport of these gentlemen into Belgium. It would appear the more the secrets are revealed, that from the first moment of power, there was a division in the camp, and it is now evident that the security of property, the escape from a forced loan and assignats, were entirely owing to the firmness and moderation of Lamartine and his friends.

We shall see shortly how this Government was destroyed, and see also how discretion and coolness abrogated every law made in haste and timidity. One thing, however, is certain, that the words of Danton were not realized:—"En révolution, l'autorité finit toujours par appartenir au plus scélérat." So far as the Provisional Government was concerned, this was not the case; and, indeed, how should it have been? did not Lamartine say:—"Le 24 Février a placé la République dans une des plus belles situations où la France (poor France!) se soit jamais rencontrée. *La Providence a été son Ministre des Affaires Etrangères.*" Considering that Lamartine was himself the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time, thus being the incarnation of Providence, it was out of the question to imagine that the "*plus scélérat*" would have the upper hand! "Words, words, words,"—these are the curse of France.

Not a little surprise was occasioned by the adjournment of the general elections; and here again the red republicans threw away a chance, for the longer the elections were deferred, so much the more certain would be the re-action. The panic was fast vanishing, the order and honesty observed by the lower classes began to inspire some confidence, and when on the 27th of March the elections were postponed until the 23rd of April, many who had fled on reading Ledru Rollin's circular, returned and held up their heads. The day appointed for the first meeting of the National Assembly was the 4th of May, and it was fixed for that day in pious remembrance of the States General in 1789; there is nothing like following a good example!

Although the stream ran apparently pretty quietly on its surface, having only now and then a slight ruffle occasioned by a suspicious breeze, yet the under currents were getting strong, and men began to foresee a storm. The Poles, who have so frequently tried all Europe to back them up in a rebellion, thought that Republican France would gladly aid them in obtaining liberty.

Poland, indeed, has been for years a kind of stalking horse to kick at any ministry: now of course Poland's emancipation was at hand, and therefore a deputation of these everlasting Poles paid their respects to M. de Lamartine. M. Godebski was the orator, to whom Lamartine answered,—his speech blew hot and cold, very poetical at times, very promising, and at

others very deceptive ; but the finale was in these words:—"et la France ne se souvient que de son amour pour la Pologne." The future will show how desperately inconstant France was to every country which had the misfortune to trust in her love and her promises. In vain all the Poles tossed up their hats for the republic, and in vain some equally silly Frenchmen believed in the *words* of the Provisional Government.

The French Republic had a grand opportunity of proving how much more they honoured agreements than the government of the monarchy. The poor benighted Abdel Kader was a prisoner, in violation of the most sacred promise,—aye, a promise ratified by a royal prince. Little did he know how hollow, how insincere, were all French promises ; he was actually absurd enough to give credit to the word of honour of France, pledged by a general, and ratified by a royal prince, and has, in consequence, inhabited a French prison ever since. And how did the republican government act—the very people who had taunted the monarchical government with this breach of faith ? why they were very sorry, very much ashamed, but sent orders that Abdel Kader should be as closely watched as before, and that the château at Pau should be prepared to receive the credulous Emir, his family, and forty of his attendants ! In prison will that poor Emir die ; he may look out of those barred windows, and sigh for his tents and his people, and as he exclaims—"God is great, God is just," he may see in

the downfall of Louis Philippe the truth of his ejaculation.

In the meantime Paris had begun to assume some little life. M. Caussidière, who has lived to hear of his *name* being stuck upon the pillory, as they could not get his person, took the resolution of keeping order in the capital, and saved us from the nocturnal visitation of a pack of boys and girls who forced every one to illuminate, shouting out— “*des lampions, des lampions!*” Directly those words were heard everybody lit his grease-pot, and great was the light and the stench of Paris.

Whatever blame may justly or unjustly have fallen upon M. Caussidière, no one will deny the immense service he did to the peaceable inhabitants during the time he filled the office of Prefect of Police; under his sway, all those *attroupements* were frustrated; the firing of muskets in the streets (by no means an uncommon event) was prohibited, and the independent republicans were desired not to walk about with double-barrelled guns.

In carefully reviewing the past, we can only discover two sets of people who up to this time had benefited by the total overthrow of order, confidence, and loyalty, —“the murderer and the swindler;” one no longer feared the guillotine, or the other the bailiff; and these gentlemen cared very little if M. Arago earned his pay of Minister of Marine, who, no doubt thinking it imperative to do something, issued at last an *ordonnance* by which he changed the title of a midshipman from

"*élève de la marine*," to the more republican one of "*aspirant*." No man knew better the value of the word than the Minister of Marine. The public swindler, and the Provisional Government continued their onward course, knowing very well, that do what they would, the gentle, kind, considerate people would only shrug their shoulders, and say—" *Enfin que voulez-vous ?* "

CHAPTER XI.

Outrage at the Office of the Presse Newspaper—Preparations for the Elections—Unpopularity of the Commissaries—Intimidation in the Departments—Orleans Railway seized by Government—Continued distrust—Theatres thrown open to the Public—Rachel and the Marseillaise—Recall of the Troops to Paris—Working-men's meeting of the 17th April—Manifesto of MM. Louis Blanc and Albert—Disturbances in the Provinces—Montauban, St. Etienne, Lyons, Bordeaux—Fête de la Concorde—Quiet demeanour and good-humour of the Spectators

On the 29th of March, chance took us to the Rue Montmartre. We found ourselves in the midst of a very agitated mob, and on inquiry learnt that the public were discontented with some articles published in the *Presse* newspaper, and therefore resolved to take the law into their own hands, and show their respect for the liberty of the press, by destroying the papers as they were issued from the office.

This outrage gave the Société Centrale Républicaine an opportunity of mingling in the fray. M. Dumas

thus remarks upon the event:—"The liberty of the press might have perished in this first affair, it came out victorious; all true republicans, whether those of to-day, or yesterday, must feel happy at the result." Very short indeed was the happiness! M. de Girardin, the editor, lived to inhabit the Conciergerie, and three months after this event, the poor *Presse* was the greatest and most servile slave in Christendom—gagged most thoroughly, even to suffocation.

The Provisional Government had now arrived at the pleasant amusement of mischievous boys: they had taken the watch to pieces, and found themselves incapable of putting it together again; they therefore prepared to hand over that task to the National Assembly. But the National Assembly, although the result of universal suffrage, was not allowed to be elected without the most infamous bribery and intimidation.

The emissaries of Ledru Rollin left the Hôtel in the Rue de Grenelle with orders *signed* by the Minister of the Interior, which authorized the commissary to impose his own election, or any other person's he chose to name; bribery and corruption, backed by a little red republican intimidation, were the order of the day: the clubs became more violent, and a child could predict the forthcoming storm; all was confusion and discontent.

In some departments the arrival of the new commissaries was the signal for a demonstration against the Government. This particularly happened in the Department of Aisne, where the whole population rose

to retain M. Champvans, and some time afterwards the commissary sent to Bordeaux was glad to escape by the door, as he was threatened to be thrown out of the window. It was a business of some danger accepting power from the Provisional Government, and even higher offices than those of prefects and commissaries were frequently refused. Thus General Cavaignac refused the situation of Minister of War, as did Generals Oudinot, Changarnier, Schramm, and Préal, so that M. François Arago, of the "Happy Family," filled that office, and General Gazan, who exercised the functions of Directeur du Personnel, handed over his charge to the fortunate and omnipresent Arago.

The intimidation in the departments was sufficiently alarming, but it was a trifle in regard to the first great preparatory step to the confiscation of private property. On the 5th of April, the Government placed under sequestration the Orleans and the Vierzon railways; this was done in order, as it was said, "to ensure the regularity of the trains," but the fact was, that actual money was a very rare commodity, and as travellers paid in specie, the Government got some little assistance. The sequestration was ordered without the consent of the proprietors, for we find the following resolution taken by the administrators:—"That the abandonment of the sequestration in the shortest possible delay, should be reclaimed from the Government." It had this good effect, that other railway companies began to apprehend the irreligious and

grasping claws of M. Duclerc, and to make preparations for resisting all violation of private property.

The clubs always advocated the necessity of the state becoming the possessors of the railroads, and of course those gentlemen who were socialists thought not of the means, so long as they could gain their ends. Not all the Gardiens de Ville, a new guard, distinguished by a copper badge on the arm, and amounting to two thousand, would have been sufficient to arrest the public robbers, who, under the specious name of fraternity, were prepared to plunder all proprietors. Such spoliation as this was not likely to restore confidence.

In spite of the eloquence of the *first workman* in France (a title Louis Blanc gave himself), the workmen did not return to their labour. The wants of the people increased daily ; the circulars of Ledru Rollin, and his pompous parades through the national *ateliers*, failed to produce the slightest beneficial effect. Neither confidence nor credit could be restored, the people saw the despot in every action, and read tyranny in every word. The ship had been entrusted to a drunken pilot, who disregarded the shoals and quicksands, the currents and the rocks which surrounded her, and carried a press of sail when the squall was the nearest.

When people are idle, they are always mischievous ; in order to amuse, since they could not employ, the lower orders of Paris, the theatres were thrown open gratuitously. Since the 24th of February, so very few attended these places of amusement, that even the

promissory payment of the Provisional Government was a chance for the directors not to throw away.

The object was to revive some excitement in favour of the republic, and as novelty is ever charming, the great tragic actress came forth to *sing* the *Marseillaise*; we confess we have never witnessed any exhibition more likely to draw forth a momentary applause than the unparalleled energy of this great performer. We cannot believe that she is a republican, but when she wrapped herself in the tri-coloured flag, and knelt as she sang the words of the most spirit-stirring song ever penned, we felt ourselves borne away by the universal enthusiasm, and forgot all the miseries of the republic in the glow of animation we experienced. Neither were we,—firm, stern, unflinching royalists as we are, and have ever been,—the only victims of Rachael's power; by our side sat the Turkish ambassador, and he, the representative of true despotism, could not refrain from joining in the universal applause. It was what is vulgarly called a hit, and to the shout of "*Vive la République*" the Provisional Government, represented by Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Dupont, Louis Blanc, Marrast, and Carnot, bowed as the Chevaliers de Lustre (as the *claqueurs* are called) roared of course, "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire*."

In 1830, we remember at Dieppe being present when this song was sung at the theatre, and when all the spectators rose and joined in the chorus—" *Aux armes, Citoyens,*" and the enthusiasm of that moment was obliterated by the greater shout of applause that

welcomed the talented actress. Scandalous babblers declared that Rachael came forth in this unusual character at the request of one who was supposed to protect her, and who had been accused of squandering the nation's money to cover her with diamonds.

For a moment it revived the drooping spirits of the auditors. Frenchmen cannot withstand a *pirouette* or a chorus; they are the most elastic-minded people alive, who always accept a "*fait accompli*," and look on at ruin, disorder, and a republic, with — "*Enfin que voulez-vous?*" Whatever other nations may do, France cannot be said to profit by example.

The Provisional Government having now nearly survived a month's existence, began to wish for the presence of the troops, all of whom the red republicans had managed to get sent out of Paris. On the 15th of April, the 61st regiment was ordered to enter Paris; it was the wedge by which the road would be opened to others. The red republicans made a show of opposition, and as the troops approached the *Barrière du Trône*, a *rencontre* seemed very probable. The soldiers marched up with their bayonets fixed, and the mob advanced. The coolness of the colonel saved any effusion of blood. The mob insisted that the troops should halt, and halt they did.

"Now," said the colonel with great calmness, "will you be kind enough to answer me one question?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Pray then," continued the colonel, "tell me, is the Provisional Government overset?"

"Most certainly not," answered the mob.

"Oh, very well, then," said the cool commander ;
"then of course you will let me pass, for here are the orders for me to enter Paris !"

In an instant the crowd shouted "*Vive le Colonel*," the passage was opened, and the troops entered. Nothing shows the French character more than this anecdote. The crowd all knew the Provisional Government had given orders to the soldiers to enter Paris ; they went resolved to oppose the entrance, a few words with a certain degree of cleverness changed their opinion, they embraced the people they came to fight, and when afterwards rebuked by their brother republicans for the change, they replied—"The colonel made us laugh, *et enfin que voulez-vous ?*"

The 17th of April was a day of some anxiety in Paris, and we heard the "*Prends ton sac*," the rappel. An immense crowd of workmen had assembled in the Champs de Mars with banners and flags : the favourite motto was—"Abolition de l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme, organisation du travail." Innocent as this looked, it was reported that several members of the clubs had mixed with the workmen, and were busy in instilling those delightful socialist doctrines by which the idle are to live at the expense of the laborious—doctrines which are sure to take root everywhere, although those who have wealth will be found by no means inclined to share it without a considerable resistance.

General Duvivier had, however, organized with sur-

prising celerity that prætorian guard, "La Garde Mobile." We, who watched every change in this strange revolution, saw nothing more rapid than the conversion of a dirty set of boys into highly-disciplined and effective troops, in the space of a few days.

It is true they were drilled morning, noon, and night, but they all seemed to like it, and after a few hours of that intellectual amusement, the goose step, they marched admirably, and became a most imposing and well disciplined corps.

On the occasion of the above assemblage of workmen, a division of this force first appeared as the maintainers of order : there was hardly a man amongst them who had not contributed to create the *disorder* ; they were the real *gamins de Paris*, and some of them were not as tall as their muskets. The demonstration was allowed to proceed, and was received by Lamartine and Marrast, but the National Guard, nearly led to a collision by their intemperate cries of "*à bas les communistes, des fauteurs du désordre.*" This was ill judged, but the appearance of the Garde Mobile kept any turbulent spirit quiet, and after a day of some excitement and apprehension, the evening closed calmly and silently.

The walls of Paris had presented an extraordinary appearance ; the ten thousand plans for raising money, educating the poor, and governing the world, were now pasted over by the profession of faith of the candidates for the National Assembly. To read all these *affiches* was impossible, but we read quite enough to

see that according to these professions, every man welcomed the republic, and every man was resolved to be the purest, the most honest, the most upright and patriotic citizen ; and the Government by way of throwing a tub to the whale, declared the tax on salt should be abolished on the first of January, 1849, thereby legislating in advance for the National Assembly. It was a mere election manoeuvre, and served its purpose.

Everybody was prepared to govern the country ; every man thought himself perfectly capable of conducting the crazy vessel of the state, and both MM. Louis Blanc and Albert had the same idea, for in one of their manifestoes, they say—" We wish to have elected for the National Assembly *vingt ouvriers*, out of the thirty-four to be named representatives for Paris." We should always be inclined to imagine that shoemakers, tinkers, and tailors, would be much more efficient members of their respective trades, than as the gentlemen valets of a Government ; the ten articles published by Louis Blanc and Albert are of such a nature, that if acted upon, the free exercise of opinion, as regards the voters, would be annihilated. The very people who bawled the loudest for universal suffrage, were the very people who endeavoured to rob the voter of his right to vote for the man he would select !

Whilst Paris was getting into a very unwholesome state of excitement, in preparation for the elections, the provinces were anything but quiet. In Mont-



auban, M. Sauriac, one of Ledru Rollin's commissaries, was obliged to leave the town four hours after he had entered it, and in revenge resolved to humble the rebel city; by way of establishing order, he returned at the head of two batteries of artillery, and a strong detachment of the 11th Chasseurs. M. Sauriac was informed that his entrance would be disputed; on-wards he came with intemperate zeal, but a steady opposition had been formed. The drums beat, the National Guards flew to their arms, the artillery was seized in the Faubourgs, and the 11th Chasseurs followed their leader close enough to hear him give his resignation, when the whole world seemed risen against him. At St. Etienne, the ladies got up a revolt: they declared that the nuns robbed them of their food by working, and selling their work. The convents were attacked and a most serious collision took place; blood was shed, and the nunneries sacked and burnt. The women were much more desperate than the men, it cost the lives of several of the National Guard, and was altogether a most serious and deplorable affair.

Day after day brought intelligence of fresh disturbances, and although the newspapers made light of their very frequent occurrence, yet it was well known that the glorious republic had occasioned the loss of many lives; and however admirably the population of Paris had hitherto behaved, the rural districts had exhibited on many occasions a degree of exasperation which foreboded no good for the general elections. Lyons was, of course, in continued revolt; a city of

that magnitude, with thousands and thousands of unemployed, must necessarily be the focus of discontent ; besides which, Lyons had its clubs, its socialists, its red republicans, and order was with great difficulty maintained within its walls. At Bordeaux, the headquarters of the Legitimists, the murmurs were both loud and deep. Every party had contributed to upset the throne, it now became requisite to wear out the republic, but not to do it suddenly ; the elections united those who still looked forward to see the white flag flying on the Tuileries, and although the supposed leader of that party urged every one to accept the republic, they accepted it with so very bad a grace, that they had better have cast off the mask at once than worn so flimsy a covering.

Whilst everything was thus in a glorious confusion in the provinces, Paris was about to waste plenty of the remaining money in *fêtes*, amusements, fireworks, and follies. The triumphal arch was crowded by workmen all preparing for the 20th of April, when the world was promised a review of 300,000 men, and an harmonious reunion of the army, the National Guard, and the Garde Mobile. At that moment the army hated the Mobile, because the Mobile had more pay, and the National Guards hated them both. It was called the Fête de la Concorde.

The 20th of April dawned unpropitiously, for it rained, and no nation in the world appears so much afraid of wet jackets as the French. Petion remarked :—" Il pleut, il n'y aura rien," but *fêtes* and *émeutes* are different affairs.

All Paris began to be in motion by seven o'clock. The *rappel* had beaten its ominous sound, and army, Mobile, National Guards, and spectators, were on the move. We are somewhat averse to these matutinal perambulations, and those startling sounds which, in times of such fearful agitation, awaken the slumberer to sudden alarm. It was all very well to call this grand *fête* "La Fête de la Concorde:" men's minds were by far too separated in opinion to have much concord.

We took our seats on a sloping platform erected in front of the Triumphal Arch; behind us were benches rising one above the other, occupied by ladies, each having a tremendous bouquet. When the umbrellas were lowered, it looked like Flora's palace; between these masses of flowers were bright eyes and charming faces, whilst rich dresses (and what nation in the world can compete with France in the elegance of the toilette?) added another attraction to the scene. The French group admirably, they have a wonderful tact in decorations; give a Frenchman a paint brush and a red curtain, and he will make a garret appear habitable.

Before us was seated the Provisional Government, and behind them all the high officers of state; behind us was Flora's palace, resting on that magnificent structure the Triumphal Arch. The long avenue of the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries was already crowded with troops, and as occasionally a gleam of sunshine glanced upon the bayonets, they resembled a bright, quick, flowing stream, slightly agitated by

the breeze, with a high bank of trees on each side. On the left was a regiment of lancers with their gay and gaudy flags, and handsome attractive uniforms; on the right was a regiment of cuirassiers. Caussidière rode at the head of the mounted police, and seemed, with his republican hat, the personification of a republic.

It was ten o'clock before the first regiment passed and received its colours, and others followed in succession, each receiving its respective flag. Bands played, drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and all was animation, order, and concord.

We soon got tired of seeing the same play enacted, so we left our good seats and wended our way down the Champs Elysées. It was a magnificent sight, made more agreeable by the good humour everywhere displayed. It was obvious that it would be a long day's work; two or three hundred thousand men were to pass the Triumphal Arch, and as each regiment on receiving the colours received also a speech, noon had struck before many regiments got to their barracks.

It had rained during the night, and the centre of the Champs Elysées was consequently wet and muddy, but in this wet and mud regiment after regiment marched and halted, without uttering one word of complaint. The bands of this mighty host played continually the *Marseillaise*, the *Girondins*, and *Chant du départ*, whilst occasionally the whole mass of people would sing the songs. It was a general fraternization.

The Garde Mobile mixed with the line, seeming anxious to be considered real soldiers; whilst the National Guard mingled with both. It was one continual display of banners, helmets, and plumes. Almost every man had fastened a small tri-coloured flag on his bayonet; some, indeed, more careful of the commissariat department, had a less decorative article in the shape of a loaf of bread; few—very few—had meat; but very many had small nosegays emerging from the muzzle of the barrel. There they stood in the wet for hour after hour, singing, with lungs apparently inflated for the purpose, for they never seemed to tire, those everlasting songs which, since the 24th of February, had been dinned into our ears. There is no denying the spirit-stirring enthusiasm to be derived from those songs. No one can listen to, or read the words—

“ Mourir pour la Patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie,”

without being more or less moved by the beauty and the patriotism of the sentiment, but it is very possible to have even too much of this good thing, especially when five or six hundred people are singing it considerably out of tune, and marvellously out of time. The fifth or sixth rank would begin just as the first and second would be half way through the air; nor was this all, for often it would please one or two ranks to vociferate without any regard to music—“ *Vive la Ligne*,” “ *Vive la Garde Mobile*,” “ *Vive la Garde Nationale*,” making the most infernal charivari. Some-

times one company would sing the *Marseillaise*, whilst the next would take a fancy to the *Chant du départ*; neither party would give way, and the consequence was a higher pitch of the voice, a good-natured laugh, or a most discordant screech. The birds were frightened at the sounds, and seemed as much puzzled as the poor pigeons in the Tuileries during the fight and the firing of the 24th of February.

The view was as variable as the songs. Here strutted a gay Vivandière, in the attractive dress of those feminine *militaires*; neat always is the figure to which the boddice closely adheres, whilst the boot so admirably made is sure to lure the eye of the spectator. The troops occupied the centre of the avenue, the mass of Paris moved with difficulty along the walks, every house had given up its tenants. The old and the young, the infirm and the infant, were all out to see the show: it reached from the Triumphal Arch to the Bastille, and during the whole day this immense mass of people continued singing and roaring either a song or "*Vive la République.*"

It was a peculiar feature in this revolution that the more violent old republican songs were not sung. The *Marseillaise* and the *Chant du départ* are splendid specimens of poetry, whilst the *Carmagnole*, not so elegant or so mild, we never heard but once, and that was at a theatre.

Throughout this long day, we did not hear one word of complaint, one cry likely to raise discord, or one remark to engender dispute; it really seemed as if all

the Parisian world had sworn to make themselves agreeable for one day : even towards five o'clock in the afternoon we heard companies of the National Guard, at last released from service saying with much good humour,—“ Now let us go to breakfast.”

As all the descriptions in the world could never give the faintest idea of the scene ; we change it to that which occurred after night had begun.

The city was illuminated, and in a manner different from the ordinary way : almost every man carried a lighted candle in his musket, and certainly for the first time in our life we saw hackney coaches illuminated. The Boulevards were one moving mass of fire ; crowds upon crowds succeeded, the Cafés were full, the streets were full, the houses were full, and it was nine o'clock before the last regiment passed the Triumphal Arch, and eleven before all the troops had returned to their barracks.

A *fête* such as this has seldom been witnessed. It is not every man, though he is a soldier and may have served many years, that has seen a review of 300,000 men, nor is it every man who has seen that number heaped and massed together, without some slight discord. This was by far the most brilliant feature of the revolution ; and agitated as men's minds were, and various and discordant as were the sentiments in almost every rank of that enormous army, it is almost incredible that at such a time, no low murmuring growl was heard, or no curse of the republic which had ruined the half of that population, which

joined in the cheers of excitement and fraternity. "During twelve hours (remarks a French writer) the troops defiled, and everywhere they were saluted with rapture and enthusiasm, as the men on whom the French republic has the right to reckon for being great, strong, and just." The French republic had to fight against a considerable number of these troops, as will hereafter be seen. But still the sight was imposing, and gradually as the night began to wear away, the busy hum of men grew fainter and fainter, until about one o'clock in the morning, when the lungs were fatigued, at last silence was restored, and the capital at rest.

It is worthy of remark that at this national show, although there was enormous fraternity, there was no unity. In the breasts of some of these men burnt with inextinguishable ardour the desire of levelling the aristocracy, whilst in many, many others, the true steady flame of royalty warmed their hopes and their ambition. The red republican and socialist sneered at the demonstration; the republican of the day—those who *accepted* what they never desired,—and the royalist who carefully concealed his wishes, lest an infuriated people should again erect the guillotine, saw in this a strong manifestation of a return to order, or at least the power of enforcing it. The Garde Mobile held up their boyish heads and laughed at the veteran soldier,—the first had thirty sous a day, the latter *one*; it was a strange gratitude of a new country, which pretended to found its stability upon justice. The old

soldier naturally looked at the new sprouts of the republic with envy ; whilst the National Guards, heartily ashamed of their former inaction, and by this time well assured that intestine wars are prejudicial to trade, began to declare that if an opportunity occurred they would recover their lost fame. Yet all this heterogeneous mixture produced for the moment a friendly effervescence in public ; whilst in the retirement of their chambers curses upon the republic were as loud, and much more sincere, than was the fear-extracted chant of the *Marseillaise*, or the enthusiastic “ *Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire* ” of the open air. To wind up the affair with some degree of solemnity, a few prisoners for minor offences were released, and thus ended the show and the sincerity.

In the provinces *fêtes* of fraternity had no charms. At Amiens the commissaries of Ledru Rollin, Leclanché and Lefevre, were very unceremoniously expelled ; and at Cambrai, Nevers, and Lille, *émeutes* took place, which so far paralyzed trade, that scarcely one manufactory continued its operations. Lyons was in a most agitated state, it was impossible to foresee the events of twenty-four hours in that hot-bed of sedition and revolt. At Perrache the workmen openly seized the ammunition destined for the troops, and served it out amongst themselves.

The bulletins of the Minister of the Interior began to soften down a little, but still intemperate and ill-advised language appeared occasionally ; thus the one of the 21st of April mentions the necessity of “ *crush-*

ing the enemies of the republic," and this language, so consonant with the wishes of the more violent, was everywhere strongly reprobated by the press, which still retained courage enough to give an example of moderation and of order.

Amongst the many instances of just opposition to the mandates of the dictators of the provinces, the manly behaviour of M. Dubois, a judge of the Tribunal of Lille, must not be omitted. It appears that one M. Blervacq, somewhat compromised in the ill-arranged attack upon Belgium, was detained as a prisoner at Lille, where M. Delèscluze, the commissary of the Minister of the Interior, exercised his sovereign power. M. Delèscluze liberated M. Blervacq; M. Dubois wrote to the commissary to desire that M. Blervacq might be again consigned to his prison, and also that all the evidence taken before the Juge d'instruction, should be forwarded to him. Upon this M. Delèscluze became the dictator, and suspended M. Dubois from his functions; but the latter was not so easily to be disposed of, and he refused to resign, saying—"he was appointed by the Minister of Justice, and to his authority alone would he bow." The people took part with M. Dubois, and this gentleman took his seat in court as usual; the members of the bar joined in the applause bestowed upon the judge for his courageous conduct in such times, and the Minister of Justice confirmed him in his situation. This was the first determined opposition to these commissaries from a person occupying a conspicuous situation which oc-

curred, and the courage of M. Dubois was much praised in the metropolis, and it was deeply regretted that no person of his coolness was to be found elsewhere. At Toulouse, for instance, at a club called "*La Voix du Peuple*," the following scene occurred. In all these clubs *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, were conspicuously painted, and under these beautiful words was the tribunal from which the *orators*, as the French always designate the speakers, harangued. "Citizens," began a red-hot republican, "I demand that *all* aristocrats should be executed, and that we share their wealth amongst ourselves. Let us go to their houses and execute justice. Are you ignorant how to consummate this act. If there is an aristocrat amongst us, let him advance, and I shall merely do this, [here he drew a poignard,] and he would be a corpse at my feet in a moment. It is so we should act with all aristocrats, priests, and bad citizens; this is my idea, and I propose to follow it up." Another equally ambitious person succeeded the last orator, who retired amidst tremendous applause. "Citizens," said the second gentleman, "a sergeant has been unjustly punished and I know it; he has been arrested: firstly, I demand that he should be set at liberty, and secondly, that the captain who gave this order should be brought before us; that he should be instantly torn to pieces, and that each of us should take a morsel of the tyrant and preserve it in his house; this is the motion I have the honour to make." The most vehement cheering followed the proposition, and some kindly disposed people went in

search of the victim in order that the liberty, equality, and fraternity propositions might be carried out.

It is from such pictures as these that we arrive at the truth. The nation was divided against itself, and it was evident, however much the modérate might desire order, justice, and regularity, that it was only to be obtained by an appeal to arms, either sooner or later ; that a civil war was inevitable, and that whilst the grand *fête* of fraternization was going on in Paris—in this case Paris was not *all* France—an evil spirit was abroad,—an evil spirit, bold to propose, and by no means deficient in the requisite barbarity to act up to its proposition, should an opportunity unfortunately occur.

CHAPTER XII.

The Elections—Intimidation and Bribery—M. Prudhon—La Propriété, c'est le Vol—Tranquillity of Paris during the Elections—Outbreak at Rouen—Disturbance at Limoges—Popularity of Lamartine—Language of the Newspapers—Decree respecting the Costume of the Representatives—The gathering Storm—Blanqui's Letter to the Provisional Government—Excitement in the Clubs—Tampering with the Army.

THE elections for the National Assembly began on the 25th of April. Every species of intimidation had been used in the provinces, and in Paris it was publicly rumoured that if the vote was not believed to favour the republican party, the ballot boxes would be seized and the votes destroyed. In the provinces the commissaries published lists, signed with their names, and gave gentle hints thus :—"The commissary of the Haute Garonne, one M. Joly, threatens the electors in these words :—" If you do not elect the person whom I propose to you, beware of another repetition of the bloody days of the 10th of August, and the 2nd of September." M. Bergeron, in the department of the Somme, gave

out a list of gentlemen "who were in perfect accordance with the Provisional Government, and the *only* people who ought to be elected." At the bottom of this he had the audacity to stamp, as giving an official character to the paper, "Préfecture de la Somme." At Marseilles, M. Olivier threatened to dissolve the Chamber of Commerce if they did not vote for his list of candidates, and at Rouen a democratic list was published, and every other one destroyed.

It is pretty evident from these facts, that a republic and universal suffrage do not always mean purity of election, and when a decree of the Provisional Government came forth opening a credit for five hundred thousand francs for "extraordinary expences for the public security," it was rumoured freely enough that this sum, however insignificant in England, was an enormous outlay destined for bribery and corruption, and so it turned out to be. The very patriots who had vituperated the fallen monarch for his bribery and corruption at elections,—if not by money, by a piece of red ribbon, which was worth as much to the lovers of *les hochets de la vanité*,—were the very men who became the great corruptors, and who have satisfied the whole European world, that republican virtues very closely resemble monarchical vices. It is quite obvious that if in a change of Government you change for the worse, it would be much wiser to leave the change alone; at present it is impossible to discover one benefit which the republic had conferred on the people, excepting, indeed, this;—that as all had votes

they might all be bribed by the pure and patriotic governors. The Provisional Government had grasped the power,—they now were not more scrupulous of the means by which they intended to preserve it.

It would reasonably be expected that at the first election of the National Assembly a great excitement would prevail, and every citizen having acquired the fancied blessing of the suffrage, would be eager to avail himself of his right. Believing in this natural consequence we repaired to the several polling places, but our astonishment was extreme when we found the places nearly deserted—no excitement, no eagerness, and very few voters. The higher classes mostly abstained from voting, fearing, perhaps, that worse days were yet to come, and the aristocracy yet further to be humbled. The red republicans clung together, and the socialists began to show in some force. Various were the election manœuvres, and great was the success of the Provisional Government, but no candidate had the daring of M. Proudhon, who, in a letter published in his paper, *Le Représentant du Peuple*, boldly answers his own question of “*Qu’est-ce que la propriété ?*” thus—“*La propriété, c’est le vol,*” and he declares in that letter that nothing can be done to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, “*sans abolir, de fait et de droit, la propriété.*” Of course M. Proudhon was elected; his generous sacrifice of the rich was duly approved of by his supporters, but we are ready to believe that had M. Proudhon at that time seen a piece under the denomination of *La*

Propriété c'est le Vol played at the Vaudeville, he would have been frightened by the broad caricature of his infamous idea, and been glad to conceal himself from the public ridicule and contempt. What can be more natural than that those who have nothing, should wish to possess themselves somehow of the property of others? Hunger and want are evil councillors, and it is most difficult to be very poor and very honest.

The tranquillity of Paris during the elections was not shared by the provinces. At Rouen a regular outbreak occurred, and troops were dispatched from the surrounding places to quell it. The Garde Mobile here made their first campaign, and quite disproved the assertion which Blanqui made in his club—"That the Garde Mobile would never fire upon their brethren, they were too close to the source from which they sprung;" those young soldiers, however, seemed very intent upon obeying all orders, and went to Rouen resolved to quell the *émeute*.

At Limoges things wore a much more threatening aspect. When the socialists found that none of their number were elected, a numerous mob invaded the places where the elections went on, seized the ballot boxes and the *procès verbaux*, broke the one and destroyed the other. The National Guards assembled to preserve peace, but their colonel gave orders for them to retire and even to be dissolved. A committee was formed, a kind of Provisional Government, and Limoges seemed to declare itself independent of the republic. In the midst of this rising, public and

private property was respected, but universal suffrage was evidently useless, it was a minority which resorted to arms, against a majority given to words ; one acted, the other spoke.

We find it recorded by M. Dumas, that "from all the departments came the nomination of their members for the National Assembly;" but he adds, "everywhere there have been scenes of intimidation and of violence, of collisions and terrible disorders:" it is therefore quite evident, that bribery at elections was not destroyed by that unreal mockery, universal suffrage.

By the first of May the elections were terminated, and in no instance on record is there a greater proof how fleeting is popularity. It was to be expected that in such a universal panic—in such a complete *bouleversement* of all society, that men unknown to fame and now seeking fortune should be returned. The scum of the political pot of course rose to the surface, and it is nothing very astonishing that after such people had floundered out of their depth, they should sink to rise no more ; but from this we must exempt Lamartine. A poet, scholar, legislator, a man of unflinching courage—he alone who saved France from the horrors of a civil war, and the more desperate destruction which would have followed the red flag of socialism—Lamartine was the idol of France, the most popular man at that moment in Europe,—the hope, the main-stay of his country—and in the enthusiasm of the minute, he was returned for

eleven different places. One year after—so fleeting is popularity—M. de Lamartine was not returned to the Legislative Assembly, even for Macon, near which he resided, and where he had been almost deified. Louis Blanc, and that more fierce republican Caussidière, lived to read that their popularity had so vanished that their names were publicly exhibited at the pillory, and Blanqui and Barbès very shortly after became state prisoners.

It was evident the Provisional Government did nothing to stop all the bribery and intimidation here only partially recorded. In vain the public papers fulminated their harmless thunder.

"What, M. Ledru Rollin," said one, "has become of your energy? How is your love of order, M. de Lamartine, vanished? How is it, that both of you have forgotten your republican motto of liberty, equality, and fraternity? The voice which the people found so eloquent, when you held up to scorn the abuses under royalty—has that lost its force and its charm? How often have you said, 'respect the will of the people, respect the votes given unintimidated by the citizens of France.' But you have allowed unrestrained bloodshed and murder. Look at Limoges, with its population stung to madness; forty wounded are now in the hospital at Rouen, and eleven citizens have been killed by their brethren. At Elbœuf constant collisions of the inhabitants, the National Guards, and troops of the line continue. At Nantes, at Castel Sarrazin, at St. Girons at Amiens,—everywhere, in short, those

sent to execute your commands have sown the seeds of discord, and provoked the people to disorder." The Provisional Government had in three months outlived its popularity ; in vain they had reduced taxes, and shortened the hours of labour ; in vain eloquence had been used to declare the French republic a great good, — a national blessing, — a step towards perfection. The very agitators were tired of such rulers, and those who were henceforth to legislate and make another constitution, began by ridiculing and disobeying the last decree of the Provisional Government. It is almost incredible that people who declare themselves firm worshippers of the goddess of liberty, should have issued the following order to their future masters. "The Provisional Government considering that the principle of equality implies a uniformity of dress in citizens called to perform the same functions, *decrees*, — "That every representative of the people shall wear a black coat, a white waistcoat with a thrown back collar, black trousers, and a tri-coloured sash adorned with gold fringe. They will wear at their left button-hole a red ribbon, on which will be worked the emblem of the republic. Done at the Council of the Government, the 30th of April, 1848."

It is scarcely credible that men not being of Charonton, should have issued such an absurd decree ; the very ridicule of the act rendered it abortive. We who witnessed the attempted solemn walk of the Provisional Government, as they sadly wended their way to give up all power and authority to the National Assembly,

could scarcely refrain from indecent laughter at beholding senators, historians, and poets, dressed in this absurd costume, and looking ashamed of their own act. The National Assembly perhaps thought that as they were destined to make laws, they might regulate the cut of their own waistcoats, and not ten out of the nine hundred appeared in the uniform of Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin; we never remember to have seen a more ridiculous attempt at gravity in our lives.

The storm was now fast gathering: the red republicans required something more exciting than decrees about the dress of the members of the National Assembly. The elections were over, they had gained the day, and now of course became impatient for some other movement; the most violent language reverberated through the clubs, and it was quite evident that the republic, somewhat tempered by Lamartine, was by no means the republic wished for by the democratic and social republicans.

The communists were masters of Limoges, the National Guards were disarmed, the self-elected committee had made a forced loan of 700,000 francs; only one newspaper was allowed to be published, and if these blessings had been gained at Limoges, why should the socialists be less successful in Paris? The very mention of Limoges fired the bosoms of these insatiate disturbers of order with fresh hope and fresh zeal. They resorted to every means at the clubs to instil an equal frenzy into the minds of their members. They placed women on

the stage, and made them tell the hundred times repeated tale of massacre and rape, and when the proper moment had arrived, and the cry of "*aux armes*" resounded, the revolutionary Blanqui would console his auditory with hopes, that the day was not far distant when Paris, by another and more democratic government, would consolidate the republic. On the 3rd of May, Citizen Blanqui, with the vote and approbation of his club, sent the following curious document to the Provisional Government.

" THE SOCIETY OF REPUBLICANS TO THE
PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

" Citizens—A counter revolution has bathed itself in the blood of the people. Justice—immediate justice upon the assassins ! We demand, 1st, The dissolution and disarmament of the National Guards of Rouen. 2ndly, The arrest and prosecution of the generals and officers of the National Guard and troops of the line, who ordered and directed the massacre. 3rdly, The arrest and prosecution of the self-styled members of the Court of Appeal, named by Louis Philippe, who acting in the name and for the victorious royal faction, have imprisoned the legitimate magistrates of the city, and filled the prisons with republicans. 4thly, The immediate removal from Paris of all the troops of the line, who at this moment are preparing at their fratricidal banquets a St. Barthélemy of the Parisian workmen. For the Society of Republicans.

" L. A. BLANQUI, President.

" LACAMBRE, D.M.P., Vice-president."

From this may be gleaned the state of Paris on the eve of the day of the first meeting of the National Assembly. Not only was Blanqui's club in this excitement of rabid revolution, but that of Barbès, and all the other democratic and socialist clubs were equally violent. Blanqui had, perhaps, some just reason to be again a conspirator, for he had failed in his election ; but Barbès had shared in the good things of the republic, was the Governor of the Luxembourg, and a member of the National Assembly. The great object was the removal of the troops from Paris ; they had been sadly disgraced in the days of February, and it was well known that they were eager to regain their laurels. Both Blanqui and Barbès were fully aware also of the reviving courage of the National Guards ; and the Garde Mobile, although so very near the source, had given proofs of their soldierlike disposition to order. Whilst the troops remained in Paris any revolt must be hazardous ; it therefore became most important that they should be removed, and to gain this object the most infamous falsehoods were constantly propagated, and the fidelity of the army was constantly questioned.

CHAPTER XIII.

Opening of the National Assembly—The Fourth of May—Procession of the Provisional Government to the Chamber—M. Audry de Puyraveau, President d'âge—Resolution of M. Château-Renaud—Scene in the Assembly—Béranger—Speech of Dupont de l'Eure—Change of people and occupation—M. Thiers on Guard—His unpopularity—Analysis of the National Assembly—The majority Royalists a heart—Overpowered by the energy of the Republicans—The Provisional Government still cling to power—Republican version of Liberty—Judge Durand removed by Commissary Joly.

THE National Assembly met for the first time on the fourth of May, and we were present at the opening. Although the streets were lined with troops, there was no particular excitement; the day was oppressively hot, and an unusual calm prevailed. The Provisional Government marched in a kind of irregular procession, Louis Blanc being one of the foremost. They had been worn out in the public estimation, and although some had laboured hard to keep an external and internal peace, yet, spoken of collectively, the expressions were not the most complimentary.

Lamartine's popularity was slightly on the wane, Ledru Rollin was feared more than respected, and the rest were unceremoniously classed as *imbécilles*, or worse.

By ten o'clock the different legions of the National Guards, batallions of the Garde Mobile, the Republican Guard, horse and foot, and the four regiments called the Garrison of Paris, took up the various positions to which they were assigned. The greatest possible order prevailed, excepting when an impatient person endeavoured to obtain a passage through the streets in the immediate vicinity of the National Assembly. These streets and bridges were kept clear for the members of the Assembly, and those who had cards of admission, or had a certain right as ambassadors, the press, &c., occupied the favoured spots. There was an immense crowd of persons, but all evidently eager to see the members of the National Assembly in the ridiculous costume before mentioned, and once more to cheer their favourites in the Provisional Government. The deputies were distinguished by the gold fringe at the button-hole, and the spectators were evidently annoyed that the programme of the *fête* had been abandoned, and that the deputies should have preferred wearing their ordinary dresses instead of the appointed uniform. The National Assembly felt the reins of government in their hands, and considered that order as trifling with their dignity.

The Provisional Government met at the Ministère de la Justice in the Place Vendôme, and set forward

to the National Assembly about noon. It was particularly remarked, as a sign of how much popularity had been lost, that the cries were "*Vive Lamartine*," and only a faint echo of the 24th of February, in "*Vive la République*," was occasionally heard. A band of music preceded the self-elected of February. General Courtais, at the head of the first legion of the National Guards, and attended by his staff, led the way on foot, passing up the Rue de la Paix, and then by the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde.

It was observed that the difference of opinion which prevailed in the cabinet was to be distinguished in this *cortège*. Evidently the most revolutionary, the most ambitious, and the most resolute, were Ledru Rollin, Albert, Flocon, and Louis Blanc. They were well known to entertain opinions far more advanced than the sober Lamartine and others; thus at the head of the procession, as if ever anxious to be the first, marched those four republicans, but they were not enthusiastically received; the cry was "*Lamartine*," and it was evident that the object of so much enthusiasm was very particularly affected by the compliment.

Throughout the whole passage we hardly heard one cry of "*Vive Ledru Rollin*," and the shout of "*Vive la République*," was as rare as it was insincere. Lamartine had timidly played his game; after his courage in defending the flag of France had placed him on the pinnacle of greatness, had he possessed the ambition of a Napoleon and dared to act, he might

have been proclaimed president on that day ; but his was a vacillating policy, and proved the truth of the old fable, that by endeavouring to please everybody he pleased nobody, and lost his situation in the bargain.

The country would gladly have placed supreme power in the hands of one who had used it with such discretion, and France was well convinced that had others in the government been able to prevail over the temperate, moderate, and discreet counsels of this great man, scenes of desolation, terror, ruin, rape, and rapine would have followed the overthrow of Louis Philippe. But Lamartine had either not the ambition to reign, or he had not the courage to grasp at the power.

The rear of the *cortège* was brought up by a thick crowd of officers of the National Guards and military schools ; there seemed very little order or regularity observed by these followers, and one or two enjoyed their cigars as if released from all military discipline. But in spite of this apparent *mélange*, the sight was very imposing. The terraces of the gardens of the Tuileries were crowded, and some eager sight-seers actually sat at the windows in the Place Bourbon, in order to witness the last parade of the Provisional Government. The National Guards, aware that no attempt to disturb order would take place, carried bunches of lilac in the muzzles of their guns, and everything denoted the most perfect harmony.

Whilst this scene was going forward, the members of the National Assembly, to the number of five hundred, met in the Hall of Conference, and there selected the

president, taking the oldest of the Assembly to fill that hazardous and difficult situation, and naming, generally, the youngest as secretaries. The President was M. Audry de Puyraveau, and at a quarter to one o'clock that gentleman took possession of the chair, in which he was scarcely seated before he found himself in an awkward position.

A certain number of the National Guards, evidently recollecting that they lived under a republic, endeavoured to force their way into the hall of meeting by a door which was preserved for the deputies. M. Chateau Renaud, the governor of the palace, opposed himself to this rush, saying—"It is not permitted, gentlemen, for any to enter here, especially with arms." The rebuke was not very favourably received, and a slight inclination to advance made the governor aware that a more resolute course must be adopted. "None will enter here," he said, "but those who pass over my body!" It had the effect: even the turbulent were silenced, and the President was relieved from his painful and difficult position.

Everybody who could obtain admission did so, and the various tribunes were crowded to excess; that destined for the Foreign Ministers was full, but it was remarked that Russia and Turkey were not represented. Until the government arrived, M. Béranger, the soul-stirring poet of France, was the principal object of attraction; he looked old and care-worn, and appeared to answer the evident congratulations on his unsolicited candidature, as if it were an honour he could easily resign.

At last the sound of the cannon was heard, the principal actors were about to appear, and Caussidière, dressed in the uniform directed by the Provisional Government, entered the House. He became the subject of much scrutiny: his most vehement enemy could not but admit that he had done great service to his country. During his Prefecture of Police the capital had been kept tranquil without any appearance of soldiers; but every one knew that, whilst in office M. Caussidière would ensure order, out of it he was a dangerous conspirator. There is a rough coarseness about the man, and he is too sincere not to allow that he is, in heart and soul, a republican; there was scarcely time to scrutinize his features before M. Dupont (de l'Eure), leaning on Lamartine on one side, and Louis Blanc on the other, two most unequal supporters—one tall, the other excessively diminutive—one the popular man of France, the other the most fallen in public opinion—entered the Chamber. Loud cries of "*Vive la République*," and a few complimentary shouts of "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire*," resounded through the tribunes. The President immediately declared the "*Séance ouverte*," and gave the *parole* to the President of the Provisional Government, who, enfeebled by age and fatigued by his late exertions, tottered to the tribune; whilst those who, with him, had usurped the authority, stood at the foot of the tribune, surrounded and supported by the officers of the National Guards and of the line, who had, in their turn, usurped the places they occupied. For

once a perfect silence was observed: those who, like ourselves, have witnessed the stormy debates of this heterogeneous mass, may well record the fact that for once a perfect silence was maintained.

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) thus spoke in the treble pipe of old age.

"Citizens, representatives of the people, the Provisional Government bows to the expressed wish of the nation, and renders due homage to the supreme power with which you are invested. Elected of the people, welcome to the capital. Depositories of the national sovereignty, it is for you to found our new institutions on the broad and firm basis of democracy, and give to France the only constitution which would benefit her—a republican constitution"—(here, of course, the poor old man was interrupted by the most vociferous bellowings of "*Vive la République*;" it is so very easy to be patriotic at the expence of a little breath, that we believe every man—member or no member—joined in the shout.) The President of the Government concluded thus:—"The moment is arrived for the Provisional Government to place in your hands the unlimited powers with which the revolution invested it. You know if this dictatorship has been used otherwise than as a moral power through the difficult circumstances which have surrounded us. In accordance with our thoughts, our promises, and our personal convictions, we have not hesitated to declare and proclaim to the world the French Republic. This day we inaugurate the National Assembly with the

cry which should ever be its rallying words—‘*Vive la République.*’ ”

The honourable gentleman ceased speaking, the Assembly again accepted the “*fait accompli* ; ” every man shouted “*Vive la République,*” although few wished it, and the eternal “*enfin que voulez-vous*” finished the affair.

The Provisional Government feared excessively that the destinies of France would be taken from their hands, and they sat rather uneasily on the ministerial benches which they themselves had selected. They sat on the left of the tribune, and took their places thus :—Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Albert, Bethmont, Marie, Arago, Lamartine, Dupont (de l’Eure), Marrast, Garnier Pagès, and Pagnerre.

M. Crémieux, the Minister of Justice, still thought it requisite, although the Provisional Government had resigned its powers, to maintain its authority a little longer, and therefore said :—“ Citizen representatives, In the name of the Provisional Government your labours have commenced. The National Assembly begins this day. I beg the provisionally elected President of this Assembly to invite the members to retire to their respective bureaux in order to verify their elections : ”—and thus terminated the first meeting of the National Assembly.

As we shall have occasionally to detail the labours of this body, it would be well to analyse a little its component parts, mentioning that such was the change of people and occupation, that as the former Prefect of

the Seine had stood sentinel at his own doorway as a common soldier, so on the fifth of May, the great genius of France,—the man who had written so much, and who had so often been listened to in that chamber of the State as an oracle, but who certainly had done nothing to avert all the present calamities—M. Thiers stood sentinel as a common soldier of the National Guard, at the Mairie of the second Arrondissement. M. Thiers actually carried a musket and looked the personification of the farce he was enacting. Not even could his great genius penetrate the public feeling, and no man alive could foresee what the morrow would bring forth. Those who believe M. Thiers to be a republican can know very little of the man; if by any chance he could manage to rise to the presidency, then we do not hesitate to say, the weathercock politician would instantly veer to the wind, and he would declare aloud the Republic of France as the only possible government. So fleeting was the popularity of this greatest of orators in France, that he was not elected for any one place, and whilst men now governed the state—men unknown to either fortune or fame—M. Thiers was performing the difficult duty of walking up and down before a door, to keep out dogs, and to admit the whole republican fraternity, to answer to the appellation of citizen, and to forget all the charms of royalty in a guard-house, over which was written “Public Property, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.” It is almost impossible to imagine a greater change of situation and circumstances.

The whole elected of the national sovereignty, the result of universal suffrage, had one and all cried with powerful lungs, "*Vive la République*," and yet it was well known that at least six hundred and fifty out of the nine hundred and fifty, were firm believers that the republic could not last, and that a return to royalty was inevitable. Whilst therefore their voices shouted for a republic, their hearts beat quicker for royalty, but they dared not manifest the slightest feeling in that respect; for the opinion of the clubs was well known, the populace were still armed, and the Faubourg St. Antoine was "ripe for revolt, and ready for reward." The minority ruled, and the majority admitted they had *accepted*, although they never *wished for*, the republic.

It would be an almost insurmountable task to detail, exactly, how the Chamber was constituted. It was confidently believed that the Carlist party had favoured the revolution, in order to march over its ruin to a restoration; it would naturally be their object to prevent the republic from taking a firm root, and however much they might deplore the civil war which occasionally broke out in the provinces, yet they were not sorry to see France a prey to anarchy and discord. They had profited by former experience, and no people were more quiet than the Vendéans, and no person, apparently, was more sincere in his declarations than the ruler of that party.

On the other hand, the shipwrecked mariners of the Orleans dynasty saw, with dismay, that all disorder

kept them further and further from power ; they were reviled, abused, insulted ; they had occasioned all the woes of France, and certainly had not been liberal of their blood when their idol was assailed.

The king, and the princes then in France, had sadly compromised their position from the want of common energy and daring ; and whilst many declared that if the Prince de Joinville had been in Paris, although he was a *sailor*, a very different turn would have been given to the revolution, yet one and all fell under the national anathema, and the Orleanist party was evidently discomfited, broken, and despised.

The republicans, although few in number, held the reins, and commanded the exchequer ; they were quite aware how insincere was the royalists' cry of "*Vive la République ;*" they knew that in every house where a whisper was confidential, they were termed *canaille*, *voleurs*, *brigands*, and other equally dishonourable epithets. Risen from the dregs of society, they found themselves at its head ; they saw the timid wavering of their opponents, who feared that the mild sway of Lamartine might in a moment be overthrown, and worse disorders ensue.

The red cap was not yet laid aside, and Blanqui, Barbès, and Flotte (the latter of whom was spoken of as the president), could in one minute change a mild republic into a reign of terror. The republicans, therefore, became the stronger party, not only on account of the evident split between the Orleanists and the Carlists, which disunited their natural enemies, but

from the very fear that another street fight might be followed by the introduction of the guillotine. Already in the clubs, the cries of "*à bas les riches—vive le diable — vive l'enfer — vive la guillotine,*" had frequently been heard, a forced loan had been suggested: the nobility and its titles had been destroyed, and it required very little more to act upon the hint, once so significantly given, of taking off the heads of the tallest flowers.

The republic ruled by fear, but the republicans had to contend against each other. The democratic and social republicans were fast increasing in numbers, and it was quite evident that in the eyes of this latter division they had not acquired anything at all by the revolution, excepting that any change and any disorder in the state favoured their hopes and determinations.

It was impossible that such a heterogeneous mass could deliberate in harmony: every man was against his neighbour, every one said we must maintain order, and every one appeared to rejoice in the profoundest disorder. The whole population seemed fearful of the coming day, nothing was stable, nothing was certain; and living as we did in the midst of these people, we had ample proofs how hollow, how insincere, was every wish to maintain the republic. Immense sums were squandered to make this jubilee of fools, and the government seemed anxious to draw men's minds from the consideration of events by a flourish of fireworks, or a childish procession; whilst every now and then some order emanated from a person in authority

which made the wavering republican, who held office, tremble at the insecurity of his tenure. The following is not a bad sample of this ready tyranny.

“Attendu que le Citoyen Durand, Juge au tribunal de première instance de Villefranche, *a mis en doute la grandeur, et la stabilité de la République.* Le suspendons de ses fonctions.

“Le Commissaire Général près les départements de la Haute Garonne, Lot et Garonne, &c.

“JOLY.”

Talk of liberty in a republic, and behold M. Joly, one of Ledru Rollin's selected tyrants, displacing a judge, for having dared to express an opinion about the grandeur of a state, declared even by one of the Provisional Government to be on the verge of bankruptcy, and by another as only to be upheld by a forced loan of enormous amount ! or of its stability, when the tottering edifice was ready to fall from its own weakness and insecurity.

It is perfectly true every Frenchman expressed himself in violent language at this unprovoked and unprincipled tyranny, but M. Joly's powers were illimitable, and he could displace a judge, or manufacture a bishop at his discretion. He was the sovereign of the district over which he ruled, and consulted only his own wishes and desires.

But now the National Assembly had met, the Provisional Government had retained its power, although it had tendered its resignation ; any further inquiry had been cut short by M. Crémieux, and the prospect

of a few more francs cheered the hearts of these energetic republicans. Public opinion was strong against them ; not one could boast of popularity but Lamartine, and the frequent whispers, and the loud assertions that the ultra party had at last frightened him into concessions, considerably damaged his reputation, and his stability.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sitting of the Sixth of May—Enquiry into the Elections of the Lozère—Affair of M. Schmidst—Speech of Lamartine—Cause and consequences of the Revolution—Speeches of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Caussidière—Proposed remodelling of the Government—Alarming state of Paris—Sitting of the Eighth of May—M. Dornes' Three Propositions—Uproar in the Assembly—Barbès' violent Speech—Description of the Assembly—Béranger's Resignation—Threatening language of the Clubs—M. Dornes' first Proposition carried—Violence of the Republican Commissaries—Four Judges suspended at Castellane.

THIS slight description of the state of parties must prepare the reader for the violent and disgraceful scenes afterwards to be enacted in the National Assembly. It would be a somewhat difficult task for the most enthusiastic admirer of French manners and politeness, to reconcile their words and actions with the reputation of being the most polished nation in the world.

We are arrived at the sixth of May. The National Assembly were busy in the verification of the elections,

and the first act of the Assembly was to vote an inquiry into the elections of the Lozère. The Procureur de la République at Marvéjols had hinted that there had been considerable bribery at the election, and that the nobility and clergy had exercised a most unconstitutional influence, the clergy being accused of having used the confessional to forward their own views. As we now relate the first act of an Assembly sprung from universal suffrage,—the very emblem of all purity, we shall record some facts to show that universal suffrage and vote by ballot, do not entail purity of election. The Assembly quite shocked at the announcement made by the Procureur above-mentioned, voted unanimously for the inquiry.

The affair of one M. Schmidst, of Paris, led to the first storm ; his election was annulled because he had called himself a workman (*ouvrier*), when he never had exercised any calling requiring manual labour. It was declared that many of the sovereign people had voted for him, believing him to be of their class, and that consequently as M. Schmidst had sailed under false colours, he was not the man he represented himself to be. But now followed the difficulty : one M. Moreau, the thirty-fifth on the list, insisted that as M. Schmidst was not elected, he, as having the next greatest number of votes, had a right to the seat. On the other hand it was proposed to have a new election ; the debate grew very warm and very noisy, and some slight manifestations of fierce resistance occurred on both sides, but it was ultimately decided that a new

election should take place, thus establishing a precedent.

It was now that Lamartine ascended the tribune; and in the name of M. Dupont (de l'Eure), the president of the government, gave a grand poetical description of the revolution: he went into a thousand details as to its causes, and its consequences; he gave a vivid picture of the past, and drew a somewhat flattering prospect of the future; he mentioned the difficulties the Provisional Government had experienced, and the hope which had animated them. It was a poetical rhapsody, extremely well received, for the poet's words are warm—his elocution florid—his articulation distinct—his words fluent—and his ideas concise; but M. Lamartine has not escaped the general failing of his countrymen,—he is too theatrical, too energetic, and has too much action. But he is a great orator, and commands a constant flow of words, as smooth and as harmonious as his poetry; his periods are rounded, and his conclusions exciting: he possesses one great secret, he knows when to stop, and never fatigues his listeners. His discourse was the preface of a great work: it was received with enthusiasm, and we felt for the orator who was to succeed him, and that orator was Ledru Rollin.

The personal appearance of Ledru Rollin is highly favourable, but there is a certain pride in his manner that ill accords with his notions of equality; he has a singular manner of carrying his head which might mark a haughty aristocrat, rather than a levelling

republican. He speaks with great force and fluency; indeed, this last seems a gift peculiar to the French nation, for we never remember to have heard a Frenchman stammer; they possess a current of words which flows on with great smoothness, and we remarked at the clubs, that out of the hundreds of the lowest classes who inflicted their ideas on the meetings, they all were free from that awful impediment to elocution so common in this country. M. Ledru Rollin is a man of unquestionable talent, of great perseverance and determination; but a man who, whilst he reviled royalty for some paltry assumption of power, did not himself hesitate to impose upon France the most galling tyranny to which she was ever subjected. This was justified by the necessity of creating republicans, so that liberty of thought was to be denied the citizens of France; they were to think as their rulers thought, or fall under the vengeance of a M. Joly. Ledru Rollin's discourse was a flourish of trumpets, which, although forced upon the ear, left no melody upon the senses; it was the speech of the head of a party, not of a statesman, and he sat down under considerable applause from those he intended to govern. He was followed by the Minister of Justice, and then by the Minister of Finance, until M. Blanc, placed upon a stool so as to become visible in the tribune, wearied the whole Assembly with a review of the labours of the Commission of the Luxembourg for the "*organisation du travail*." It was a declamation without interest and without point; it fell still-born. The public

had been satiated with the subject; and the hopeless efforts of the commission, the long speeches, which crowded the columns of the daily paper, had exhausted all patience. It was manifestly an effort to make a place, which Louis Blanc wished to occupy, and in the beneficial results of which (except to the orator) not a soul believed; never was any speech more tiresome, or more coldly received. It was evident that the twinkling of this small star had lost its brilliancy. His history will survive his eloquence, his pen is far more formidable than his tongue. Caussidière followed the fallen President of the Luxembourg; his rough manner, his bold straightforwardness, his undisguised thoughts procured him attention, and the members of the National Assembly all testified their great admiration of the Prefect of Police, when he assured them that Paris was tranquil, and that he guaranteed the continuance of this tranquillity. Poor short-sighted mortals! who really so far believed what they earnestly wished, that the republican prefect was cheered with much enthusiasm for his declaration, although only nine short days sufficed to show how hollow was the promise.

It was beyond a doubt that the National Assembly wished to relieve the Provisional Government of their onerous charge, but were somewhat delicate in their manner of proceeding. It was proposed to limit the number to three, to be styled a Commission to carry on the Government until after the vote of the Constitution; others proposed five, but it was merely a

delicate mode of weeding the government, and by this means of getting rid of the more violent of its members. M. Dupont (de l'Eure), too old for power in such perilous times, declined the honour, and M. Lamartine, still the ascendant star, with MM. Arago and Marie, seemed to be the favoured three; others proposed to add to this number M. Marrast, Bethmont, and General Duvivier, but the great republicans, Ledru Rollin, Crémieux, Louis Blanc and others, were quite cast aside. No decision was come to, and Paris was left in the same state of uncertainty, and consequently of apprehension: there could be no doubt that the days of the Provisional Government were numbered, and that alone gave some hope of better times; although many felt a just alarm lest the more advanced republicans, on seeing their leader put aside, should excite his worshippers to revolt.

It was a point of great delicacy: no one could doubt for a moment the popularity of Ledru Rollin with the lower classes; the great monster demonstration which has been mentioned, was quite sufficient proof of that; and the *reported* words of the leader himself,—that he could overturn the government whenever he thought proper, and had only to move his finger to command the obedience of thousands,—caused great alarm among the timid. Every man had a remedy for the evil, but very few dared mention their political nostrums.

In the meantime the government, the National Guards, and all concerned in crushing the *émeute*, at Rouen, were publicly reviled as assassins. The clubs

were becoming more violent ; placards of fearful import were everywhere to be seen ; the turbulent minority were on the point of assuming a greater power ; the Provisional Government seemed to indicate by their acts, that they had resigned and were now only attempting to continue a little longer in office : thus those who had upheld the government and endeavoured to preserve order, now found themselves abused by one party, and almost deserted by the other. The storm was coming closer and closer, yet many declared unbounded confidence in the firmness and talent of Caussidière, whilst others felt assured of personal security from the conviction that the National Guards would act with vigour and resolution. Although every species of falsehood was publicly disseminated, the government papers, generally so eager to contradict all false reports, now remained silent, and thus seemed to acquiesce in the truth of the placards.

Every member of the Provisional Government had done his best to defend himself, and to declare that he was an excellent public servant, and thus on the eighth of May they all took their seats as usual, and the *séance* promised to be one of comparative respectability, as no one seemed inclined to disturb the tranquillity. This delightful calm was of short duration, and M. Dornes, whose name well merits preservation, ascended the tribune, and in a very few words came to the point. He read his proposition, which amounted to this :— That the National Assembly should declare immediately and *without any discussion* that the Provi-

sional Government had deserved well of its country ; that an executive of five should be constituted to supersede the Provisional Government, and that those five members should be MM. —

No pen—no tongue—can give the faintest idea of the tumult and confusion which ensued ; the explosion of a powder-mill seemed like a child's whistle in comparison with the thunder that rolled through the Assembly. It certainly was a strong measure, to dismiss one government without consideration, and to name another without discussion, or go through the mimicry of voting as names were put forwards. Even the hydra-headed enemies of the Provisional Government were afraid of this comprehensive measure, and joined in the general tumult to avert it. Still, however, M. Dornes maintained not only his opinion, but his place, and grasping the rail with determination, he defied the dozen orators to displace him, who fiercely ejaculated some insult, or strove to mount the tribune.

M. Dornes' first virgin effort of legislation was unattended by feminine apprehension : in vain the president, M. Buchez, endeavoured, first by action of the hands, then by his voice, and afterwards by his huge bell, to obtain silence ; at least a dozen strong-lunged orators were anxious to talk, and when French orators do intend to talk, there is only one way to prevent it, and that one way is, by the president's putting on his hat, and this was done. The *séance* by this simple process became suspended, and gradually

the roar of voices grew fainter and fainter, as orator after orator relapsed into silence and exhaustion.

In the meantime M. Dornes seemed puzzling himself how to reconcile all parties—a most hopeless endeavour when so many were destined to lose their pay and their power. Numbers of the members assailed him, either fiercely, or endeavouring by reason to change the motion, and after half an hour's incessant gesticulation, he declared himself willing to forego the experiment of instantaneous cabinet-making, but he held firm to the first proposition: "That the thanks of the house should be voted to the Provisional Government."

This was regarded as an *escamotage*, and was vigorously opposed, for many in that assembly wished particularly to have some explanations on various points and acts: since the twenty-fourth of February the storm, instead of being stilled, had only changed its bearings, and people would not express their thanks for calamities instead of blessings. None could feel very desirous of expressing their gratitude at being ruined, and if the vote passed, then of course all the fantastic tricks of Ledru Rollin's commissaries, and of the circulars themselves, would be buried in a generous oblivion; and, therefore, somehow to get over the difficulty, it was proposed by a satirical member that the vote should take place, but that it should only be a *provisional vote*, as the government itself had only been provisional. The proposition, absurd as it was, had a good effect, and one loud roar of laughter welcomed

the proposer; the angry feelings seemed dissipated, and in all probability some amendment, more in harmony with the general disposition, would have been made, but for the sudden rush of M. Barbès to the tribune. No soldier mounting the breach, no sailor eager to board the enemy, ever made a more desperate exertion than did this republican to obtain a hearing. M. Barbès we remember to have heard speak at his trial before the Chamber of Peers, when he was accused of the moderate crimes of regicide and murder. In those days there was a certain degree of modesty about the criminal, but now the convicted murderer was the Governor of the Luxembourg, a member of the National Assembly, and the president of a democratic club; he had practised his voice in those turbulent resorts of the populace,—he had forgotten how the word “assassin” once vibrated on his ear,—he was a man in authority, not the humble suppliant for pardon to a king, whose life he had attempted. He was, and is, and ever will be, a conspirator: it is a kind of trade in which he embarked early, and in which he was never successful; it is a charity to believe him mad, or he must otherwise come under a worse imputation.

The arrival of Barbès at the tribune arrested for a moment the chattering of this garrulous society. M. Barbès did not begin his oratorical display as a modest member of the Assembly, but spoke in the name of the people (“*au nom du peuple*”), and pursued with wonderful volubility a set attack against

the government for numerous acts of weakness, and for having hushed up with unbecoming caution the *massacres* at Rouen. At this word the whole Assembly rose as if a galvanic shock had aroused them : there was a universal presentation of hands and arms, and the unequivocal condemnation of the term used, alarmed the bearded orator, who had run on in unlimited abuse of the National Guards. This was a subject peculiarly in favour in the clubs, and it had long been decided that the question should be mooted, and we have already given a proclamation signed Blanqui, taking the initiative in the streets. Barbès took it in the Assembly.

Great as was the commotion, it failed to arouse the Minister of the Interior, who seemed not to heed the thunder which roared around him ; he remained perfectly quiescent, allowing M. Sénard, who was himself a republican, to answer the ferocious menaces of Barbès ; and although M. Grandin taunted the Minister of the Interior with his silence, that haughty Secretary of State, allowed the unpleasant task to devolve on Crémieux. M. Crémieux, as usual, made no absolute reply to the charges, but skirmished with some legal obscurities, and left the Assembly to stop so useless a debate by its impatient clamour.

So ended the first storm : it was the herald of many others, and many more violent.

The National Assembly in its construction resembles a horse-shoe, with seats rising in succession from a rather narrow surface to the width of the whole build-

ing. Each member has a separate seat; before him is a desk with a drawer, and on the desk are a paper-cutter, ink, &c.

It appeared to the anxious spectators of these droll meetings, that all the members had a vast correspondence, and if they were relieved from this mental and manual exercise, they immediately had recourse to another, which was beating their desks with the paper knives, thus creating a noise difficult for tender lungs to overcome. Some seemed much habituated to the American pastime of whittling, and having seized upon a pen-knife, began a systematic destruction of the paper-knife; others lolled in listlessness, whilst others again read the paper.

The first cry which saluted a speaker was generally "*plus haut, plus haut, on n'entend rien*," and certainly this was not unnecessary, as we have frequently seen the house divide on a question, when it was declared by many of the representatives, that they never had heard one word of the proposition: nor was this extraordinary, for some members pursued one continued tattoo with the paper-cutters, and attentive as we were, and many others around us, we gathered the subject of the vote with great difficulty.

The Assembly had now met but four days, and they consecrated the eighth by an act of tyranny. We have before mentioned the presence of de Béranger, the great poet of France. It was not long before he saw that if he were disposed to give the light of his wisdom to this Assembly, enfeebled nature would have pre-



vented the act. It required the lungs of a Stentor to be heard ; and the arms of a strong man to hold on the rails of the tribune, when half a dozen eager orators rushed to displace the speaker. We have seen the steps occupied completely, and two or three in the tribune at once, all vociferating together, and with the president leaning over to add to the noise in the futile hope of silencing it.

De Béranger soon found that he could be but a silent member to register the ideas of others : he was too original for that, and sent in his resignation. No doubt the vote which refused to accept this resignation was meant as a well-earned compliment to the poet, but he was retained as a member^{*} in spite of himself, and as M. Dumas observed, “ Voila le sujet d'un couplet à ajouter à la chanson si connue : *Ce que veut la liberté.*”

Each member of the National Assembly received twenty-five francs a day, and M. Béranger was far too honest to receive the pay when he was unable to work : he continued, therefore, sending in his resignation until the chamber unwillingly accepted it. We cannot but applaud this act of the poet ; he must have felt sadly out of his element in being condemned to listen to the continuous flow of words without import and without harmony.

Paris was fast growing into agitation. The clubs spoke out most freely ; they talked of demonstrations and processions,—of the necessity of forcing the government to listen to their desires, and resolved to

be heard, and have all grievances redressed. In the meantime there was no actual government : the Provisional Government had resigned, and M. Dornes' motion was not disposed of.

On the ninth of May the first division took place, and this was on M. Dornes' amended proposition ; namely, "That a committee should be elected by ballot, composed of five members to constitute the executive power, and that this committee should appoint the different ministers." This proposition was opposed by M. Jules Favre, and supported by M. Odilon Barrot, and although the paper cutters were occasionally in requisition, the debate was animated, but not tempestuous ; on a division there appeared for the motion 481, against it 385.

The Mountain in this division was divided against itself, and therefore no accurate estimate of the real strength of both parties could be obtained ; but they had by far the better lungs, and in the tumult the advantage was decidedly in their favour.

Whilst these miserable exhibitions of legislation took place in doors, the commissaries in the departments continued their abuse of power, and in one case, where the President of the Cour d'Appel at Aix, complained to the Minister of Justice that the commissary interrupted the course of justice, by suspending four judges out of five of the Tribunal of Castellane, he received an order himself to leave his situation ; and it was evident that these abuses of power, whenever they were exerted against a judge,

met with the applause and support of the rabble; for we find that M. Joly, of whom we have before spoken, was elected a member of the Haute-Garonne, and only relinquished *illimitable* power, for the better salary of twenty-five francs a day.

CHAPTER XV.

*The Provisional Government remodelled — New Ministry—
M. Peuplin and Louis Blanc—Fall of Louis Blanc—Unpopularity of the new Ministry—Demonstration of the Thirteenth of May in favour of Poland—Real Liberty unknown in France—Appeal to the Socialists—M. Vavin's Motion—Commencement of the Emeute — Inflammatory Placards—Absurd Proposition of a Second Chamber—General dissatisfaction with the National Assembly—Petitions—Government Proclamation.*

THE Provisional Government now stood upon its trial. Five members to represent the power of royalty were to be elected, and it was the general belief that had the power of the five been vested in one, Lamartine, who in the universal suffrage had actually received two millions of votes, would have been the favoured mortal; he was still looked upon as the ascendant star, but on the ninth of May he became aware how fleeting is popularity,—how capricious are his fellow-countrymen.

The scrutiny took place, and thus stood the balance of public favour, 794 members voted.

Arago	725 votes.
Garnier Pagès	715 „
Marie	702 „
Lamartine	643 ! „
Ledru Rollin	458 ! „

How were the mighty fallen ! The very men who made the revolution were some of them set aside, others entirely forgotten, and the principal enactors tumbled to the ground.

It was evident that Ledru Rollin's supporters were not in the house ; but worse, far worse was in store for some of the government of February. It was of course pretty certain that the ministers would be selected from the companions and assistants, secretaries and hangers on of the power that was : and that inevitable result appeared in the nomination of the ministry.

France had now to boast of a Minister of Foreign Affairs in M. Bastide, with M. Jules Favre as under Secretary of State.

Minister of the Interior, M. Recurt ; under Secretary of State M. Carteret.

Justice, of course M. Crémieux.

Public Instruction, M. Carnot ; under Secretary of State, M. Reynaud.

War,—held for the present by one M. Charras.

Marine, Admiral Casey.

Agriculture and Commerce, M. Flocon !

Finance, M. Duclerc !

Religion, M. Bethmont.

Public Works, M. Trelat.

We look back, after the lapse of a year, with wonder and astonishment, as we did on the eleventh of May, 1848, that such men should have filled such situations. We are quite aware that any very pronounced reactionary nomination might have led to very serious results, since the government was a divided house, no one man possessing sufficient knowledge how to govern its heterogeneous composition ; but like other writers we cannot refrain from astonishment, knowing the society of distinguished persons who have frequented the saloons of Lamartine and Arago, that no better men could have been found in France, equally liberal in their views, and ten thousand times more respectable by birth and connexions, than some of those above named.

It would be an invidious task to trace the origin of those gentlemen ! but certainly if we had to select a government for a once great country like France, we should neither go to wood-yards nor *cabarets* for ministers. From the moment the names were pronounced, we were certain some great event would occur.

But where in this aspiring collection, whose only claim to something was in never having done anything, is the name of Louis Blanc ? When the five first favourites were named, this distinguished historian foresaw his downfall : indeed the public had long previous to this foretold the event, but M. Louis Blanc was not going to fall into the waters of political oblivion and sink without a struggle. The stool was

brought. The orator mounted the tribune, and presented to the consideration of the National Assembly that awful question of the rights of labour, (*droit au travail*), and seemed inclined to usurp the entire monopoly of defending and providing for the interests of the *people*. Barbès spoke in the name of the people, and Louis Blanc had the bad taste to follow so insufficient a master.

The Assembly became clamorous; the orator grew small by degrees and beautifully less, until a real workman, one M. Peuplin, who has maintained the popularity which he gained in this attack, entirely extinguished the protector of the *people*. M. Peuplin was one of the members for the department of the Seine, and was reputed a man of good sound common sense; indeed, when this political volcano vomited the republicans, we heard often that M. Peuplin was not at all unlikely to become a great man in this sadly diminished nation. With a vast deal of energy and plain common sense, he recapitulated the *labours* of the Commission of the Luxembourg; he warmly advocated the rights and privileges, the wants and the necessities of the working classes, but he declared the commission to be perfectly useless, although, as he remarked with much shrewdness, "they could not be liable to blame, since they had done *nothing at all*."

The chilling laugh which followed this honest man's remarks was the death-blow to Louis Blanc, and the proposition made by the President of the Commission of the Luxembourg, that there should be a Minister

of Progress, which he intended for himself, was universally reprobated. From this moment M. Louis Blanc fell never to rise again : he was the first of the nine-pins bowled down in this republican amusement ; he retired surlily to the corner seat of the highest row of the Left, where the Mountain gave forth its thunders, and saw men far inferior to himself in talent, but fortunately not inoculated with the madness of one impossible system, take possession of portfolios, and fill situations which we do not hesitate to say that Louis Blanc would have more ably filled, had he consented to follow a beaten path, and not ventured into the unknown road of innovation and invention. The twinkling star had disappeared : it was but the precursor of the general fall of more important meteors.

Discontent was now universal. It was impossible that men of rank and learning could be satisfied with the ministry. M. Duclerc was exceedingly unpopular : he had filled the situation of secretary to M. Garnier Pagès, and was reported to be a wholesale spoliator ; it was well known that he had advocated the seizing of the railways by the State. Not one presented, as the French say, "any surface," the whole were untried in the art of government, and some were so fantastical that they would have gained more applause in a booth at a fair than in the direction of public affairs.

It was not alone these fantastic nominations that occupied the general attention. The clubs had become more and more violent, and the volcano was on the point of an eruption. The trials at Bourges have

thrown great light on the event we are about to record. The prelude was put forth thus:—"An imposing manifestation is preparing in favour of Poland for Saturday next, the thirteenth of May. The friends of Poland are invited to meet on Saturday at eleven o'clock, at the Place de la Bastille. The procession will immediately afterwards proceed along the Boulevards. Measures have been taken to ensure the greatest order."

The public had grown satiated with demonstrations, processions, deputations, &c., and cared very little about them. From the Irish deputation to the deputation and procession of certain ladies, and National Guardsmen concerning bear-skin caps, all had fallen into disrepute; the oratory of Lamartine and Ledru Rollin had been severely tested by the multiplicity of responses necessary to be made, and the public had learnt to look on a pack of raggamuffins, carrying flags and shouting the *Marseillaise*, with a certain degree of nonchalance, which must have satisfied the performers that a reign of terror, arising from such tomfoolery, was discredited.

But the Polish question had always been a fruitful source of discord; in the days of the monarchy the question embarrassed the government, and now the great Republic of France—the *regenerator of liberty* in Europe—could hardly avoid the difficult question of intervention in favour of these annual insurrectionists. "Our brethren, the Poles," said one, "are already in arms, they await but our promised assistance to shake

off the chains of slavery,—to arms ! to arms !—let us show ourselves worthy of the great blessing we have received, by contributing to emancipate the world from the shackles of tyranny ! ”

We have before mentioned, and have not the least hesitation in repeating, that at this moment, and up to the present date, we do not know one country in the world so completely slaves, and very properly so, as the French. We are not aware of one single right of freemen which they possess, excepting *in words* ; the police interfere with the acts : the word has never been understood in France ; like *comfort*, it must be imported ; it is not indigenous to the soil. “ Perfidious Albion ” may well look on and smile at the puny efforts of France to be really and constitutionally *free*. If freedom consisted in liberating galley-slaves and house-breakers, debtors, and devils in human shape, France was undoubtedly free for three months from the twenty-fourth of February, but the coil soon encircled her frame, and bound her hands and arms, and the prisons became fuller than ever. The freeman was crushed by the soldier, and despotism and the police again ruled in France.

Everything was now enacting by oppositions ; the fortunate few who were named as the executive government returned thanks to the Assembly for their nomination, and finished their fulsome letter by declaring that “ supported by the power of the Assembly, animated with their desires, gathering knowledge from their discussions, (they made the same remark to the

clubs,) their force from the *sovereignty* of the National Assembly, they will give a regular, moderate, but irresistible impulse to the republic, which must be expected from the powers confided to them for the safety of the people." Whilst this was delivered in the Assembly, the following placard was liberally posted on the walls, houses, doors, and trees in Paris; we give it in the original, as it would be a pity that so grand an appeal should suffer by a translation; it was headed:—

" APPEL AUX DEMOCRATS SOCIALISTES.

" Les mauvais citoyens, ceux qui ne veulent rien faire pour le peuple, s'unissent pour maintenir l'égoïsme. Les bons citoyens doivent s'unir pour amener la fraternité.

" Au nom de l'humanité, que tous ceux qui ont pris à cœur le triomphe de la démocratie sociale viennent à nous. Quel que soit le nom de l'homme qu'ils préfèrent, comme représentant les principes, qu'ils viennent, car les principes sont tout.

" Réunissons-nous vendredi 12 Mai à midi, salle et jardin Dourlans, boulevard Bèzons, barrière de l'Etoile.

" Provisoirement, qu'il ne vienne à cette assemblée préparatoire *que les chefs de barricades*, membres de bureaux ou délégués des clubs démocratiques.

" Salut et fraternité !

" BERNIER, Peintre,

" LAGAGE, Plombier,

" DELBON, Sculpteur,

" SOBRIER, Beauvais Voyageur,

" &c., &c."

The police endeavoured to destroy this summons to revolt, but the placards were renewed.

Another equally prominent sign of the times was the following.

“ TO THE 12TH LEGION.

“ National Guards,

“ If the Citizen Barbès persists in refusing to give in his resignation as our colonel, our duty is to *demand* his dismissal from the National Assembly.

“ Let us organize a manifestation !

“ ALEXANDER SUBLET, 49, Rue St. Victor.”

Whilst the clubs were organizing their Polish demonstration, and the National Guards their manifestation—whilst the chiefs of the barricades were publicly summoned, and the National Assembly beating their paper-cutters,—the government, blind or apparently blind to the surrounding danger, were busily employed in preparing another tom-foolery, in what was called “ *La fête de la Fraternité* ;” it had been fixed for the 14th of May, but was put off upon the plea that the delegates from the provinces had not arrived ; others ventured to suggest that the government had certain information that a rising was contemplated in the midst of the festivity. We were destined to be amused with something very dissimilar to a “ *Fête de la Fraternité*.”

Public discontent was now growing more and more evident ; the Polish question was the *cheval de bataille*. This touchstone of liberty could not be concealed, and on the 13th of May, M. Vavin laid upon

the table of the National Assembly numerous petitions in favour of Poland, and requiring the French nation to make a formal manifestation of their sympathy for that unhappy country! M. Vavin's was a milk and water proposition in comparison with that of the thousand workmen who formed in groups everywhere, and who demanded an armed intervention; and they forthwith resolved to present a petition in the shape of a manifestation, that the Assembly should instantly declare war.

Affairs had now become sufficiently serious to warrant the beating of the *rappel*,—that ominous sound in times of agitation which causes such alarm.

The disturbers of the public peace had well organized their plans, for no sooner did a solitary drummer appear beating to arms, than he was seized, the head of his drum broken in, and the noisy instrument forced over his head, thus pinioning his arms; this gave the rioters more time to collect without any opposition, and it became necessary to send out a strong body of men to protect the drummers.

This violation of military discipline was done with the greatest good humour, the rioters never attempted to injure the drummers, only the drums; and when the unfortunate fellow, who always preserved his drumsticks, was regularly pinioned by his own noisy music case, the whole mob burst out into immoderate laughter, and were lavish of their jokes; no accident occurred, the danger was only increasing, and the democratic republicans, who collected masses of idlers,

put forth a manifesto relative to the "*Fête de la Fraternité*," in which Louis Blanc appears again, or rather the failure of his proposition is made the cause. Thus runs the placard:—

"The promises made upon the barricades not being accomplished, and the National Assembly having refused at its sitting on the 10th of May to constitute a 'Ministère du travail et du progrès,' the delegates decide that they will not assist at the *Fête de la Fraternité*.

"LA GARDE, President, &c., &c."

And not far from this signal of revolt was the order for the union of the forces.

"AUX DEMOCRATS.

"The democratic manifestation in favour of Poland will take place on Monday the 15th. The citizens will assemble on the Place de la Bastille."

As is usual in France, public notice is invariably given of any malicious intentions of the populace. The government were forewarned, but it does not appear they were forearmed, although a report was current in Paris that General Negrier had ordered 900 muskets—one, we suppose, for each member,—to be taken to the National Assembly, so that they might deliberate under arms.

When it grew dark the whole population of Paris seemed to have been thrust on the Boulevards; immense crowds congregated—angry conversations arose—socialist doctrines were broached and discussed, but there was no absolute indication of an outbreak.

At the clubs the Polish demonstration had been much canvassed ; Blanqui wished to defer the affair, and Barbès was anxious to be the leader, hence it was that a trifling disunion took place, and each in endeavouring to direct the growing insurrection, strove to be before his neighbour ; but on one subject all the democratic clubs seemed to unite. This mad scheme consisted in the following :—

That a second Chamber—a convention, should be named or elected by the clubs of Paris and the provinces, charged to superintend the labours of the National Assembly ; this second Chamber was to sit under the same roof as the National Assembly, and be, not only its judge, but its director and adviser, to govern it ; in short, by this surveillance to govern the nation.

The various placards now pasted on every wall indicated but too clearly the disposition of the clubs ; everybody was discontented, the revolution of February had offered much and done nothing. MM. Blanqui, Barbès, and Flotte were anxious to hold the reins of government, and drive the state carriage to its destruction, and many thought that out of this excess of evil some good would come.

The National Assembly was publicly declared as not possessing the confidence of the nation, although elected by universal suffrage, and only of a few days' existence. Those who wished to see order restored and confidence established, declared that the red republican members were elected entirely by the com-

missaries of Ledru Rollin, and under the impression of fear ; that these men would become too republican for France, and a new election would be the best mode of correcting the absurdities of the first. On the other hand, the republicans found themselves in a minority, and fierce and turbulent as they were, and violent as were their speeches, yet when it came to the vote, they could but vote once, and they were always in the minority. The nomination of the Executive Commission had not given satisfaction to any but those who were elected, and the ministry was composed of such a confused mass that its existence might be estimated in hours, not days.

Like the approaching hurricane, the wind was heard in all quarters, but no one knew from which the storm would come. The government were well informed, as we learn from the examination of Lamartine at the state trials which took place at Bourges, of the discontent of all, and Caussidière stood security for the good behaviour of Blanqui, whom he had volunteered uncere- moniously, and in direct infringement of the liberty of the subject, to arrest on suspicion of plotting against the state.

Every man of the government had plotted against the government of the king ; they could not expect to be more favoured than their predecessors—the whole of France was one great conspiracy. As M. d'Arlin- court observes :—"The republic of February was like the representation of Satan by Milton, the star of flame and darkness finding man only to destroy him,

and rushing from chaos to chaos :” certainly no beneficial results had been obtained, and those who lived in hope, began to sicken in despair. Petition upon petition crowded the bureaux of the Assembly, almost all the result of vanity and folly, dictated by men who believed themselves fit to govern, and who were at enmity with every one in authority. From this mass of rubbish we extract one which, as a national curiosity, might be preserved :—

“ Citizen representatives,

“ I am a handsome woman, twenty-five years of age, five feet eight inches high, and weighing 220 kilogrammes. I demand to represent ‘ Liberty ’ in the *fête* fixed for the 14th of May. I believe no one is better qualified than myself to fill the situation I solicit. I am at your service, citizen representatives,

“ &c., &c.”

We have said the government were well aware of what passed in the clubs, and M. Lamartine’s evidence before the high court of Bourges bears out this truth.

The members of the government knew well that they were condemned as imbeciles and traitors by the more resolute and truly democratic republicans ; they knew also that Blanqui, Barbès, Flotte, &c., aspired to the comfortable abodes of the different ministers, and that if the mob steadily supported their idols, the days of salary, comfort, and power were numbered. In order, therefore, to draw away the troops of the insurgents, and bribe them by sweet words, the following proclamation was addressed to all the newspapers, and placarded about the town.

“ 14th May, 1848.

“ Citizens,

“ The republic is founded upon order, and cannot exist but by order.

“ With order alone can you find employment.

“ With order alone the great question of ameliorating the condition of the workmen can be solved.

“ This truth you have well understood. France has applauded your conduct, at once so resolute and so calm.

“ From the moment agitation ceased—agitations, the natural results of a revolution—confidence began to be restored, and with it commerce and industry.

“ Since yesterday, however, Paris has again witnessed the meeting of large bodies of her citizens, which has caused new alarm. Paris is suprised, not frightened.

“ Citizens, the republic lives—her power is constituted, and the whole people are represented in the National Assembly. The power and the right are there.

“ Why then these meetings ?

“ The right to assemble—the right of discussion—the right of petition are sacred : do not compromise them by agitation, which can add nothing to their force.

“ Citizens, public tranquillity is the best guarantee for employment, the very shield of all enterprise ; the commission of the executive power, convinced that all excitement to illegal and turbulent manifestation is the death-blow to honest labour, and compromises the very

existence of the people, is resolved to defend the threatened tranquillity.

“The commission to accomplish this duty, calls upon all sincere republicans; it reckons with confidence upon the calm spirit of the Parisian population, which has hitherto protected, and will again protect the revolution as much against any re-action as against anarchy.

“The members of the commission of the executive power,

“ARAGO,

LAMARTINE,

“GARNIER PAGES,

LEDRU ROLLIN,

“MARIE,

“The Secretary PAGNERRE.”

This document, which was too long to be thoroughly perused in such exciting times, whilst it betrayed the fears of the government, gave but little hope that tranquillity would be restored, without some further protection than words. The democratic party again put forward the Polish manifestation. It was fixed for the morrow, and the evening of the 14th of May closed upon an immense assemblage of the people, all under considerable excitement, and all foreboding mischief and evil.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fifteenth of May—The Polish Demonstration—Speech of M. Wolowski—Mob attacks the Chamber—Lamartine's vain attempt at pacification—Barbès' insidious Speech—Louis Blanc endeavours to still the Tumult—The Populace break into the Chamber—Scene in the House—Dissension among the Leaders—Courage of the Representatives—Resistance of M. de Mornay—Raspail reads the Petition—Blanqui at the Tribune—Lamartine in Peril—Rescued by a ruse—Revolutionary Propositions—Dissolution of the Assembly proclaimed—New Ministry named—Prudhon and Cabet—Chamber cleared by the Garde Mobile—Rebel Government driven from the Hôtel de Ville—Tranquillity restored—Fraternal greetings between the Representatives and the National Guard.

DEMONSTRATIONS, processions, manifestations, *attroupe-ments*, &c., had latterly become so exceedingly common, that the pedestrian seldom turned his head to notice the banners which waved over these indefatigable republicans; but the 15th of May being a day fixed for the Polish demonstration, and as the good people generally believed that these street-walkers would be dressed in the Polish costume, the Boulevards were more crowded than usual, besides which the proclama-

tion of the government was interpreted as giving information that danger was at hand.

With our usual curiosity to see sights and mark the growing progress of this *great and sacred cause* (!) we proceeded to the balcony on the Boulevards already mentioned, and quietly awaited the procession—wondering, we candidly confess, that as the government knew of the resolution of the clubs at least three days before, they had taken no precautions to avert the blow. The Boulevards seemed as destitute of soldiers as usual, and we only remarked a few more people apparently walking in the same direction, than was customary.

The enthusiastic admirers of a nation which has created more ill blood than all Europe put together, met at the Place de la Bastille about ten o'clock, in number between six or eight thousand. The chiefs of the clubs were remarked as being particularly active, but there seemed no disposition to disturb the public peace, and although occasionally a mysterious whisper might be observed to pass from one to the other, yet there were no deep-set desperate countenances. Everybody appeared in the usual good humour of *émeutes*; and the serpent began to wind its long way down the Boulevard.

Such extravagant numbers had been fixed as forming all these demonstrations, that so far as it was possible to count them, we resolved to do it. We took an average of thirty-three in a line, which seemed very nearly the exact amount; the procession came forward,

and every three lines constituted a separate division ; we therefore allowed one hundred as the amount of the three lines, and estimating the procession exactly thus, it amounted to about nineteen thousand five hundred : at the trial at Bourges it was said to exceed twenty thousand. There was a great deal of organization in this, and although every one exalted his voice to the old song of "*Vive la République démocratique ; Vive Barbès ; Vive Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc,*" &c., very few called "*Vive Lamartine.*" In the number above mentioned we saw several boys, certainly not beyond the age of fourteen, and now and then an officer, or person in that uniform, of the National Guards.

No sooner had we counted the people, than we followed the demonstration, and took up our position on the terrace of the Tuileries garden, commanding an admirable view of the Place de la Concorde, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the sun.

A dead halt took place about half-past one, by which time the head of the column had reached the National Assembly, and it looked one dense mass of people apparently not at all disposed to be riotous.

The National Assembly were now in deliberation, protected by about two hundred of the Garde Mobile, who had been placed so as to command the bridge over which the procession was to pass, and over which it did pass unmolested, that is, so far as resistance was employed beyond words. Indeed, two hundred men could have made but a paltry opposition to so imposing a force. The procession continued

to advance steadily towards the National Assembly : it was declared that their object was only to present a petition in favour of the Poles, and most certainly out of the 20,000 people thus assembled, at least 13,000 believed in this report, and came with no other intention. But Frenchmen are like fireworks, the spark passes rapidly from one to the other, the whole ignites and finishes with a loud burst of noise, —and then total darkness.

The National Assembly met at noon : M. Wolowski had undertaken the Polish question, and had steadily gone over the same beaten path which *some orators* had taken during the palmy days of Louis Philippe ; of course the Poles were slaves—slaves, too, to a desperate tyrant—they were ready to break their chains, to shake off the shackles of tyranny, and become free men. It was for France to assist them in this glorious enterprise, and M. Wolowski, whose name has a very Polish sound, urged the Assembly to take the case into consideration. The orator had already taken fresh breath twice, and seemed inclined to continue his harangue for another hour, when he was cut short in his eloquence by M. Degoussée, who, suddenly rushing to the tribune, displaced the Polish Demosthenes, and gave the assembled deputies the following exciting intelligence : —“that he (M. Degoussée) had desired General Courtais to take further precautions than usual to protect the National Assembly, which was threatened with an immediate invasion ; that 20,000 men were

marching evidently with the object of repeating the scenes of February ; that General Courtais had done nothing, and would do nothing ; that an immense mass of citizens were approaching in no friendly mood, and that at the most only eight hundred bayonets could be brought to oppose them, and protect the National Assembly."

In the meanwhile the procession had crossed the bridge—at least as many as could pass in the time—and the Quæstor of the Assembly desired the iron gates which face the Place de la Concorde to be closed : the procession seeing this, turned to the left, and then taking the Rue de Bourgogne, suddenly appeared at the great entrance in the Place du Palais Bourbon. Outside of this gate a small detachment of the Garde Mobile occupied the front of the entrance ; the steady pressure of 20,000 men soon removed this trifling opposition, which however remained firm a sufficient time to allow the guard inside the gate to close it, and to prepare for resistance. The National Assembly was thus defended both in front and in the rear by iron railings, but unfortunately about six feet from the ground there were two openings, in a species of what is called in French, *artichauts de fer*.

The leader of the procession saw immediately the weak point of defence, and directed his ready insurgents to gain an entrance by these apertures. He had not to repeat his order twice : the nimble rioters climbed like cats to the openings, and very shortly gained admittance, but not before the National Guards

and the Garde Mobile had fixed their bayonets, and formed to resist the *escalade*. The confusion inside was much greater than the tumult outside ; not expecting such an attack, and quite unconscious of its vicinity until the various heads began to appear, the National Guards were taken by surprise, and were unprepared to act instantly ; they assembled as quickly as possible, made a good show, and would have made a good defence until assistance could be procured, had not General Courtais, their general and commander-in-chief, appeared and given orders for the National Guards and Garde Mobile to unfix bayonets. This was the signal for fraternization : there was no longer any show of resistance, the iron gates were forced open by those of the forlorn hope who had escalated the railings, and the mob entered into the court, thus commanding the various outlets of the Assembly.

Information was given of this movement to M. de Lamartine, who instantly left the Chamber to see the danger, and endeavour to still the storm. His words, which had before calmed the raging of these insensate people, were drowned by the leaders of the insurrection, who knew full well that eloquence found willing listeners at all times, especially in France, and that one happy expression might turn the intention of the boldest ; they therefore continued a universal riot, which in vain M. de Lamartine endeavoured to silence. One man with stentorian lungs cried out—
“ Enough—enough of Poetry.”

The efforts of Lamartine proving ineffectual, that

ready conspirator Barbès pretended to persuade the people to be calm, but every word was sedition, for he began by congratulating the people on having reconquered their rights, and announced to them that the doors of the National Assembly should be thrown open. Instead of suppressing the agitation, this discourse from a leader of a club had the opposite effect, and a certain movement of the immense tide of human beings seemed to indicate that a rush was about to be made.

With what real intention M. Louis Blanc succeeded Barbès, we are unable to divine ; for the part he took in this insurrection he has been found guilty, by contumacy, by the high court of Bourges, and his name has been written on the pillory where he was to have taken his stand.

It is the privilege of all insurrectionists and rebellious subjects to witness the cold ingratitude of the world : but this gentleman had hardly time to be popular before he passed to the other extreme. The well-disposed portion of the community saw in the placard of Blanqui, already mentioned, that Louis Blanc was put forward as one of the causes of this attempt to upset the Assembly, and whether right or wrong M. Louis Blanc must always bear some portion of the blame, as his aspiration to a portfolio was the means of involving his name in very questionable society. Louis Blanc was most vigorously and vehemently applauded—his popularity was at its zenith,—he was lifted up like an idol, to be cast aside like a

demon. Had the presidency been decided on the fifteenth of May, M. Louis Blanc might have aspired to the honour, and might have succeeded; but his popularity would have been lost the day he ascended to power. There is no denying to this gentleman a certain degree of fervid eloquence; like almost all Frenchmen, he is a fluent speaker; he looks younger than he is, and there is a certain fire and determination in his language that will always win him well-merited applause. On the present unhappy occasion he did not imitate the rebellious language of Barbès, or the poetry of Lamartine; his endeavours, sincere or not, seemed intended to still the tumult, but he was interrupted so often by the shouts of "*Vive Louis Blanc*," that had he only moved his arms and his lips without saying a word, he would have been equally intelligible to those who were ten feet distant from the orator. By his side stood the workman Albert, who never spoke, but nodded his dull, heavy head, as if in accordance with all that emanated from his leader.

The shouts of applause were heard in the Chamber: the fact that the outer gates were taken, and that the mob were masters of the position was therefore known; and strange it now appears, that whilst Lamartine was expending his poetry, Barbès his treason, Louis Blanc his eloquence, and Albert his semaphorical silence, no orders were given by the president, no precautions were taken, but the whole mass of legislators seemed as panic struck as the royal family on the twenty-fourth of February.

In vain Louis Blanc endeavoured to obtain a hearing : his voice was drowned in applause, and the leaders having gained the first success pushed forward to reap the benefit, well aware of the fear they had engendered in the Assembly.

It was one simultaneous advance ; those in the rear pressing onwards with united effort, the front was compelled to move forward, and whilst M. Wolowski was pouring out his words in favour of the Poles, the doors of the different tribunes were broken open, the unwelcome appearance of the *people*—the sovereign people—stopped the current of the speaker's eloquence, and the endeavours of some to escape, and of others to occupy their seats, with the eternal shout of "*Vive la République démocratique et sociale*," made the uproar complete.

There were several ladies placed in the front row of the different tribunes ; curiosity has made many victims, but in France the ladies may venture upon any danger, well aware that they will be respected. This sudden irruption of the Goths and Vandals startled even the fair sex, who, generally relying on their sex and their charms, derive confidence from the known gallantry of the men ; they were, however, taken by surprise, and added their screams to the roar of the victorious party, and the shouts of the besieged.

The ladies were civilly invited to retire, and seemed very anxious to avail themselves of the invitation. Men in blouses, ragged looking ruffians, and unwashed citizens usurped their places, and some, eager to be ready for a further advance, sat themselves down on

the parapet of the galleries, swinging their uncouth limbs in the air. There were some with bare brawny arms, evidently prepared for combat, some without coats and waistcoats, and others the personification of the reign of terror, all pushing and jostling to get a good position. This invasion of the upper part of the House was contrived in concert with the others, who nearly at the same moment broke through all obstacles and appeared on the floor in front of the orator's tribune, and soon filled the whole space which divides the Chamber : they came in, unbidden, to this sanctuary, shouting "*Vive la Pologne*," and flourishing banners of all descriptions and with a thousand devices. The men who had invaded the galleries and occupied the different tribunes, seeing their friends in possession of the floor of the Chamber, immediately began to slide down and drop upon the upper benches, which they no sooner reached than they rushed headlong into the space below.

It was a sight never to be forgotten ; the consternation of some of the deputies, the excessive coolness and courage of others,—and here we would mention M. Lacordaire who, dressed in his clerical costume, remained unmoved at this unusual scene. M. de Mornay also showed his courage in resisting Raspail when he began to speak, and many others of the deputies showed, on this occasion,—and it was one of the greatest danger,—a coolness and a confidence well worthy of a Frenchman and a sincere patriot, for at the very outset of the occupation one of the deputies

was seized by the collar, and most unceremoniously and disrespectfully thrown to the ground.

Some of the officers of the Chamber attempted to defend the orators' tribune, but they were soon forced to relinquish their hopeless opposition, and that sanctuary of spouting was also attacked and carried. M. Buchez, as president of the Chamber, supported the defenders of the tribune, which was no sooner carried, than the mob endeavoured to displace the members and occupy their seats. In this they were successfully resisted, although many forced their way between the deputies, and seated themselves to the great annoyance of the original proprietors. The members of the Chamber were more numerous than the invaders, and had the least assistance arrived, they could have ejected the intruders: certainly not more than six hundred men ever gained admittance.

It was now a dispute who should speak; the rebel Barbès was the first to try, but the tumult rose above the orator's voice. To give greater effect to his desire, he seized a flag which was borne by a stout man, who resisted, and in the struggle the staff was broken and the colours torn; besides this, Ledru Rollin had got possession of the tribune, and was by no means inclined to relinquish it. Both bellowed ineffectually: nor were the efforts of a young republican in a blouse, who certainly belonged to the unwashed multitude, more successful; he did his utmost to speak and be heard, but who can hear the human voice in the roar of the hurricane? It was scarcely possible to hear the

president's bell, which he continually rang to obtain a little order, and in despair of effecting his purpose, he took his next step and put on his hat, thus declaring the sitting suspended.

But revolutionists are above all law ; they cared nothing for the president's bell or his hat, they had a point to gain, and as yet had successfully advanced. In the midst of this strange scene Louis Blanc mounted *on* the tribune, where this gentleman, of unfortunate diminutiveness, could be seen, and no sooner was he seen than he was most vehemently welcomed ; his first hope was to restore order, and he succeeded !

In that which Lamartine and the president had failed to effect, Louis Blanc succeeded ! it is his greatest achievement throughout the revolution ! Louis Blanc spoke to order, he implored the people to be great and calm, and he took all the Chamber under his protection, soliciting the liberty of discussion, and declaring he was about to read the "Polish Petition." But here even M. Louis Blanc's popularity failed him : Raspail, with his blue eyes and light hair, was not inclined to bow to the popular idol ; he held in his hand about a dozen copies of the petition, and wished to be the medium of its conveyance to the Chamber. Blanqui with his dirty gloves, which even on this occasion he wore and never took off, begged also to read the petition, whilst Huber, who is described as thirty-eight years of age, having short hair, a long red beard, small inflamed eyes, and red face, flourished a cane, and seemed to guide the insurgents, as the leader of an orchestra does its musical members.

Every man wished to be distinguished. In such an insurrection the chance of ultimate popularity was only to be obtained by vigorous behaviour. The numbers of the insurgents had increased, the Chamber was completely in their power; the members were still occupying their seats, and behaved with as much calmness as could be expected.

When Raspail declared *he* would read the petition, there was a loud outcry from the deputies, and no man was more determined than M. de Mornay: he said that Raspail was not a member of the house, and insisted on the privileges being preserved, which excluded all strangers from addressing the Assembly. M. de Mornay found several to support him, but the president, who saw how perfectly useless it was to attempt to stem this increasing tide, yielded to the pressure from without, supported Raspail in his disposition to speak, and gave him permission so to do.

This act of the president has been severely censured, but we are inclined to believe that he only acted with common prudence; the mob were disposed to carry their point at all hazards, and had they been opposed by the president, they would have done instantly, what they did about a quarter of an hour afterwards.

Raspail, backed by the president, read the petition in favour of the Poles in the midst of the most frantic applause, and here was now seen the ingratitude of the victors. When Raspail had read the petition, the president rose to make some remark, but the rioters called out that they did not want to hear him, they

could not extend their privilege to him, and told him to hold his tongue and sit down, which M. Buchez immediately did : this gave rise to some few unmannerly epithets, which soon terminated, and Blanqui and Raspail remained masters of the tribune, whilst Huber vociferated loudly from the floor of the House, and Flotte fiercely gesticulated at Barbès, accusing him of wishing to betray the republic. That bearded ruffian extended his hand to Flotte, the cook, and both parties declared themselves satisfied, and henceforward eternal friends.

Blanqui, who it is reported, and indeed confirmed by the evidence given at the high court of Bourges, was averse to this demonstration, not from any loyal feelings which might have disturbed his slumbers, but from a conviction that the organization of such an undertaking was not sufficiently matured, finding himself so far advanced as positively to be in possession of the Chamber, now usurped the tribune ; he held forth his hand wearing his usual black glove, and with this ominous symbol succeeded in obtaining a comparatively patient hearing.

We have before mentioned this insurgent's aptitude in discourse ; his voice is wiry and not strong, but he managed in that large hall to make himself pretty distinctly heard. The Polish question was a mask intended to hide the insurrectionary movement which was to follow any marked success ; but Blanqui had prepared a speech, and was resolved to deliver it : even that great master of conspiracy knew not when

to *act*. It was the fault committed by every leader from the twenty-fourth of February: none seemed to know the value of a minute in such perilous times.

Blanqui, after some slight circumlocution, demanded the re-establishment of Poland, such as it was before its first dismemberment in 1772, and with its ancient boundaries; he further proposed, that the subject should be debated instantly, in the presence of the people, and that not only should the unfortunate Poles be restored to their expected liberty, but that the question of war with Prussia, Austria, and Russia, should be also debated. M. Blanqui never thought of the exhausted exchequer, the House divided against itself, the civil war of France already begun, or the contending interests, quietly nurtured, of the royalist party. War—war, was the cry.

In spite of some interruption from M. Clement Thomas, the colonel of the second legion of the National Guard, M. Blanqui came to a more exciting subject, namely, what was termed by the clubbists the massacres of Rouen. He demanded instant liberation of all the *victims*, for under that exciting appellation he classed the insurgents who had been taken and incarcerated: for nearly a quarter of an hour the din of voices drowned that of the orator, but Blanqui remained firm and resolute at the tribune, and after that lapse of time, concluded his oration by a reference to the position of Louis Blanc, who had been put aside by the government, although he had so well merited a reward from his country. There was a shout, such as

“to the subject about Poland, the debate, the war,” which Blanqui evaded by making his descent from the tribune.

Lamartine now endeavoured to obtain a hearing; alas! the poet's popularity had considerably faded. It was not an oratorical display the mob wanted; they desired to grasp at the power, and be themselves in reality the sovereign people. Lamartine in his passage towards the tribune was saluted by many who gave, apparently, a sincere mark of esteem in the friendly shake of the hand; but Lamartine was not allowed to ascend the tribune, he was surrounded by the insurgents, and held rather an animated conversation with a young man dressed in a blouse, and wearing a black cravat. As the conversation increased, the position of Lamartine became somewhat equivocal; the crowd began to press upon him, some violent words escaped, and there was a restless agitation which excited alarm for the once favoured poet; he was extricated from his unpleasant position by a young man who, being aware that one word might, like a single spark, ignite a magazine, rushed or pushed his way through the crowd, and pulling Lamartine by the coat, said:—“Citizen, you must come out instantly, your wife is taken seriously ill.”

The *ruse* succeeded, every Frenchman knows the duty of a husband, and a woman has a prior claim even to the State: not a soul saw the danger of allowing Lamartine to leave the Chamber; on the contrary, the mob made place for him, and he walked out. On

reaching the outside he said to the young man who accompanied him,—

“Where is Madame Lamartine?”

The answer was, “I do not know.”

“Then she is not ill?” continued the poet.

“Not the slightest in the world that I know of,” replied the stranger.

Lamartine saw at once the object, and asked the stranger, “Who may you be?”

“I am,” replied the young man, “the citizen Hirshler; I was resolved to save you from your unpleasant position, you are now free,—*act*.”

“I am so overcome,” replied Lamartine, “that I must repose myself for a moment,” and he directed his steps to the library, where he found General Courtais, who, like himself, had sought a refuge, and these two personages were left alone.

This interview gave rise to some suspicions amongst those who are ready to suspect everybody. Courtais was afterwards tried for misconduct, neglect, and, in short, complicity on this day, and the Executive Government one and all were loudly condemned for not having taken every necessary precaution.

The National Assembly was now anything but a deliberative society. Some brought buckets of cold water, which were placed behind the president, and into which many dipped their parched mouths; others mounted the tribune and vainly attempted to speak, although M. Buchez gave them his leave and support; and discord had risen so far, that an officer of the

National Guard, who perhaps proposed to vindicate the honour of the Assembly, was seized by the infuriated crowd, his epaulettes torn from his shoulders, and thrown in the air.

This struggle seemed to remind the insurgents that time was fast passing away, and that they had not followed up their advantage. It was the conspirator Barbès who turned his followers to other acts than that of taking a pair of epaulettes from an unarmed man. He obtained silence, and proposed—"that a vote of the Assembly should justify the proceedings of the people, by declaring they had well merited of their country; that any officer of the National Guard or other corps who should order the *rappel* to be beaten, should be declared a traitor, and put out of the pale of the law; that further, every representative present who refused to vote for a general war should be declared a traitor, and that a forced loan of a *milliard* should be imposed on the rich."

In an Assembly such as we have vainly endeavoured accurately to describe, it was impossible that exciting resolutions like these should be received in silence; the propositions were not only well received, but loudly welcomed; and the agitation was so excessive, that many seemed to have been converted into tennis balls, and kept bounding from the floor with that peculiar motion; hands were extended,—voices roared,—the tumult was unparalleled.

A lucky thought suddenly occurred to one of the insurgents, which required but to be repeated to gain many

supporters ; it was, to carry Louis Blanc in triumph : he was but the weight of a feather for each, and the historian of the Ten Years was uplifted with as much ease as a Hercules would raise a wax doll. Although this was a relief from more serious thoughts, and particularly amusing to the spectators, it did not seem equally agreeable to the victim of popular applause : he kicked most unhandsomely, implored—desired—commanded to be set down, and after considerable exertion, he was quietly placed on the ground, and nearly suffocated by his position. He fell, never to rise again : this was his last ovation, although he made another attempt from a table to harangue the multitude.

From the continued pressure from without, it has been estimated that at this time at least 5,000 people thronged the House ; the heat was oppressive beyond all description, and a dust rose enough to suffocate the occupiers of the various tribunes ; yet in spite of heat, and dust, and noise, and danger, we remarked the English ambassador, Lord Normanby, looking on this strange scene of disorder with wonderful composure.

All things must have an end. No one attempted to argue the propositions of MM. Barbès and Blanqui ; it was one vast scene of disorder,—one raging sea of discord,—one hurricane of opinion,—and yet when a person, whose name has escaped the vigilance of every one, drew a paper from his pocket, on which was written :—“ In the name of the sovereign people, the

National Assembly is dissolved,"—and this paper was laid on the bureau of the president, people began to see that the Polish question was only a pretext, and that the object was at once to upset the government, and to put more liberal republicans, of other men's fortunes, in their places.

Those who were in the secret of the plot now raised such an indescribable tumult, that the roar of the sea over a beach of shingle would give but a faint idea of the noise. One fired a pistol, the ball of which passed through the cieling, this was the signal for a conclusion of the farce—it never rose to tragedy, as not a man was killed.

Now the president's tribune was invaded; M. Buchez, who liked his position, although in more quiet days we have not envied him his honours, defended his chair for a moment, but he was most unceremoniously ejected, and bundled head foremost from his cherished abode. Making a hasty retreat down the steps, he seemed excessively glad to escape from his revolutionary associates. The disappearance of the president, which gave a kind of official notification of the dissolution of the National Assembly, was the signal of departure for many members; in short, the farce of sitting still and never making any opposition to the crowd, was contemptible enough.

The Chamber was now supposed by many to be really dissolved, the government to have fallen; upon which the sovereign people resolved to name another without a moment's delay.

The names had long since been prepared, the proposer selected, and the miserable band who had prepared this invasion, had agreed to accept office—if they succeeded in their efforts.

The names given out were Barbès, Blanqui, Pierre Leroux, Cabet, Proudhon, Louis Blanc, Raspail, Ledru Rollin, and Albert. Amongst these the two most likely to draw attention were Proudhon and Cabet, both socialists. The writings of the one and the visions of the other had already become notorious. We shall give a sentence of M. Proudhon, to show into what hands the madmen of France would have consigned their country : we shall quote the passage in the original, as we should be very sorry to circulate its blasphemy in any other language :—“ *La propriété, c'est le vol ; la famille, c'est le repaire de tous les vices ; la charité, c'est une odieuse mystification ; la justice, c'est chose infame ; Dieu, c'est hypocrisie et mensonge, sottise et lâcheté, terreur et misère ; Dieu, c'est le mal ; si Dieu existait, il faudrait le maudire, et l'appeler Satan.*”

This gentleman was already a member of the National Assembly, and was now brought forward, no doubt, to carry out his scheme, as Louis Blanc had been brought forward to try the effect of his visionary theories. Strange as it may appear, this man has many followers, and the principal cause of the French Revolution may be traced to a certain recklessness of death, and a lamentable deficiency of moral rectitude. We shall recur to this subject hereafter.

Cabet, without all reports are fabulous, was a notorious swindler, who, having amassed considerable sums from his socialist idiots, afterwards shipped them off to America, to find out a certain Icaria, in which peace and plenty were to be the everlasting reward of an equal state of society; where everything was to be equally divided, and the lazy, the drunken, and the vicious, to be fed and supported by the laborious, the sober, and the virtuous. Of course M. Cabet would have selected the ministry of finance as the field of his extended operations, and the exchequer of France would have been replenished by the *milliard* M. Barbès so liberally proposed should be supplied by the rich.

The reader will naturally ask, during all this time what did the National Guards?

The *rappel* had been beaten in spite of the proposition of Barbès, and the gathering of the armed host was great and rapid; crowds upon crowds of the National Guards advanced towards the Place de la Concorde, whilst the news of the invasion of the Chamber having spread, the curious, the idle, the eager, and the ruined, all seemed to concentrate in the Rue Royale and the Champs Elysées, whilst many ladies, some even leading dogs, got into the Tuileries, and remained spectators of the strange scene.

Every one was eager for inquiry; no one commanded. General Courtais might have been closeted with Lamartine, or quietly concealing himself from the tumult. There stood that useless—worse than useless—civic force, the National Guards, with their

pretty uniforms and well polished muskets, shrugging up their shoulders, receiving every minute reports of what had passed, and with the eternal "*enfin que voulez-vous*" heard of the invasion of the Chamber, its dissolution, and the nomination of the new government. Neither were the National Guard the only inactive spectators of the scene; the troops of the line and the Garde Mobile remained just as useless, and just as inactive as the citizen soldiers, excepting that not unfrequently they relieved the monotony of the business by the suspicious cry of "*Vive la République Démocratique.*"

It will not fail to be remarked in the above list of names that those of Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc appear; we pass over that of M. Albert, who is altogether too insignificant for any historical reminiscence: he sprang from nothing, to return to nothing,—the only wonder was, how he ever got where he did. Of all republican virtues, he possessed only that dogged sulkiness and determination which is the general property of any converters of other men's property to their own use.

But how comes it to pass that MM. Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc's names figure amongst such questionable society? The regicide and the assassin, the conspirator and the thief are surely not such companions as the talented Louis Blanc, or the haughty Ledru Rollin would select; how is it that amongst the Barbès, Blanquis, and Cabets, we find these names? Raspail was a man of good education, and

some medical reputation ; but Flotte, the cook, who was cheated of his chance, and became furious at being put aside, was not likely to surrender his claims to the presidency of the republic (!) without he made way for greater conspirators than himself,—and time has shown that even after only three months' precarious existence, the very founders of the republic conspired against its moderate existence.

The greediness of power produced the ruin of the new government. In every act of these desperate republicans, the cloven foot of power has betrayed them. No sooner were the names of the new government read, and a few "*oui, oui's*," shouted, than each man made a rush to seize the seals of office ; in this we except M. Ledru Rollin, who had an office, and who appeared not at all disposed to "march through Coventry" with such a dirty batch.

With these new ministers disappeared the prime agents of this well enacted movement. It is impossible up to this minute to call them conspirators or traitors ; they were no more so than those of February. Barbès, Blanqui, Flotte, Cabet, and Raspail, did no more than Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Marrast, Crémieux, and Louis Blanc had done. Both parties had *regenerated* their country ; both had discovered that their predecessors were incapable : the one overturned unresisting royalty, the other usurping power ; there are no traitors when the attack is successful, there are no conspirators but in failures. The voice of *the people*, which had been hailed as the national assent in regard

to the first conspirators, was just as loud, and just as clamorous for the second; and if the first usurpers can place their hands on their hearts and declare they were duly elected as a Provisional Government, we can just as honestly declare that Barbès, Blanqui, and the rest were nominated by the *French people*. The universal suffrage which returned the National Assembly, could just as well be abrogated as the authority of a king and a solemn oath to uphold a kingly constitution. They were all traitors together, until they were successful; they then became, of course, the regenerators of their country, and the liberators of slaves and bondsmen!

As the crowds left the Assembly to follow their momentary idols, bands of idlers, who had thronged the outside of the Chambers, began to supply the vacant places. Curiosity often leads to danger, in more cases than virtue. The Garde Mobile began to think that the farce had lasted long enough, and feeling tired of remaining under arms all day in a broiling sun, put an end to this heterogeneous legislation by fixing their bayonets, in defiance of the order of General Courtais; and marching into the Chamber they unceremoniously dislodged the occupants, although no collision took place, and a general fraternization occurred.

One of the mob mounted the tribune to indulge in the French propensity of public speaking, but a brother in the shape of an officer of the Garde Mobile, handed him very uncourteously from his position.

The public disappeared instantaneously, and behind

the Garde Mobile re-entered the true representatives of the people, who, we presume, had at last done their duty, and forced the Garde Mobile to do theirs.

The scene was now more exciting without than within the Chamber ; Lamartine and Ledru Rollin at the head of a considerable force, consisting of dragoons, lancers, troops of the line, National Guard, and artillery, followed the new government to the Hôtel de Ville, of which they had already taken possession ; whilst the gentlemen of Paris, at last roused to a sense of the impending danger, were seen with double-barrelled fowling pieces, joining the ranks of the National Guard, and marching down to the National Assembly, where there was now nobody to eject. But this advance gave courage to the Representatives, who finding themselves masters of their own places again, and under the sway of their old president, once more constituted themselves in authority, and Barbès, Blanqui, &c., became legitimate traitors and conspirators. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin soon recovered the Hôtel de Ville, and to the cries of "*Vive la République, Vive Lamartine,*" &c., these weather-cock people again passed under the power of the executive commission.

The House recovered courage and breath ; a meeting took place at six o'clock, when the Procureur General, M. Portalis, asked permission to prosecute General Courtais and Barbès, both representatives, which was instantly voted. Accounts were read of the recapture of the Hôtel de Ville, and the victorious chief, Lamartine, was borne in triumph by the

National Guard into the Assembly. The government, by the voice of M. Garnier Pagès, attempted some futile explanation of this extraordinary affair, and by way of confirming the liberty that had been obtained in February, he informed the house that the clubs were to be closed, and other strong measures adopted.

The day had now ended, the victors of the moment were in their turn defeated, and although numerous groups assembled in the streets, each animated (since the failure was known) with the desire of order, no collision took place ; there was that general uneasiness which follows the shock of an earthquake, but Paris was,—to use the common expression, and so very often requisite to be published,—tranquil.

The scene had now completely changed ; the National Guards surrounded the Chamber, and every one was willing and ready to die in the good cause. People shook hands, and sighed for an opportunity to distinguish themselves, and when the danger was entirely passed, we never remember to have seen a more gallant, loyal, patriotic, or brave population, or civic guard ! It seemed to these warriors quite incomprehensible how they could have remained inactive during this day of peril ; no one could account for why they had not marched about one hundred yards further than where they had stood inactive and useless ; but vows were registered that order and the republic should be preserved, and the street re-echoed the praise bestowed upon the brave National Guards of Paris. How bitterly must the praise thus lavishly distributed

have been received by some of those men, yet the day after every man seemed, from his conversation, to have been the first to dislodge the enemy, and to have done his country good service.

The National Guards of Paris amount to at least 200,000 men; the invasion of the Chamber was effected, and the legislative body annulled, by not more than 5,000 people, and yet for hours this extraordinary scene was continued, and not one man came to the rescue; now they were victorious, and the following is the epilogue to the farce.

Garnier Pagès and Lamartine aroused the courage of the representatives by their words and the assurance of safety. The sitting which had been pronounced "*en permanence*" was voted useless, the National Guards and troops of the line were declared fatigued, and the Assembly agreed to meet the next day. We give the description of the following ludicrous scene, word for word, from a celebrated writer:—

"Now commenced the departure of the deputies,—a departure which confirmed the victory of *order*, and the defeat of the agitators. The hedge of troops was so narrow, that only two deputies could go out at a time, and every man of the National Guard shook the hands of the representatives as they passed. It was then that the enthusiasm was at its height: every individual of the National Guard shouted in his loudest voice '*Vivent les Députés!*' and every deputy responded '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' The *true people* and the true representatives united in the

closest bonds. We returned, followed by the ebullition of joy of ten thousand men, and at ten o'clock we wrote these lines, which consecrate to history one of the most *curious* days in the history of France. Paris was illuminated."

Well may M. Dumas call this one of the most curious days in the history of France, and never was there a more bitter satire than the words we have just quoted.

After having left the deputies to the tender mercies of an infuriated multitude, which hurled them from their seats—declared them dissolved as a body—upset the government and formed a new one—and all done without the interference of a single division of the numerous body who had declared themselves the friends of order, and the upholders of an honest republic—this body of men shake hands with those whom they deserted, and shout "*Vivent les Députés*;" and the deserted of the National Guards, suddenly imbued with the greatest Christian charity, forgive this great dereliction of duty, return the cordial embrace, and shout "*Vive la Garde Nationale!*" It is a farce which can only be enacted in France, where every moment men's minds and mens' ideas imitate a *girouette*, and variable as the wind which occasions the movement, they become as inconstant and as insincere as the breath which caused the variation.

We have heard it said, "no orders were given:" we believe it to be true, but was there not a time, especially when it was known that a band of conspirators had invaded

the representatives of the nation, that officers ought to have been sent to the executive government—to the National Assembly—and seeing the peril to the State, have marched on to rescue the invaded? Are the National Guards to look quietly on whilst the city is fired, and merely say “ *Enfin que voulez-vous?* ” Is it because no order from the general reaches the commander of a legion, that that commander is to see before his eyes the government destroyed, and the representatives dismissed, and not move one yard to succour the one, or protect the other? If M. Hirshler could generously step forward, penetrate the thick crowd, and succeed in withdrawing Lamartine from his rather perilous position—could not one be found out of 200,000 brave National Guards, to have got at any minister, informed himself of the true state of affairs, and asked the wishes and directions of the government? The 15th of May, even to us who witnessed it from the beginning to the end, is the most incomprehensible day in the history of the world. We defy even Lamartine to describe or defend it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Insurrections on the Fifteenth of May in all France—At Vienna, and at Naples—Official Proclamations—Arrest of Sobrier—Caussidière implicated and resigns—Montagnards expelled from the Prefecture of Police—General Courtais arrested—His Character—Who were the Leaders of the Insurrection?—Discovery at the Club in the Passage Molière—Ammunition furnished from Vincennes—Proceedings of the National Assembly—M. Trouvè-Chauvel made Prefect of Police—Cavaignac named Minister of War—False position of M. Arago—Frivolous Proceedings of the Assembly—

As yet we are in ignorance of the means by which the red republicans of France organized their revolts, both for their own country and others ; but the following facts are almost beyond the effect of *chance*. We are ready to say with Pope :—

“ All chance *direction* which thou canst not see.”

On the 15th of May almost all the great towns of France broke out into revolt. On that day, also, the students and the secret societies of Vienna became

insurrectionists, raised the standard of revolt, and forced the emperor to fly his capital. On that day the fearful revolution in Naples was commenced, and throughout the whole European world a movement burst forth simultaneously, as if obeying some mandate by electric telegraph.

In Paris it was declared that Blanqui opposed the affair of the 15th of May, but was forced onwards by Barbès' club taking the initiative.

The day came and passed, and the mob were insurrectionists in the morning, victors at noon, and prisoners at sunset; and we confess ourselves of the opinion that this invasion of the Chamber was a long planned movement for the Fifteenth, and that the revolts in other countries, as well as in the large towns of France, were the result of a long premeditated plan, well and boldly executed, but failing from the too great eagerness to grasp at the power the leaders could never have retained.

Sobrier was arrested at the house of the Minister of the Interior, where he, without the slightest ceremony, had installed himself; he was not even named by the insurrectionists as one of their government, but he took the liberty of enacting minister for two hours; he was attended by about one hundred of the most desperate ruffians, and at first gave some indications of maintaining his usurped power.

Arrests were talked of, and placards from the government appeared on the walls, of which the following are translations; it is quite obvious that the second

one is far from the truth, or the Chambers never would have been invaded at all.

“TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE AND NATIONAL GUARDS
OF PARIS.

“The National Assembly, elected by universal suffrage, has been invaded ! Its President has been driven from his Chair, and factious people substituted themselves for your true representatives, who rely upon you and all good citizens as you can rely upon them.

“ Le Questeur délégué,

“ DEGOUSSEE.

“Vive la République.”

The Minister of the Interior sent forth the second proclamation.

“ Ministère de l'Intérieur,

“ Paris, 15th of May, 1848.

“ Citizens,

“ A mob, led astray by some factious people, have violated the sanctity of the National Assembly.

“ This attempt failed from the unanimous manifestation of the population.

“ The government of the republic will do its duty ; it knows well how to employ its energies to ensure order, without violating the principles of liberty.

“ The Minister of the Interior,

“ RECURT.”

One would suppose from this last proclamation that the first was perfectly false.

About eight o'clock at night the National Guards, now masters of Paris, and somewhat recovered from

their first inertness, began to carry out the orders of the government, and went in force to the house in which Sobrier lived in the Rue de Rivoli, where this celebrated conspirator had established not only his quarters, but also the bureaux of his "*Commune de Paris*." The house which had been the fear and alarm of the whole quarter, had been carefully closed since three o'clock, but at the appearance of the National Guards, and on the assurance that Sobrier had been arrested, his former associates offered no resistance, and the doors were opened ; but during the time of their being closed, every paper had been destroyed, and nothing remained but some muskets, and a barrel of powder.

Sobrier was once, as before mentioned, joined with Caussidière as Prefect of Police, and the intimacy which existed between the two insurgents, with the fact that although the prefect declared himself well acquainted with the movement, he took no steps to repress it, led to the demand of some explanation from the Prefect of Police in the National Assembly, of which M. Caussidière was a member. Violent and stormy was the debate, and the certainty that Caussidière had himself ordered some muskets to be taken to Sobrier's house, placed the prefect in so false a position, that he was obliged to resign his office.

It is now most clearly proved by the evidence before the High Court at Bourges, that Caussidière was concerned in the plot. This restless desire of intrigue and insurrection is almost inexplicable. We can easily

account for the discontent of Blanqui, Flotte, Sobrier, Pierre Leroux, Cabet, Raspail, &c., all violent republicans,—who having fanned the flame of the revolution, found themselves disregarded and unprovided; but for Barbès, who was colonel of the 20th legion of the National Guards, Governor of the Luxembourg, and a member of the National Assembly, with twenty-five francs a day (a fortune for a republican !), and for Caussidière, who was formerly connected with a newspaper, and employed in the dignified position of folder of the papers, and now Prefect of Police, and also member of the Assembly,—we cannot comprehend what they had to gain by any revolt.

Again, we can easily understand the discontent of Louis Blanc, who having suddenly risen from the most perfect obscurity, became as suddenly the darling of the inconstant multitude, and one of the Provisional Government—for him who had so sedulously laboured in the cause to be cast aside with reproach, was sufficient cause (as patriotism was a farce) to grow into a rebel, and it is fixed upon him so evidently, that any attempt to palliate his behaviour would be absurd.

Later events have shown that Ledru Rollin had fallen from his position to become a traitor, and when we see every one whom we have mentioned becoming concerned in other and more desperate attempts to revolutionize France and other countries, we cannot but suspect, and we hope not ungenerously, that even this proud leader of the Mountain was concerned in the insurrection of the 15th of May, and finding it

fail, joined his honest colleagues,—for Lamartine is above suspicion,—and under the banner of honesty recovered his position, and disarmed, for the moment, all reproach.

We unhesitatingly say that the association of Ledru Rollin's name in that motley group to form a government, and the convictions obtained against all the rest, as being concerned in this attempt, fasten a very strong suspicion upon that gentleman; at any rate, whatever opinion may be come to the subject, it is quite impossible to compliment this astute lawyer upon the company he was accustomed to keep: he should have imitated the more cautious conduct of Marrast.

Although Caussidière resigned his situation, his "*Garde Montagnard*" seemed not at all inclined to resign theirs. They shut themselves up at the Prefecture of Police, and it became necessary to send General Bedeau with six thousand men to force the hôtel and secure the Montagnards.

We were present at this exciting scene, which took place on the 16th of May. There was a good display of military force everywhere. The Place de la Concorde, instead of being choked with troops, was left open in the centre, so that any manœuvre could take place. A regiment was stationed on the western side of the Madeleine, and a regular communication was established along the Boulevards in one direction, and with the Hôtel de Ville on the other; whilst the quays, thronged with troops and National Guards, communi-

cated directly with the Prefecture of Police. Exactly opposite to its entrance we *drove* up, and took up a commanding position ; a little in advance of our carriage were two pieces of artillery, whilst the other side of the river, on the quay of which stands the Prefecture of Police, was one close crowd of soldiers. We arrived on the field of battle (as we supposed) about two o'clock.

General Bedeau at first tried the moderate course : he represented how useless any defence would be, that it was the easiest thing in life to starve out the Montagnards, or, if it was requisite, to knock down the Prefecture of Police, and bury the rebels in the ruins.

All reasoning seemed useless, and we expected every minute to see a spirited attack. The troops suddenly were under arms, and a movement of a very significant character took place.

The Montagnards still refused to surrender, apparently well aware that General Bedeau would not like to begin the civil war, nor indeed was he so inclined : he gave the rebels two hours before he resolved to act, and in the meantime a thousand messages passed from side to side. We remained in anxious suspense, having about a dozen of the free republicans upon the wheels and seat of the carriage ; one, indeed, opened the door, let down the steps, and with the usual " pardon, madame,"—for we were accompanied by a lady—very quietly took the best place, and fixed his eye on the doorway of the Prefecture of Police, through which no doubt he had occasionally entered. This Liberty,

Equality, and Fraternity, however elegant in words, is vastly disagreeable in reality.

At five o'clock it was resolved to begin the attack, and every eye seemed to watch the long hands of the clock which marks the hours at the Prefecture. About five minutes previous to the time, the drums beat, the soldiers stood to their arms, the artillery was pointed, and a siege, in miniature, was near at hand : but just before the clock struck the first warning of the hour, the Montagnards capitulated on condition that they walked out unmolested. A way was made between the ranks, and we drove home without having our curiosity much gratified.

Our attendants seemed averse to our moving, as they were very comfortable ; but a little civility and a few jokes soon won over these volatile people, and we were allowed to depart without any inconvenience.

During the time that the Hôtel de la Prefecture was under siege, the National Assembly was in high agitation and alarm, and some evil-disposed republicans having spread the report that another demonstration was approaching, there arose a general cry of "*aux armes !*" The greatest apprehension prevailed ; the *rappel* had been frequently beaten during the day, and Paris was a prey to the liveliest anxiety.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies gave some explanation of his extraordinary conduct, and vainly endeavoured to remove the imputation that he had compromised his position ; but although M. Buchez had been the subject of virulent attacks for the

want of firmness manifested when he allowed Blanqui to occupy the tribune, we cannot but remark that he would have made the matter no better by opposition, and in all probability his refusal to allow the victor to continue, would have occasioned a collision ; but when the danger was over, everybody was loud in his abuse, whilst, when the circumstance occurred, the president found but one or two *voices*, and certainly no hands, to defend or support him.

M. Garnier Pagès gave a highly coloured account of all that had passed, and assured the greedy listeners that the government were resolved to act with firmness, and bring to justice every man, who, he might have added, had imitated the example of the Provisional Government, and attempted to usurp power. M. Buchez, Garnier Pagès, and all the government somehow escaped the censure they deserved for their negligence and want of common precautions ; as usual, the higher persons were allowed to go unscathed, but General Courtais, who had desired the guard to unfix their bayonets, was voted a traitor, arrested, and for the moment "*gardé à vue*." Subsequent inquiries have vindicated the poor useless general, and the High Court of Bourges, one year afterwards, acquitted him and restored him to liberty.

It was enough for this inefficient man to have been raised above others to have made him many enemies, independently of his total incapacity as general of the National Guards ; on him was visited the displeasure of that variable corps, and it is asserted (but we do

not vouch for the truth, for we were very near and never saw the event) that when General Courtais, as is mentioned in a preceding part of this work, harangued the unarmed Garde Nationale at the time that the mob opposed their advance to the Hôtel de Ville, some one seized his sword, broke it in halves, and threw it at him. We were accustomed to hear him called by many an opprobrious epithet, but this was so general, as regarded the whole of the government and the National Assembly, that a saint from heaven—and Lamartine declared himself nearly so—could not have escaped the certain reproach which attaches to the fortunate adventurer. General Courtais was, it must be allowed, perfectly unfit for his situation, but he had a very difficult task to perform ; he commanded a corps divided amongst itself, and he served a government which had neither union, faith, nor stability.

The government took the best possible means of getting rid of a man who was of no use to either party, by not defending his conduct, and the unfortunate general was made a sacrifice, when it was quite evident that had the president of the executive government, and the president of the Chamber done their duty, General Courtais would never have been in the false position in which he was placed. His conduct was viewed in various lights : his friends always maintained his uprightness of thought, but admitted his incapacity ; whilst others declared him a traitor to the *good* cause, and a hireling of the clubs. As the High

Court of Bourges acquitted him, he must have the benefit of his friends' opinion, and consent to be pitied rather than condemned.

Paris, on the 16th of May, was in great effervescence, nobody had courage enough to predict an amicable arrangement of affairs, and although many arrests took place in consequence of papers discovered at Sobrier's, it was evident the leaders of the invasion of the National Assembly were not the rulers. Blanqui and Flotte were the mere puppets of others, who had more talent and less courage; and here we cannot omit a striking proof that these professional conspirators were considered the puppets, not the chief players of the game. Louis Blanc appeared at the Chambers and instantly commenced reading the *Moniteur*; he shortly afterwards left the National Assembly, but returned about five o'clock; in crossing the *Salle des Pas Perdus*, he was loudly hissed and hooted by the National Guards. His star, small and twinkling as it was, was fast setting; the very fact above mentioned, and which is beyond a doubt, gives sufficient evidence of the suspicion which was afterwards confirmed.

Various *attroupements* still crowded the streets, the farce of liberty had been played, and now it was requisite to return to the good days of authority and of the police, whilst the insurgents considered themselves unhandsomely treated if they chanced to be arrested.

About one o'clock a patrol of the National Guards marched along the Rue St. Martin. From this street there is a narrow passage called the "Passage Molière,"

where a club met bearing that name. The patrol noticed some more than usual animation in the passage, and without any consideration for the liberty of the subject so lately obtained and so soon to vanish, rushed forward, and mounting the staircase of the club, suddenly appeared amongst a most desperate set of red republicans, who, finding the guard enter without being privileged, commenced a resistance by firing a volley, for which they were always prepared, as they discussed all subjects armed, and ready for action.

The volley killed two men. The reception was unfriendly ; the patrol, although somewhat astonished, were not to be easily repulsed, they returned the fire by one better directed, and instantly followed it up by a charge.

The club broke up in most admired disorder, every one striving to escape from the very narrow field of battle, in which it was almost impossible for a shot not to take effect ; the National Guards formed a strong barrier not to be broken through, and thirteen of the clubbists became prisoners, whilst the others retreated by a private way. A search was instantly commenced, a vast quantity of cartridges was found, and some fifty or sixty proclamations, all of which were intended to adorn the walls of Paris, and enlighten the glorious people, fell also into the hands of the National Guards ; these proclamations would have made ample amends for the discontinuance of M. Sobrier's journal, called the "*Commune de Paris*," as also for that of the "*Vraie République*," and other

highly exciting productions, the work of that inconsistent republican, M. Thoré, neither of which papers appeared on the sixteenth of May.

The conspirators were checked, but neither eradicated nor confounded; so very few had been killed, that the whole party might be said to exist, although the prisons fortunately enclosed the leaders; neither were the arrests very numerous. Twenty-eight Montagnards were taken in Sobrier's house, with one Laboucher, his secretary, who wore the uniform of a captain in the National Guards. Search was made for four other delinquents, who escaped, but in the search, which was most vigorously executed, no less than two hundred packages of ball cartridges, and two hundred muskets, all loaded, fell into the hands of the National Guards who executed this service.

Great was the astonishment of everybody, when it was found that the whole of this ammunition came from Vincennes. It appears that these merciful cartridges are so made that the wound is mostly mortal, and it now became necessary to discover how Sobrier had become possessed of these articles; he was most evidently assisted by some one in power, and that person was supposed to be M. Caussidière, who, up to this moment, although he had resigned, remained at the Prefecture of Police, and carried on the duties of that functionary; he was, however, under certain control, for his Montagnard Guard had been dismissed, or rather transformed into the Republican Guard of Paris, and a battalion of the National Guards, and two

of the Garde Mobile occupied the post in the court and garden of the Prefecture. The former guard had been disarmed, and a most determined severity was observed.

In the Chamber of the National Assembly little went on but riot and confusion. M. Garnier Pagès made a considerable flourish about the firmness of the government, and seemed to intimate the perfect harmony which existed amongst the ministry since they agreed to accept the resignation of Caussidière. "Never," says M. Dumas, "did a government boast more, and do less." It was impossible for Caussidière to have remained longer Prefect of Police: necessity made him resign, or he would have been there now; his tenacity of office is shown by his unwillingness to leave the blest abode of official life.

Others were suspected as well as Caussidière and Louis Blanc, of being intimately connected with this movement. The following passage in an able writer seems a mockery:—"If MM. Ledru Rollin, Flocon, and Caussidière have nothing to fear from the truth, it is doing these gentlemen a favour to give them an opportunity of disarming suspicion." It was very fortunate, perhaps, that the opportunity was not given; the National Assembly were well aware that they were viewed with distrust by all Paris, and by way of turning the eyes of the public in another direction, they revived in the name of the king, a new object of conversation.

The government proposed on the 17th of May,

“To apply to Louis Philippe and his family the law of banishment voted in 1831 ; to dissolve all armed associations ; and to open a credit of three millions of francs for the national work-shops.” Urgency of course was demanded and granted ; here was sufficient food for conversation, and although Paris was occupied militarily at night, and so feverish was the state of anxiety, that the first beat of the *rappel* caused the heart to throb quicker, and blanched the cheeks of many, yet the law of banishment was very warmly discussed in most houses.

What the king did for his predecessors is but just should fall upon him, yet many were warmly interested in the fate of the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc d’Aumale ; the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier had very little public commiseration. We have already endeavoured to clear away some of the mist which overclouded the former glory of the Duc de Nemours : we have seen him in all youthful pride in the *salons* of the Tuileries, and we have carefully watched the career of the Duke of Montpensier ; but they were with the king, when he took the unfortunate resolution of leaving his capital and his kingdom, without a struggle to maintain his crown or protect his faithful subjects ; and posterity will not easily forget that his own son was the principal cause of his adopting the first false step in abdication.

The government knew the nation well ; the very mention of this banishment question with some, and the idea of three millions more to be paid for hired

idleness, dissipation, and insurrection, in the national workshops, gave employment to the clubs, and the better part of the population.

In order to give additional courage to the victors of the 15th of May, it was declared that had the Blanqui and Barbès government succeeded, the guillotine was to have been erected, and lists were published with the names of all the men of known wealth and fortune, with the sum which each was to pay,—or be saved the trouble of keeping further accounts. At the head of this list figured the great European banker, and others followed who before the revolution were rich, but who were now utterly insolvent. The fears of the guillotine could never have produced what then did exist, but we were taught to believe how narrowly we had escaped a great national calamity.

For our own parts we have already contested this position. We consider the French republic a great European nuisance, and we believe that such is the general opinion in France. Had Blanqui and Barbès succeeded, there is no doubt that much blood would have been shed, but the provinces would soon have revolted ; the reign of terror might have had a month's duration, a forced loan might have been, and would have been resorted to ; thousands would have quitted Paris, and ruin and desolation might have become almost fashionable ; but the people so fond of revolutions would have made another revolution, and a return to what is inevitable,—a monarchy, would long ere this have changed the face of Europe.

In the meantime, these curious people called the revolution the *march of civilization*; the very acts which would disgrace Goths or Vandals, were dignified by this expression. Poverty, bankruptcy, ruin, stagnation of all affairs, but the concoction of revolts; war,—and the worst of wars,—a civil war inevitable; the lowest of the low struggling with the usurpers of power, every useful act paralyzed, every source of riches dried up, every man discontented,—such is the French idea (and the words are General Cavaignac's) "*of the march of civilization.*"

The place so ably occupied by M. Caussidière, as far as regards the security of Paris from thefts and murders, was now given to M. Trouvé-Chauvel, the representative of the Sarthe, and the former suspected prefect took his seat on the Mountain side of the House,—the *extrême gauche*.

The appointment of M. Trouvé-Chauvel gave rise to very great scandal; they were merely the "*on dits*," perhaps, of a jealous population, for we have before mentioned that an angel would not have got into power without some detraction.

It was a well-known fact, that before the revolution M. Ledru Rollin was in great pecuniary difficulties; it was currently alleged that the officers of the law had intended seizing his furniture, as they could not seize his person, he being a deputy. It is also well known that on his attaining power his expenses were considerable, and that after he left office, his debts had been paid, and he was free as air. In times of revolution

every man must expect to be subject to the variations of popular opinions, and certainly no man's character was more freely discussed or censured than M. Ledru Rollin's: that he had been poor and had become rich no one could gainsay; that immense sums, for secret service money, bribery, intimidation, &c., had passed through his hands is undeniable; and that the funds in the exchequer on the 24th of February, had all disappeared most miraculously is incontestible; many unhesitatingly accused the minister, whilst others declared that the new prefect had paid the minister's debts, and was rewarded by being placed high in authority. We neither vouch for the truth of this story nor credit it, but we give what we heard generally spoken of in Paris.

Other changes of more importance now became necessary: it was diligently circulated through Paris that we had escaped three great manifestations, all intended as counter revolutions, and all having failed through the mismanagement of the leaders—the display on the 15th of March, the demonstration on the 17th of April, and, lastly, the bold attack of the 15th of May.

As very short breathing time was allowed between the events, and as they appeared progressive, the eyes of all looked into the dark future, and apprehension of graver events pre-occupied all mens' minds; but the national courage seemed fast resuming its place, and vengeance was denounced against the lovers of disorder, and all promoters of *émeutes*. Still it was evident that these everlasting demonstrations kept every one from

entering into speculations, and the frequent bankruptcies showed how lamentably low confidence and the funds had fallen.

We now find General Cavaignac coming forward,—a man destined to play a very prominent part in the history of his country. On the 18th of May he was named Minister of War. He does not possess that firmness of character for which, from his acts, we should be inclined to give him credit; his features are harsh and severe, but there is a vacillation of conduct easily traced throughout his administration, and to which we shall hereafter have occasion to advert. The nomination was considered a good one: the general was known to be a stern and staunch republican, and it was now the plan, well determined, to give the republic a chance, and many men, before royalists, were heard to say: "If we can live in tranquillity and security, we do not care if it is under a republic or a monarchy." Others argued that by keeping the State in constant agitation, the return to labour and to riches would be a very difficult task, and that the people themselves, finding Paris deserted by the rich foreigners, with all her splendour shorn, and with a starving population, would be the first to say: "This is a city of luxury, it exists only by luxury, and to restore that which is lost, would be the wiser plan. It is evident the foreigners like not a republic, then let us return to a monarchy;" and these ideas were carefully instilled whenever an opportunity occurred. The government were rebuked as dishonest, and the

National Assembly as the veriest *canaille* in existence.

Even the "Happy Family" did not escape severe censure. M. Etienne Arago had become the object of frequent attacks for his conduct on the 15th of May: the public were well aware that his signature gave a gratuitous circulation to the journal published by Sobrier, and the explanations given by M. Arago were but poorly received by the National Assembly.

This arena of discord became gradually worse and worse; the most violent days of the Convention scarcely surpassed the turbulence of the debates, and in vain some men, devoted to their country, and anxious to restore harmony, attempted to lull the storm. We have ourselves frequently been present at a *séance*, where not a word could be heard for a quarter of an hour, and where the riot continued whenever the speaker resumed his ineffectual discourse.

With all this noise and tumult the Assembly resolved to give to the world a splendid instance of disinterestedness, which sounded prettily in words, and which every one knew was a mere farce; here it is, in the original vote:—"L'Assemblée Nationale interdit formellement à ses membres toutes apostilles, recommandations ou sollicitations. Delibéré en séance publique à Paris, 18 Mai, 1848." That such an act should be carried rigidly into effect was not very likely, yet many believed it, and it was received with applause.

It became necessary for the National Assembly to give the public some explanation of the affair of the

15th of May, and the following decree was accordingly published.

“ Frenchmen,

“ The National Assembly is responsible to you for the security of the country.

“ Threatened for a moment, it saw the inhabitants of the city of Paris rise simultaneously for its defence ; within the walls citizens and soldiers sprang up at the signal of danger.

“ Let the gratitude of the country be their recompense ; let your acclamations re-echo those which we heard.

“ A handful of men attempted the greatest crime which a country can know,—the crime of national *Lèse-Majesté*—the usurpation by violence of the national will.

“ By surprise they entered for a moment the palace of your laws, and dictated their insolent decrees.

“ Citizens, by no deliberation, by *no word*, by *no sign*, did your representatives accept this invasion.

“ Liberty can only exist by order. Equality is supported by respect for the law, and Fraternity is peace ; it is only in society thus constituted that prosperity and progress are accomplished.”

We have said above that the president accorded his permission to Blanqui, who was not a representative, to speak, and that the other members listened to him. How then is it possible to reconcile this decree with anything like truth ? The Chambers were invaded before two o'clock, and it was five before the

insurgents walked quietly out to take possession of their respective offices ; so that all the citizens and soldiers who stood in the Place de la Concorde and the Rue Royale doing nothing, cannot be complimented with sincerity by the glaring falsehoods which were actually signed by M. Buchez, the president himself. The disposition to "*broder*" is the crying sin of Frenchmen, they never can relate an affair as it happened : in private and in public life this is manifest alike. A sneer was upon every lip as the proclamation was read.

M. Arago, of the "Happy Family," was now in rather a false position, and in spite of the *Fête de la Concorde*, which took place on the 21st of May, it was evident that no concord existed amongst the members of the government. Having been Minister of War before General Cavaignac occupied that position, he was accused of having furnished the muskets found in Sobrier's house, and he very properly declared that he only gave orders for the distribution of arms at the request of the authorities charged to watch over the security of Paris—that those arms were delivered to such authorities, who themselves made the distribution—and that he was perfectly ignorant of any portion having been sent to Sobrier. M. Arago thus lifting the burthen of responsibility from his own shoulders, left it on the more powerful back of Ledru Rollin.

These were exciting times, the day came and went with apparently increased rapidity ; and weeks and months seemed but so many hours. Yet with the country in such imminent peril,—its finances failing,—

its merchants bankrupt and its prosperity sacrificed—the National Assembly found time to pass a multitude of the most frivolous laws, one of which was the colour, shape, size, &c., of a piece of ribbon, which was to dangle from a button-hole, and in any ceremony outside of this arena of discord, a tri-coloured scarf was to be worn on the right shoulder, and to pass under the left arm. Even the report published in the *National* of the 22nd of May, that the Prince de Joinville, accompanied by General Rumigny, had arrived in Paris, failed to move the Assembly into activity; but the attempted escape of Barbès from Vincennes gave a little uneasiness.

Up to this minute Lamartine was the ascendant star. It was now that he reached his zenith; the members of the commission for carrying on the executive government began to be divided, and it was reported and credited that the great leader of the republic had fraternized with Ledru Rollin. An amalgamation of such heterogeneous materials seemed incomprehensible: MM. Arago, Garnier Pagès, and Marie, were termed the moderate party, whilst Lamartine and Ledru Rollin were designated as the movement party. From the moment this was known, the great poet ceased to exist as the reputed shield of the country. His three months' popularity were achieved, he was worn out in public estimation—he was openly rebuked and reviled.

On the 24th of May, the president of the National Assembly informed the representatives that he had



received two letters, one signed François and Henri d'Orleans, and the other Louis d'Orleans ; these letters were protests against the Banishment Bill, the report of which was to have been read that day. We were present at the reading of these letters, and they were listened to with the greatest attention, and, wonderful to relate, no burst of applause and no rattle of the paper-knives disturbed the Assembly. The letters were received with becoming respect, and the subject was postponed. More money was voted for the national workshops, and the public were informed that tranquillity reigned in Paris. Security, it is true, had for a moment been felt, but were the minds of men tranquil ?

It was now no longer an *émeute* which was to be dreaded, but it was a just fear that under the present excitement of men's minds trade would be and was paralyzed, that the timid would bury his wealth, the manufacturer cease to speculate, and the bankers to make advances ; that a dead stagnation would continue, the national workshops become the hot-bed of idleness and sedition, that the lazy and the discontented would be brought nigh to starvation, and that the unemployed artizan, finding his occupation gone, would become an easy prey to designing men, and join in a greater attempt than that already perpetrated. Hunger is a bad counsellor : it was impossible that the city of Paris, great as were its resources and its activity, could alleviate the wretchedness of all, or that confidence could be restored and work resumed, until some final

settled government existed. In vain we heard that Paris was tranquil: it was true that no armed bands paraded the streets,—no idle urchins forced the timid to illuminate—no *Marseillaise* or *Chant du départ* awakened alarm; but men's minds were unquiet, and the future was as gloomy as the past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Red republican Plans—Blanqui in Hiding—His Arrest—Bill banishing the Royal Family—The Bonapartes in the Assembly—Speech of Napoleon Bonaparte—Continued uneasiness in Paris—Arrest of Emile Thomas—Apprehensions of another Outbreak—Caussidière puts up for the Department of the Seine—Dispute about the mounted Garde Mobile—Alarm on the 29th of May—Cabel's Article, "Qu'on me juge"—Strike at the Ateliers Nationaux—Proposed prosecution of Louis Blanc—Rejected by a narrow Majority—Prince de Joinville proposed as Candidate for the National Assembly—Aristocratic notions of the Executive Commission—Increasing distrust.

FRANCE was now to have another Constitution ; the people had been so accustomed to changes in this respect, that another constitution signified very little. A committee worked hard night and day, and it was fondly believed that when this great national law was made, then the country would no longer be in a provisional state, and that commerce and manufactures would revive and flourish. There is a happy pliability in the French nation ; they revive with the warm sun and fine

weather, and wear gay smiling faces, whilst the heart may be in complete wretchedness. Still they hold up bravely, and where others would sink, they float, and such are the enormous resources of France, and such the elasticity of the French mind, that at the least favourable circumstance the miseries of the past seem forgotten, and a happy futurity is predicted.

A letter directed to Blanqui, who was still at liberty notwithstanding the search made to arrest him, threw some light upon the plans of the social and democratic republicans. This letter ridiculed the idea of crushing the *bourgeoisie* by means of *émeutes*, but it recommended a steady perseverance in continued alarms by dark insinuations of outbreaks, which would effectually stop the revival of commerce. "Money," the writer says, "is the blood of the prosperous, and it is by lowering the funds that the blood is made to run; the prosperous care very little how much the blood of the people may flow from street *émeutes*, but their Waterloo is the constant depression of the funds. You must strive for the bankruptcy of the State and the Bank of France, and to succeed in accomplishing this great and desirable end, one continued excitement must be maintained—one great impression of coming danger—one continued alarm—but no fighting, or they will have the advantage."

Blanqui had as yet avoided being arrested, but a diligent search had been made: the police now exercised its proper *surveillance*, and although Caussidière had retired, this useful force was active and

vigilant. It appears that immediately after Huber had declared the dissolution of the National Assembly, the chiefs of the various parties betook themselves, as we before mentioned, to the Hôtel de Ville, each by a different outlet. Barbès made his exit by the corps de garde on the quay, Raspail by the gate leading to the president's abode, and Blanqui by the door in the Rue de Bourgogne.

The other conspirators, as unsuccessful insurrectionists are called, had preceded these men, and had arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, which revolutionary resort they had no sooner reached than the National Guards, ashamed of such rulers, surrounded the place, and hindered any ingress or egress; the consequence was that when Raspail, Blanqui, and Barbès arrived, the game was over, and instead of each of these great men residing in the house allotted to his ministry, they were compelled to seek refuge and retire to weep over their hasty discomfiture. Blanqui, it is supposed, concealed himself in the house of one of the National Assembly, who himself spread the report in the Chambers, that Blanqui had taken the Northern railroad, and arrived safe in Brussels; and this being published in the various newspapers, gave a kind of authority to the report, and perhaps a little relaxed the vigilance of the police.

As the abode selected by Blanqui was likely to compromise the owner, this unquiet spirit left his place of concealment, and at two o'clock in the morning took refuge in some part of Paris where he might have

remained unsuspected and unsought for many months perhaps, but that his restless disposition and his egregious vanity caused his discovery.

To be quiet seems an impossibility with this mercurial Frenchman ; he knew that his companions had been arrested, he knew that the police were in search of him, and yet he could not remain tranquil ; as his tongue was useless, he tried his pen, and addressed several letters to the different journals, committing the greater imprudence of putting his letters into the nearest post-office, thus giving a clue to his abode.

Awakening to a sense of his danger, he became fearful of discovery ; the fact of the dates of the letters (and these letters were published,) convinced the government that the determined conspirator was still in Paris, and the papers announced the vigilance taken by the authorities. Blanqui therefore determined to move, and he took up his abode in one of the numerous habitations in the park of Maison Laffitte. No Frenchman can boast of sincere friends, every one seems more or less connected with the police, and Blanqui soon became aware that some suspicious people were making inquiries, like hounds endeavouring to find the lost scent. These agents were seen prowling about the new retreat, and at last, the track being evidently discovered, the vigilant Blanqui made another move, actually passing by his pursuers, dressed and disguised as an officer of the National Guards.

Once more having eluded his enemies, he tried again his first friend in Paris, but things were now altered,

and his friend refused him admittance ; the disconsolate conspirator had again to seek a refuge. After various changes he at last took up his abode in the Rue Montholon, No. 14, where resided a great coadjutor in conspiracy, and here it was believed by the unsuspecting chief that he might be concealed.

Blanqui evidently expected the forthcoming days of June, and it is only upon this supposition that his reckless adventures can be justified ; he might have escaped from France a thousand times, but he had another chance in the future, and very little money to supply his wants of the present.

The police had traced him, and on the 27th of May, whilst Blanqui was comfortably seated at dinner, he was informed that various people were parading the street, and that the house was evidently surrounded and all escape impossible. A few expedients were suggested, and even concealment in the garret imagined ; but the vigilance and activity of the police were acknowledged, and as all attempts at evasion were evidently useless, the great conspirator surrendered at the first summons. After the usual formalities he was lodged with his unsuccessful companions in Vincennes. It was believed that this arrest cut off the head of the last tall flower in the insurrection, but those who had carefully watched all that had occurred on the 15th of May, felt quite certain that Blanqui and Barbès never had sufficient talent to organize any insurrection, and that the principal promoter of this attack had never been suspected.

The Bill banishing the royal family passed on the 26th of May, by 632 votes for the measure, and only 63 against it; the discussion brought out Napoleon Bonaparte, and gave rise to one of those pleasing emotions so common in the National Assembly. M. Laurent (de l'Ardèche) in vain declared that a republic should put in practice what so frequently had been demanded during the monarchy. The republicans of the day felt afraid of the danger which might arise should one so popular as the Prince de Joinville think proper to travel through France, and the royal family were banished. One M. Vignerte suggested that the family of the Bonapartes should remain under the prescription already in force against them, and that although two of the members of the imperial family had been elected by the people to be representatives, they should be received only provisionally, and that at any time the former law might be enforced. This attack upon the name and family of the great Napoleon, brought Napoleon Bonaparte,—who is the living image of his uncle, saving that his forehead is not quite so prominent, and that he disfigures his countenance by an eye-glass,—into the tribune. He obtained a quiet hearing, excepting as far as applause for the moment interrupted the orator; he spoke with great fluency and warmth, declared that the *people* had done that justice which the Bonapartes had in vain solicited from the last king, and in an able and highly applauded oration, he mentioned the rights acquired, and hinted pretty broadly at his determination to



defend them : he descended from the tribune amidst loud cheers, and was indebted to M. Vignerte for giving so good an opportunity to place the family name once more before the public. Indignation, it is said, has made poets, on this occasion it made an orator.

Paris was still in a state of effervescence, no sooner was one insurrection stifled than another seemed to arise. The Poles and the war question seemed put at rest, but the national workshops began to give great uneasiness, and the National Assembly deliberated under the protection of National Guards, Gardes Mobiles, the 12th regiment of infantry, and the 2nd regiment of dragoons,—all drawn up in battle array !

The government in loud whispers declared that they had received intelligence of a projected outbreak by the idle and dissolute, who wasted their time and the money of the nation, in taking heaps of earth from one part of the Bois de Boulogne to put it in another ; fortunately they were so accustomed to idleness, that they preferred sitting in wheel-barrows playing at cards and smoking and drinking, of course, to anything like labour, and consequently the mischief projected by their employment was frustrated by these independent republicans, who considered they had as much right to live as anybody, and only to work when they wished to create an appetite.

In order quietly to put a stop to the outbreak which was to lead to another attack upon the National Assembly, the government seized one Emile Thomas, whom they suspected of being the leader, and sent him

under a strong escort of police to Bordeaux : this was a bold measure for a free country, but republicans live to find that greater acts of tyranny are done under new invented governments than under well organized constitutional governments. The abduction of M. Emile Thomas, who seems to have been a great favourite of the inhabitants of the *ateliers nationaux*, aroused the fury of his friends ; he managed to write to his mother a long letter, declaring he had been forced to leave Paris under promise of employment at Bordeaux, but that no such employment had been found, and that the declaration of such command was only a falsehood of the government, to justify or qualify the unconstitutional measure.

It was the rumour, that the workmen intended to attack the Chambers accompanied by some of the armed Montagnards, which caused the *rappel* again to be heard in Paris, and M. de Lamartine, on leaving the Chambers, said to General Négrier, the questeur of the palace:—" At least now, general, you are placed upon your guard in time, and it is your duty to take the necessary measures of precaution." The general, in full uniform, and accompanied by his staff, immediately passed in front of the troops, and made proper arrangements to prevent another invasion. In the Cour de l'Horloge the artillery was kept loaded and ready for immediate service : people looked anxiously at each other—a general fear of another outbreak was expressed,—and Paris again exhibited all the signs of a besieged city ; all industry seemed

banished, every man *looked* a soldier, and the excitement of alarm was substituted for the excitement of pleasure. Neither did this cease with the day ; at night the city was patrolled by thousands of troops, and a communication kept up by clattering troopers, disturbed the silence and repose. The people again seemed to live on the Boulevards, thousands of idlers flocked to this great resort of Parisian pleasure, and the night wore slowly away in the apprehension of attack, and in the fear of another outbreak.

The Parisians are the drollest of all droll *farceurs*, they invariably give notice of their traitorous designs, and thus the government, the press, and the people are all informed a fortnight before the time fixed for the civil war, and each party musters its forces. Throughout all the events of the revolution, not one occurred for which the public mind was not prepared at least a week in advance, and nothing was more common than to hear a remark thus :—" Oh no, we shall have nothing serious before June, the day is fixed for the one on which the *ateliers nationaux* are to be abolished." All the precautions of Négrier were useless, the great regenerators of idleness and dissipation were not in a humour to avenge the abduction of M. Emile Thomas, and in the journals appeared the usual words,—"*L'ordre n'a pas été troublé ;*" but if order had not been disturbed, security had been considerably shaken, and the government and the National Assembly began to be viewed in a very questionable light.

Although Caussidière had given in his double resignation as Prefect of Police and member of the National Assembly, he felt no inclination to put up quietly with the imputation on his character, since proved to have been quite correct, and on the 28th of May he came forward as a candidate for the representation of the department of the Seine; it was in this manner he felt the pulse of public opinion, for had he been beaten in his election he would have sunk at once into insignificance, or he would have commenced conspirator again. His circular, attached to every part of Paris where *affiches* were pasted—and the republican *afficheurs* are not very nice as to places—attracted great notice; indeed the public mind, so continually nourished by excitement, seemed to stagnate if twenty-four hours elapsed without something new. Caussidière still possessed much esteem, from the able manner in which he maintained order during his sway as Prefect of Police, and aided by the red republicans, with whom he was in close connection, he was returned as a member of the National Assembly, and thus acquitted, apparently, of the whole affair of the 15th of May. If universal suffrage is a test of approbation, this fierce republican stood high in popular estimation; but, as usual, in this election as in the preceding one an immense body of voters abstained from coming to the ballot. This general lassitude produced the worst possible effect; it was a proof either of fear or of perfect indifference.

The power of the ministers and their acts were now

beginning to be disputed. It appears that the foot Garde Mobile had the right of electing their own officers; now a Garde Mobile *à cheval* had been formed, and the Minister of the Interior usurped the rights of the corps, and published in the *Moniteur* the names of seventeen officers, one of whom carried the names of the others to the editor, and guaranteed the authenticity of the minister's signature. M. Adelsward demanded an inquiry, and a committee was appointed to investigate the affair. M. Recurt and M. Carteret, the minister and the under secretary for the Home Department, and M. Baclé, who had been charged with the formation of this mounted guard, being examined by the committee, declared that they were in perfect ignorance concerning the publication in the *Moniteur*. This led to a serious disturbance in the National Assembly, and on the 28th of May, the day after the inquiry, an official contradiction appeared in the *Moniteur* in these terms:—

“It was by a mistake, *to be explained hereafter*, that a decree, nominating officers to the Garde Mobile *à cheval*, appeared in the *Moniteur*.

“This publication took place without authority, and under the false signature of Citizen Carteret.

“The decree is therefore to be considered as null and void. A plan for the organization of three squadrons of this guard will be presented immediately to the National Assembly.”

Trifling as was the discovery, it led many people to suppose that some underhand proceedings had taken

place, and as all republicans affect the purest virtue and most scrupulous honesty, the minister was loudly scandalized, and other searching inquiries were determined to be made. This affair, and the abduction of Emile Thomas, created considerable discussion.

On the 29th of May, at four o'clock in the morning, the ominous *rappel* was beaten; dismay was upon every countenance: in vain those who relied upon tranquillity for a restoration of confidence, declared there was nothing to ruffle the surface of events, and that the *rappel* was a mere precaution, indeed imprudent; others who witnessed the large bodies of troops and National Guards moving in all directions—the thousands of bayonets bristling in the morning sun—the frequent repetition of summons to assembly—the imposing force marched towards, and ultimately taking up a position to protect the National Assembly—were well convinced that a mighty torrent had been let loose on the 24th of February, and that it required much time and exertion to narrow it again within its proper boundaries. No act was done which seemed to give satisfaction: in fact it appeared as if France was resolved to oppose all rulers whosoever they might be.

The government had acted very improperly and illegally in the affair of Emile Thomas. A man of his insignificance, had he been discharged from his situation for any misbehaviour in his office—any mean artifices—any purloining of monies confided to his care, would, whether the charges were just or unjust, have sunk down into the greatest and most complete

oblivion ; but to carry off by force, surrounded by the police, a free citizen—to urge him onwards with the greatest possible expedition to a place so remote as Bordeaux—to give no explanation, except those which were most evidently false,—imparted a kind of *lettre de cachet* appearance to the affair, and excited most justifiable remonstrances.

When M. Trélat was questioned as to this unconstitutional proceeding he evaded the inquiry : he declared that the national workshops occupied more of his time than any other, or all put together, of his important duties ; he groaned over the constant inquietude arising from this mass of dissolute people who passed their time in idleness, feeding upon the State, and after a discussion—famous for ministerial hoodwinking on one side, and of thunder on the other—the order of the day was voted, and the question smothered. But the effect on the public mind had been produced, and such was the angry appearance of things, that the *rappel* was imperatively called for. As many of the workmen assembled together in immense groups, the tyranny and illegality of the act was loudly censured, and all were in such a state of excitement that the least spark might have fired the train.

The press continued much to warn people of coming danger. The government, in the thousand papers sold for one sous each, was constantly assailed, and the illegality of its acts and folly of its administration were conveyed to every hovel in the capital.

Nor was this all. M. Cabet, who was the editor of the *Populaire*, published an article which he headed

“ *Qu'on me juge.*” This article relates to the invasion of the National Assembly and the arrest of those who were concerned in it, and as he was one of them he begs he may be judged. “As to the legal proceedings and the debates, it will be instructive and curious, when by the side of three representatives of the people, Barbès, Albert, and Courtais, and also of Raspail, Blanqui, Huber, Pierre Leroux, and many others, I shall find myself face to face with my accusers.

“To defend ourselves we will attack our adversaries; but it would be useless to attack either the National Assembly or the National Guard.

“But the Provisional Government!—oh! that is quite another affair!—ah! we shall then be able to speak out, and to speak the truth. We shall be able to pass in review all their acts—all their measures—and the different members comprising it, and *we will do it!*”

Caussidière also thought proper to excite a debate, which led to the publication of his letter to the executive power, in which he declares he was kept at home in consequence of a sprain, and in which he added, that if “they required his presence he would be carried to the Luxembourg.” On the receipt of this, the government sent an order in these words:—“The Prefect of Police is invited to attend immediately;” and in the *procès verbal* it is mentioned “at ten o'clock the Prefect of Police arrived.” Notwithstanding these glaring facts the Prefect declared he was not summoned. The great M. Cabet, M. Emile Thomas, and M. Caussidière were now the difficulties in the

way of the ministers, and another graver one was about to arise,—namely, the permission asked by the Procureur of the republic to institute proceedings against Louis Blanc. This last was likely to cause great inquietude: it was evident that in following up the evidence against others the Procureur had implicated Louis Blanc; and, to make the confusion worse, it was currently reported that the Executive Government had given orders to withhold the authorization requested by the Procureur of the republic. This, whether founded or not on fact, had the effect of rendering the government more obnoxious.

About nine o'clock in the evening, thousands and thousands congregated by the Porte St. Denis, and very shortly afterwards assumed a threatening appearance. The Boulevards and the Porte St. Denis seem the destined places in Paris to originate and carry into execution all treasonable purposes. The Faubourg St. Antoine breeds the vermin, the Place de la Bastille has the honour of first receiving it; it afterwards spreads to the Boulevards, and whenever mischief is intended the Porte St. Denis has generally the preference.

Every man had now a grievance: those who favoured the invasion of the Chambers of course loudly averred that Louis Blanc was as innocent as a dove, and declared the ministry objected to the trial lest some disclosures, which might implicate themselves, should be made. The workmen shouted "*Vive Emile Thomas*," which is not to be considered as a very particular com-

pliment, as we have often heard "*Vive le Diable*;" whilst others who were more ready for action put up the common cry of "*Vive Barbès, Blanqui*," &c. So close were we to a collision, on the night of the 29th of May, that the National Guards, in order to disperse the mob, charged bayonets, and advanced steadily at the beat of the drum. For a few days a collision was avoided; the crowds retreated muttering menaces, and the National Guards, finding no enemy to contend against, were loud in the bravos of triumph, and shouted manfully "*Vive l'Assemblée Nationale*," although had each man been taken separately, and asked his opinion, he would have classed them, heterogeneous as they were, under the opprobrious epithet of *canaille*.

The security of the capital may be judged by the fact that the Ministère des Travaux Publics was guarded by a most imposing force, and that in every quarter of the town the patrols were doubled and trebled. Not ten yards could be walked without hearing the heavy tramp of horses, or the regular foot-fall of disciplined soldiers.

It appeared as if no one ever slept. During the night thousands were walking at late hours: small groups of the more moderate parties assembled, and discussed the gravity of affairs. All looked gloomily into the future; and it was plain that to get rid of the red party, as the socialists and ultra republicans were called, violent measures must be used, and the plethora of French fanaticism be relieved by copious blood-letting. We all felt that a collision was only deferred for

a few days. The discontented, although without leaders, were numerous : they had neither been shot down, nor decimated by the bayonet.

Still there was not the least annoyance or deprivation of liberty. The patrols, as they passed, seemed to disregard the small assemblages of persons, and those who formed the groups looked at the patrols with a silent fear, and remained quiet whilst they passed. No one was asked, why he prowled about the city at midnight ? Every man seemed conscious that he enjoyed his rights, as to suiting his fancy in regard to his hours. The doors of the restaurants and cabarets were kept open until a late period, and about two o'clock there was a general stillness, saving the tramp of the patrols. All these precautions were requisite, since latterly the industrious men and the superintendants of the national workshops had been insulted and threatened by those who repudiated work altogether, and who argued that, as they were republicans and brothers, they had no right to work or to starve. There was a regular *strike* amongst many of these feeders on the nation's industry, and M. Trélat informed the members of the National Assembly, that these drones in the hive cost no less a sum than 170,000 francs a day,—a sum the impoverished state of the exchequer was little able to bear, and to supply which was a matter of great difficulty. This strike of the workmen occasioned the total abandonment of the scheme, and the workmen became aware that their days of idleness, dissipation, and pleasure were numbered.

On the 29th of May the committee appointed to draw up a Constitution met and decided the question, "whether the republic should have a president or not?"

The affirmative was carried by a majority of seventeen against five. What idea the minority had in voting against a president is rather hard to comprehend; for amongst themselves they had selected presidents of the clubs, presidents of the Chambers, presidents of the committee; but they rejected a president of the republic. It is possible they wished to remain in the provisional situation in which they in reality were. France governed itself; the government did nothing. It would be absurd to give the name of a government to the split cabinet which continued to issue its uninteresting and useless dictates. As M. Dumas very cleverly remarks, "France, always placed in peril by the government, got out of the danger in spite of the government."

The 30th of May was not without great interest. M. X. Durrieu was to ask some questions relative to affairs in Naples, and the second grand question was that of the Procureur General M. Portalis, for permission to prosecute M. Louis Blanc. In answer to the first interrogation, and which was listened to with great impatience, M. Bastide, following in the steps of all Ministers of Foreign Affairs, when explanations cannot be satisfactory, begged the Assembly to understand that, as diplomatic arrangements were in progress, any discussion on the subject would be premature, and might mislead the public.

The National Assembly, being greedy for the debate which would better show the relative strength of both parties, quietly pitched overboard M. Durrieu and his Neapolitan question, passed to the order of the day, and then shuffled upon their seats, like ladies who comfortably arrange themselves in preparation for a sermon. The noise was scarcely hushed when the president of the Assembly rose, and instantly the greatest attention was manifest; he spoke as follows:—"I call the attention of the Assembly to a very serious communication that I am about to make, consequently I beg the members to take their seats." This was said in order that many members, who were amusing themselves in the *couloirs*, and some who were standing up near the tribune, might be summoned to attend and sit down. There was a slight bustle, and then perfect tranquillity.

The president, when perfect silence was restored, continued:—"The Procureur General of the republic of the Court of Appeals in Paris, and the Procureur of the republic *près le tribunal de Première Instance* of the Seine, demand of the National Assembly, by a *réquisitoire*, that I shall have the honour to read to you an authority to direct that legal proceedings may be taken against citizen Louis Blanc, and to apply to him the penalties enacted by the Penal Code, should he be found guilty. I shall proceed now to read the *réquisitoire* of the Procureurs:—

"We the Procureur Generals of the republic for the Court of Appeal, and of the *Première Instance* of the Seine, require, conformably with the law—That in

considering the various documents arising from inquiries and evidences taken against the leaders and accomplices who directed and assisted at the attempt against the National Assembly, and more particularly by testimony received, and evidence given by some representatives, against citizen Louis Blanc, there results sufficient presumptive proofs that he took an active part in the invasion of the National Assembly on the 15th of May last ;

“ Considering that citizen Louis Blanc, by his own confession, addressed the people who attacked the Chambers twice, once from the window which overlooks the peristyle, and accompanied then by the citizens Barbès and Blanqui, and the second time mounted on a chair in the Salle des Pas-Perdus ; that after these two discourses he was carried in triumph in the hall devoted to the National Assembly, and that he pronounced these words :—‘ I congratulate you in having conquered the right of bringing yourselves your petitions to the Assembly,’ words heard and sworn to by some of the representatives ;

“ Considering that, without the necessity of appreciating other circumstances which tend to criminate the said Louis Blanc, and without the necessity of determining the weight of the words pronounced by him, there remains quite sufficient evidence, attested in facts and words, to prove that the said Louis Blanc voluntarily participated in the invasion of the Chambers on the 15th of May, and thus to have rendered himself guilty, as an accomplice, of the crime of

attempting to overthrow the rights of the National Representatives, and having for an object either to destroy or change the form of government,—a crime mentioned and provided for by Article 87 of the Penal Code ; We demand that it may please the National Assembly to authorize us to take legal proceedings against the said Louis Blanc, and to apply against him the disposition of the law.

“ Done at the Palace of Justice this 31st of May, 1848. Signed PORTALIS and LANDRIN.”

Il faut être juste, as the French have it, and we do not hesitate to say that the charges *appear* frivolous. It is a well known fact that Louis Blanc asked permission to address the mob, in the hope of calming the tumult. The words upon which so much stress is laid amount to nothing, and might, without much danger of incriminating him in the invasion, have been used at such a moment ; for had he said they had acted illegally, he might have been pitched headlong, as was the president, from either his window or his chair. The having addressed the mob twice, if he did not excite them to revolt, was not criminal, neither were the words. The fact is, that it was suspected the government somewhat interfered to prevent Louis Blanc being sent for trial, and that MM. Portalis and Landrin purposely founded their requisition on assertions not sufficient to have their request granted.

We were present at this *séance*, and like the rest kept our eyes fixed upon the accused, who was seated on the upper bench, which formed one of the seats

occupied by the Mountain, and not far from that now empty, which Barbès filled.

Louis Blanc, with considerable self-sufficiency, descended the steps, and took his place in the tribune. There was a buzz at the conclusion of the accusation, but silence was restored, and great attention paid to the defence.

Louis Blanc defended himself much as we have defended him ; and after talking of the immortal republic in a fervid strain—as if the republic had benefitted instead of ruining France—the Assembly decided that a commission of eighteen members, named by the different committees, should be authorized to examine the demand, and to report thereon to the National Assembly. At the expiration of two days, Barbès addressed a letter to the president of the Assembly, which was read on the 2nd of June to the representatives.

“Donjon of Vincennes, 2nd June.

“Citizen President,

“To every one the responsibility of his words and acts. Citizen Louis Blanc is accused of having said to the petitioners on the 15th of May :—

“‘I congratulate you on having reconquered the right of bringing yourselves your petitions to the bar of the National Assembly.’

“These words were pronounced ; but there is a confusion in regard to the speakers. I made use of these words, which may be read in the *Moniteur* as uttered by me.

"I beg you, Citizen President, to communicate this declaration to the Assembly, and to accept for yourself and them my fraternal salutations.

"BARBES."

This letter had its weight, and on the following day the question was, upon the report of the committee, discussed : four or five members spoke in favour of the requisition, four or five against, all uninteresting, finishing with the vote. This was taken by those in favour of the Bill of Indictment standing up, and afterwards, those against it being called upon to vote in the same manner, the result was declared doubtful, and a great agitation of course prevailed. On the second trial in the same manner it was more doubtful, inasmuch that four of the secretaries thought the majority was in favour of the accusation, and two declared otherwise. A vote by ballot was demanded, and thus stood the result. There were 706 members present, out of which 327 declared themselves in favour of the conclusion of the committee, which was to hand over Louis Blanc for trial, and 354 against it.

This was but a trifling majority ; it was clear the historian of the Ten Years had a narrow escape of visiting Barbès and Blanqui at Vincennes : there was a grievous blot upon his escutcheon, and so wounded in reputation did both Procureurs of the Republic feel at this vote, that they gave in their resignation at the conclusion of the debate. Subsequent events prove, beyond a doubt, that the minority had weighed the matter better than the majority. There was much cir-

cumstantial evidence produced in the examination before the committee, which strongly inculpated the accused, and perhaps he had more to thank in the prudent apprehensions of his judges as to forthcoming events, written as plainly as the famous writing on the wall of old, than to their belief in his innocence.

It was quite evident that Louis Blanc was feared ; not for any danger arising from himself but from his pernicious doctrines : his popularity was now lost ; he had escaped, but escaped so narrowly that his victory was a moral defeat. We leave him in his unenviable security for the present.

Another subject next occupied public attention. The double returns for various places necessitated a new election, and the different parties exerted themselves strenuously for the success of their men. Among the many names placarded over Paris was that of the Prince de Joinville. The admiral was decidedly the most popular of all the fallen family ; under his flag the fleets of France had battered the mud walls of Tanjiers, and frightened the inhabitants of Mogador. He had also captured the fort of St. Juan d'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, and this last was a more serious affair than the other paltry victories ; but France was delighted at a naval triumph, and we heard the prince dignified into the French Nelson !

The name of the Prince de Joinville was now plastered on every wall as a candidate for the National Assembly ; we are quite ready to believe without his consent, without, indeed, manifesting how far



royalty was beloved in France. The police were active in tearing down these placards ; but during the night they were as constantly replaced. These repeated acts occasioned the interference of the government, who put forth the following communication by means of the papers :—" Legal proceedings are ordered to be taken against the printer and the signer of an *affiche* placarded this morning on the walls of Paris, and proposing the Prince de Joinville as a candidate for the National Assembly. This placard is contrary to law, because, by the terms of a late decree of the Assembly, the French territory is interdicted to all the members of the ex-royal family."

This showed some small degree of apprehension ; but events passed so rapidly, that the candidature of the prince and the decree of the government hardly survived twenty-four hours of public opinion, and gave way to remarks upon the behaviour of the Provisional Government, now become the executive power.

Republicans were supposed to be men who considered equality of persons requisite to constitute a free state. This obviously impossible position was disregarded by some and honoured by others. In vain men pointed to the United States of America, and showed a more overbearing aristocracy than can be found in Great Britain. In vain it was argued that some who worked hard must become richer than those who did not work at all, and that money became power, and wealth was always an object of respect, forming an aristocracy.

The French republicans considered this aristocracy pernicious, and even the Provisional Government, at the commencement of their usurped power, took office with slender salaries. To be sure it was proved afterwards that by being in the occupancy of two or three offices some of them took two or three salaries; but they shook hands and fraternized with any citizen. Three months had worn out this eagerness for fraternization and dirty hands, and we find on the first of June that these gentlemen did not consider the apartments of the Luxembourg sufficiently furnished for their aristocratic notions, and that consequently they sent to St. Cloud, the Tuileries, and Vincennes, for additional articles of pride and luxury. Nor was this all; it was reported that the ministers, in imitation of the executive power, intended at the end of June, when the weather got warm, to please themselves by occupying the following abodes:—

M. Flocon took possession of the Pavilion of Breteuil.

M. Recurt was to inhabit the Château at Meudon.

M. Trélat, not being particular, would accommodate himself in the Palace of Fontainebleau.

M. Duclerc would put up with the Petit Trianon.

M. Crémieux would condescend to reside at Compiègne, and M. Bastide would fix himself at Rambouillet.

“O happy mortals, ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected or too soon elate.”

Before the fortunate hour arrived when these modest

republicans, some of whom were well known in the lowest *cabarets* of Paris, and others in wood yards, could occupy palaces, they fell, like Phaeton, never to rise again. But the very report of such changes frightened the real republican, and disgusted the royalist gentleman. Had any of these men shown a superiority by the force of intellect—had they brought forward motions which would have eased the minds of those who saw spoliation and plunder in every act—had they who had let loose the torrent confined it again within its proper bounds—had they practised economy, and by prudent measures restored confidence—had they reduced taxation and found it equivalent by the reduction of the armed force—had they made the capital a safe retreat, and the country prosperous, then the most fastidious might have said, these men are fit to govern the State, and we feel ourselves honoured by seeing them in their proud position; but from February to June, one general succession of blunders had occurred, and we look in vain through all the mazes of this usurped government for one single act of wisdom, excepting that to their other follies they did *not* plunge France into an external war. The civil war was begun, and not likely to terminate shortly.

The end of May and the beginning of June witnessed a gradually increasing distrust. It was declared that the government intended to take some energetic means to put down the practice of creating assemblages of people, called *attroupements*; but in spite of the

remonstrances of the patrols, who did their utmost without coming to a collision, thousands and thousands assembled every night ; if, by excessive civility, one or two groups dispersed, they reunited again, and the conversation became more animated and more violent than before. The external position of France did not occupy much attention ; but the fantastic tricks of the ministers—the forthcoming elections—the prisoners at Vincennes—gave rise to much discussion. Sometimes the uniform of the National Guards was used to cover some movement, and on one occasion, about ten at night, a captain of the republican guard, in uniform and on horseback, associated himself with some of the most noisy and most turbulent of the mobs, and distributed lists of the candidates put forward by the *Réforme* newspaper, and trumpeted forth the praises of the people named. On the first of June, one of these gentlemen fell into bad hands, for as some suspicion began to be excited, he was surrounded by a party of the National Guards, who, assisted by the very men who constituted one of the *attroupements*, took the itinerant distributor of Red Republican names, and placed him under the care of the Commissary of Police. But the seeds of mischief were deeply sown ; the national workshops were filled to repletion, and from this hot-bed of sedition, idleness and dissipation, sprang the civil war of June.

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